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Memoirs

OF

AN AUTHOR.

By JANE HARVEY,

AUTHOR OF STELLIA, TYNEMOUTH CASTLE,
GOVERNOR OF BELLEVILLE, WAKEFIELD CASTLE, &c.

" Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
" The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar:
" Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
" Has felt the influence of malignant star,
" And wag'd with fortune an eternal war;
" Check'd by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
" By poverty's unconquerable bar,
" In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
" Then.....

BEATTIE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

GAINSBOROUGH:

PRINTED BY AND FOR HENRY MOZLEY:

AND SOLD BY

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME AND BROWN, LONDON.

1812.

[redacted]

MEMOIRS OF AN AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE clock in the village spire of Kirkford had tolled the hour of eight; the gloom of an evening in the close of November was deepened by a succession of heavy clouds, which were driven rapidly along the face of the sky; and the wildest blasts of approaching winter howled around the walls of a little cottage near the church, shook the feeble casements, and threatened to sweep the thatch from its humble roof. The door was frequently opened, and a look of anxious inquiry cast from it towards the road, by a female whose hair was blanched by the successive years of half a century, whose

dimples were exchanged for the deeply traced lines of reflection and experience, and whose bloom had yielded to the sickening tint of ill health. Vain was her glance of solicitous inquietude; the object of her cares did not appear; and, for the seventh time, she was compelled to return disappointed and dejected into the house. Large rain-drops now began to beat against the windows, and the wind, as if reinforced by the fury of an auxiliary element, blew with additional and tremendous violence. "Gracious Heaven!" sighed Mrs. Camilla Stanhope—for such was the name of the female

[redacted]

sighed Mrs. Camilla, as she resumed her spectacles, and her seat at a table on which was placed a large folio volume, composed of several quires of paper, two thirds of which was closely written in a hand which the characters now traced on it by its fair owner proclaimed to be her own; and in adding still more to its stores, she found (as will be readily admitted by all, who like her are accustomed to weave a web from their own ideas) an abstraction from solicitude more deep and lasting than any other occupation can yield.

of the income arising from their benefices to the purpose of repairing their parsonage-houses, probably because they have only a life-interest in those habitations: such had perhaps been the motive which influenced many of the former Rectors of Kirkford, for at the period now under consideration the glebe-house, though sometimes the constant, and always the half-yearly, residence of its possessors, was nearly in a state of absolute ruin and decay; thus it was found by the late incumbent, and thus it was left at his death, six years after; yet let it be clearly understood, that not to the narrow and selfish motives and maxims which governed some of his predecessors, was his neglect of his habitation to be ascribed. No, with him a very different cause had produced the same effect; he was a single and unconnected man, and the small part of his dwelling which sufficed for the accommodation of himself, and of the few friends he received, was easily rendered habitable; and the widely extended system of benevolence, in the constant practice of which Dr. Nugent lived,

was ever prompting him to abridge his own comforts that he might be enabled to enlarge those of others; and not only the income of his living, but the chief part of his private fortune, were treasured "where "neither moth nor rust do corrupt."

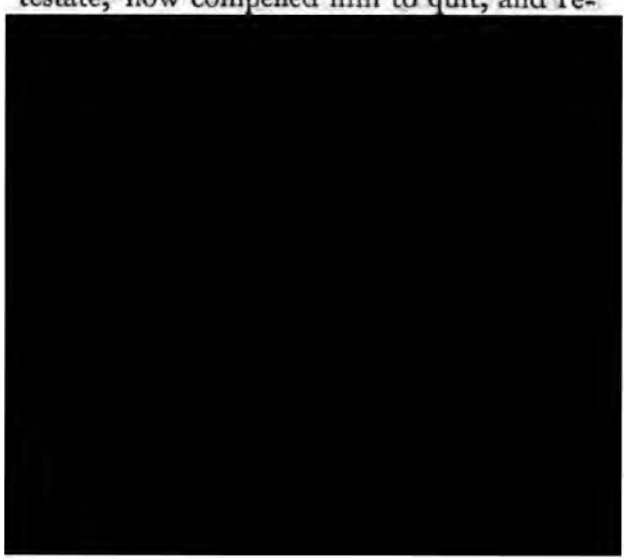
Besides the Rector for the time being, the family of Brindley, the owners of a large estate in the neighbourhood of Kirkford, were personages of great importance there. At the time of Dr. Nugent's death, this family was represented by a youth of eighteen;

the female already described; a person gifted with the rarest mental endowments, and adorned with every virtue that can dignify the female character, but unfortunately one on whom

"Poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain
"Beat keen and heavy."

Her only subsistence, exclusive of the produce of her little dairy and poultry yard, was a small annuity bequeathed her by a lady who had been her sponsor. She was the daughter of an officer, who fell in the service of his country; and since the death of her mother, which happened when Camilla was in her twenty-fifth year, she had lived at Kirkford;—lived unconnected and alone, until about sixteen years before the period at which these pages open, when she felt herself called upon to adopt, to protect, and to cherish the orphan son of her only brother. Since that time the best affections of her soul had been centred in this interesting youth, and all the energies of her active mind were directed to the important aim of inspiring him with the love of virtue, and of

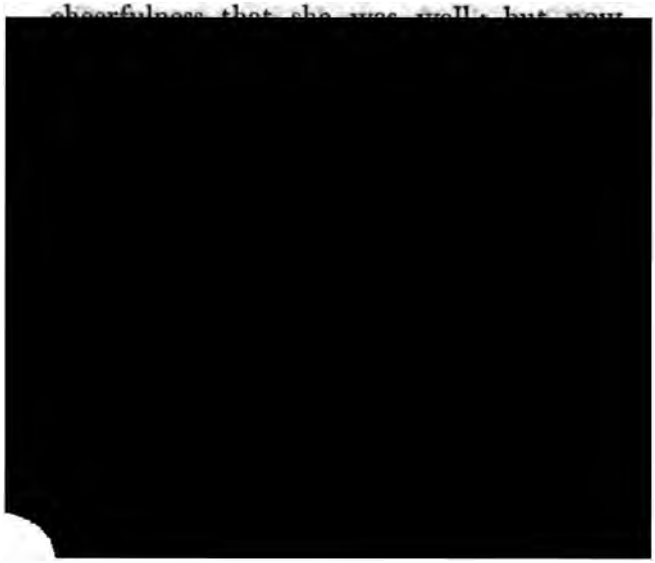
useful knowledge: the former she was well qualified to inculcate, both by precept and example; and of the latter, what her secluded situation, and the limited degree of information on many points, possessed by a female, disabled her from bestowing, had been amply supplied to her young charge by the kindness of the worthy Dr. Nugent; who, discerning the dawn of genius in young Stanhope, had, about three years before, placed him at a grammar-school in the county of Cumberland; which situation the sudden demise of his benefactor, who died intestate, now compelled him to quit, and re-



ened by the expectation of being rewarded by the return of her beloved nephew. From these she was soon called by an attempt to open the door, which being answered, a quick yet gentle rap succeeded. Mrs. Camilla flew on the wings of hope to answer it, and Aubrey Seabrope was in a moment folded to the heart which had been to him a maternal one.

When the first tender emotions of affectionate joy were past, Aubrey apologized for the lateness of his arrival by saying, that the stage-coach in which he travelled had been detained on the road by the floods; his walk from the carriage to the parsonage house was so short, that the real reason as it was, had not penetrated his aunt yet a

her care had provided. The languid yet eloquent eyes of Mrs. Camilla, as she sat by her nephew, surveyed with affectionate interest the improved graces of his person, the elegance of his features, tinted with the vivid bloom of youth and health, and the sincerity and goodness which strikingly marked his open countenance. Meanwhile the dark eyes of Auberry stole from beneath their long lashes many a glance of anxious and tender solicitude, on the wasted form and altered looks of his beloved protectress: on his first entrance she had replied to his inquiries in general terms, and in tones of



"month, my dear boy," said Mrs. [illegible] hope. Aubrey smiled; or rather he compelled his features to assume that expression which is usually denominated a smile, but in the same moment he felt a convulsive sensation rising in his throat, and while the lustre of his brilliant eye was obscured by a starting tear, he stretched his hand across the table, and pressing that of his maternal friend, said, in a voice replete with emotion, "Are you indeed as well as usual, my "dearest aunt?" Mrs. Camilla could well appreciate the anxious tenderness which dictated this question.—"I have not deceived "you, my kind Aubrey," she replied, pressing his hand, and smiling with pensive yet placid resignation, "my constitution is "broken, and I can never again expect to "enjoy good health; but I am not worse "than usual."

The light and elastic spirits of youth are little accustomed to shrink before the shadow of evil, when viewed through the long perspective of futurity. Straitened, confined by

the assurance of his aunt, and the tone i
which it was spoken, that her state of healt
was as good as it had been of late, felt h
heart rising above the weight which o
pressed it, when his eyes happened to re
on the black garment he had just put off
those of Mrs. Camilla followed their dire
tion, and a deep sigh from the nephew wi
reverberated by the aunt. " You have lo
" a kind and valuable friend, my dear boy,
said she, after the pause of a moment. A
berry groaned, and replied in a voice of a
guish, " Oh! that loss can never, never b
" repaired—he was the best—the worthie
" of human beings ;" and unable to restra

[redacted]

" that is left in our bosoms we grieve, and to
" such an extent do we carry the selfish
" principle, that there is scarcely one of us
" who would not, if it were possible, bring
" back to earth the object of our regret,
" though certain that they should again en-
" dure all the anguish, the pain, and the
" misery which led to their dissolution."
" No, dear aunt, no!" returned Auberry,
" highly as I venerate your understanding
" and your opinions, I cannot think so ill of
" human nature as to believe that self-love is
" our governing motive, and sole source of
" action; for myself I feel—I know that I

"the present Earl of Nellingham," Doctor
"in Divinity; some time Fellow of ——
"College, Cambridge; Preben. of L——
"Lecturer of St. M.'s in the city; Chaplain
"to the Duke of Aldersey; and Rector
"Kirkford," returned Mr. Sandage, in
mock heroïc tone.

"Vain pomp and glory of the world,
"hate ye!" said Aubrey, in a voice
mournful, half ironical. "But the English
"does not hate them, Aubrey," returned

Mr. Sandage, smiling, "though I believe
"he does hate the manner with which they
"are acquired; for I am not sure the Al-
"mighty himself can be well pleased at
"a certain sinning man with a graven
"image scratched in it, in violation of the
"second article of the decalogue." "If I
"am still an enthusiast, you are still my
"my aunt," returned Aubrey, laughing;
but in a moment the genuine sense of his
countenance returned, while the latter re-
sumed, "The Rector is a widower with
"one son, and one daughter, the young

" gentleman is, I understand, at Cam-
" bridge—" Auberry sighed: and that sigh, as accurately as its language could be translated, said, " *I* was as a son unto him " who was once Rector of Kirkford; and " *I also* hoped to have gone to Cambridge." Mrs. Camilla, without appearing to notice his emotion, proceeded, " and Miss Ingleby, " together with an aunt who resides with " them, arrived at the Rectory only the " other night." " Ah, the Rectory! how " many happy hours have I passed there!" sighed Stanhope, " I shall never—never " more enter its doors." " My dearest Au-

" us assistance, if we are but sincere in in-
" voking its aid." The young gentleman made no reply, and Mrs. Stanhope continued her intelligence concerning the new Rector: " Dr. Ingleby is, I find, a popular
" preacher with a certain class of hearers,
" but I confess that neither his discourses,
" nor his style of delivery, meet my ideas
" of pulpit eloquence." " I shall never go
" to Kirkford church again;—I could not
" bear to enter it," said Auberry, in a tone of deep dejection. " For the love of Hea-
" ven, my dearest child, endeavour to con-
" trol these impetuous feelings, or, be as-
" sured, they will prove destructive to your
" peace," said Mrs. Stanhope, with solemn earnestness; " if your mind possesses stabi-
" lity sufficient to render these ardent at-
" tachments and antipathies durable, I warn
" you that in your journey through life you
" will find in the passions incident to our
" nature, more especially love, jealousy,
" and grief, canker-worms which will cor-
" rode your heart; and if you do not pos-
" sess that stability, your feelings will then

" be the perpetual slaves of imagination,
" struggling against your better judgment,
" and leading you into error. Forgive me,
" my love," she continued, on observing the blush which mantled Auberry's blooming face; " forgive me if I pain you, but I
" am deeply anxious in whatever concerns
" your happiness; and though I would
" fondly cherish that sweet sensibility which
" is, I well know, an emanation of your ex-
" cellent heart, I would ever wish to see it
" under the strict control of reason.—And
" tell me, Auberry," she added, while both her looks and voice spoke the interest she

"gressing again." "No, Auberry, no!" replied Mrs. Stanhope; "well can I trust that "intelligent countenance, and its expres- "sion assures me that all is right within." Auberry laughed, and shook his head; and now feeling his spirits re-animated, he traversed every part of the little dwelling with those delightful sensations which a mind of sensibility ever experiences on returning to a beloved home, pausing at every well-known object, which recalled a thousand cherished associations; at length his aunt's folio manuscript caught his observation; he seized it with vivid eagerness, and while the fire of kindred and of sympathetic genius flashed from his eyes, he ran over its pages with an attention so rapid and yet so profound as indicated the deepest interest in its contents. "You have written five quires "since Christmas last, aunt?" said he. "You "are right," returned Mrs. Camilla, while a gleam of animation illumined her eyes at this proof of the interest which her beloved nephew took in her favourite pursuit; "and "what think you of it, Auberry?"

This work, the labour of twenty-two successive years, was a subject of no less magnitude and consequence than the exploits and conquests of the celebrated Temugin, or, as he is more generally called, Zingis Khan; this voluminous production embraced such an extent and variety of matter, that it would require a book nearly as large as itself to enumerate its contents. It not only traced back to the earliest periods the histories of Persia, Hindostan, China, and other countries which were subjugated by this famous warrior, but detailed the commencement and progress of the Mahometan

nishing life, it proceeded to give a
account of his descendant, the no le
brated Tamerlane; and at the time of
berry's return home, this prodigious
of Eastern history was brought down to
time of Aurengzebe, from whence i
author intended to continue it to the
ries of Kouli Khan, and the subv
British conquests in Asia. Such an un
taking in a female, who, though gifted
high mental powers, a reflective mi
sound judgment, and a lively imagina
had yet few external aids to support
for she spoke only two languages, wa
titute of the advantages of a classical e
tion, and had neither coadjutors nor c
spondents to assist her;—such an unde
ing, by one so circumstanced, will pe
be thought a matter little less difficu
execution, than the fabled attempt o
Titans to conquer the hosts of Heaven;
as there are some things which appea
the first glance easy to be achieved, w
when examined minutely, are found
attended with insurmountable obstacle

on the contrary, there are others which, when viewed in the aggregate, present a chain of seeming impossibilities, but when they come to be analyzed these formidable difficulties dissolve and fade away. The work of Mrs. Stanhope was a case of the latter description; the "Life of Zingis "Khan" had been the chief, though not the only object of unwearied application, for the long period of twenty-two years; true, her limited education had debarred her from one great requisite for such an undertaking —a knowledge of the Eastern languages— and of course her history might rather be

Khan. To this ruling spirit, this rallying point of his character,

" Whatever warm'd his heart, or fill'd his head,
" As the mind open'd, and its functions spread,"

bowed down, and paid tribute: he lived but, he hoped but, he wished but to shine as a poet; he wooed the muse for herself alone, and if he were but blest with her smiles he was well contented to receive with her the poverty, the envy, and the ill fortune which are, or at least which are said to be, her never-failing dower.

Auberry Stanhope; the history of Zingis Khan had grown up with him like a twin-brother, and from the earliest dawn of remembrance he had been accustomed to see it made an object of the first importance, and to share with it alone the attention of his aunt, nor even at this period was it possible to ascertain whether himself or the manuscript was the chief object of her solicitude; or whether affection for him, or a passion for authorship, was the governing principle of her mind. Long since had the ductile and enthusiastic soul of her pupil imbibed the same ardent thirst for literary eminence;

"The tribute of respect which I have paid "to the memory of Dr. Nugent, is a weak "and a humble one," replied Stanhope; "but I know I may claim the indulgence of "my dearest aunt for all its demerits:" with these words he took out a pocket-book, and drew from thence a paper; and while the silence within was interrupted only by the sighs of the reader and his auditor, and the hollow blast without responded to the mournful and agitated tones of his voice, he read, with impressive energy, the following

SONNET TO THE MEMORY OF DR. NUGENT.

Ah, friend belov'd! who bade my simple Muse
Tune to the wild wood notes her trembling lyre;
Who now shall bathe its chords in Fancy's dews,
What theme shall now its cheerless strains inspire?

CHAPTER II.

"AND what wild garland has your bloom-
"ing Muse been gathering lately, Au-
"berry?" said Mrs. Camilla, when the vivid praises which he bestowed on Zingis Khan ceased to vibrate on her delighted ear; "Ah, madam," said Auberry, with a sigh and a pensive smile, "she has of late been

" I think the whole fraught with tenderness
" and feeling, and, beyond all, it possesses
" one beauty ever engaging in poetry, though
" too little valued and attended to—that is
" simplicity; it is, however, a quality which
" I think indispensible in a funeral poem,
" and I believe you will agree with me, that
" *highly* elevated and pompous language,
" glaring poetical imagery, and studied or-
" naments are as ridiculous in a compliment
" paid to the memory of a dear departed
" friend, as would be a suit of mourning
" composed of brocade and Brussel's lace."
Hero Auberry could not forbear smiling at the oddness of the simile which had occurred to the lively imagination of his aunt, who proceeded, " I am pleased with the
" opening of your sonnet;—it appears high-
" ly natural that in attempting to pay a po-
" etical tribute to the virtues of your de-
" ceased friend, the first idea which strikes
" you should be that of the kind and par-
" tial interest which he was wont to take in
" the efforts of your muse; but the chief
" merit of the piece is in the concluding

Thy form rever'd—kind guardian of my
youth—
Lies cold and shrouded in the silent grave;
And thy mild spirit, fraught with love and
truth,
Is fled for ever unto "him who gave."
That voice, which holy precepts did impart,
That hallow'd voice no more shall meet
mine ear,
But while life's current warms this care-
worn heart,
Its tones belov'd shall be to memory dear,
And when Heaven's dread decree shall call
the just,

"the death of Mr. West; and I doubt not "that our language affords many such, "though I do not immediately recollect "them." In discourse, of which what has been detailed may serve as a specimen, and which was continued over a slight but cheerful supper, time wore over, until the sound of the village clock, borne on the howling blast, proclaimed the hour of eleven, and reminded the nephew that he was detaining his aunt from rest, and the aunt that the nephew required it after his journey.

Mrs. Stanhope rose—kissed the cheek of her adopted son—blessed him—bade him good night—and opened the door which led to her little chamber; and Auberry, taking the candle from the table, retired to his own, which was on the other side of the entrance passage, for the cottage had no upper-story. The window-shutter on the outside was closed, but it did not reach to the top of the casement; and Auberry raising his eyes to the open space beheld the moon, which, now waned to a half-circle,

"lines, they are sublime, and I think origi-
"nal. However, with all my partiality for
"you and your muse," continued she, smiling, "I must tell you both of your
"faults; the ninth line is weak and prosaic;
"and the word care-worn in the eleventh is
"a hackneyed phrase." Auberry replied,
"I allow the justness of your remarks, dear
"madam, and had I been writing on an in-
"different subject, I believe I could have
"avoided those defects; but my heart," added he, sighing, "was too deeply inte-
"rested to attend to rules—

"Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,

"the death of Mr. West; and I doubt not "that our language affords many such, "though I do not immediately recollect "them." In discourse, of which what has been detailed may serve as a specimen, and which was continued over a slight but cheerful supper, time wore over, until the sound of the village clock, borne on the howling blast, proclaimed the hour of eleven, and reminded the nephew that he was detaining his aunt from rest, and the aunt that the nephew required it after his journey.

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presented a disk of a dull unbrilliant white, at one moment visible, and the next obscured by the billowy clouds, driven rapidly along the sky; the tops of the ancient oaks and tall firs of Kirkford wood, the slender spire of the church, and the high chimneys of the Rectory-house, were also perceptible: the last-named object struck that chord of Stanhope's heart which vibrated to the memory of the lately-departed friend of his youth; he saw, in idea, the benevolent countenance of his revered instructor, and throwing himself on a seat, he recalled to remembrance the many pleasant days he

during the whole evening with her wonted animation and intelligence, but now, when no longer cheered by her presence, he could not conceal from himself that her person was visibly altered, and that a languor appeared to hang over her which, though she did not complain, indicated a considerable degree of indisposition. "I shall lose her "also," he sighed mentally, "and then what "charm has existence for me; when there "is no affectionate heart interested in my "welfare, no kind monitor to guide my "youth, and no tender voice to applaud or "correct my literary efforts." Then forgetting the caution which his aunt had so lately given him, not to yield the rein to the sensibility of his nature, he pursued this mournful train of ideas until a gust of wind, so loud that it seemed to shake the little dwelling, recalled his attention to a sensation of cold, and to the dim light of the unsnuffed taper: he raised his heart to Heaven to implore resignation and fortitude, and prepared to seek repose. He wound up his watch, took off his coat, and was about to

do so by the other parts of his dress, when a blast more wild and furious than any which had preceded it, was almost instantly followed by a crash so loud, and apparently so near, that Auberry started with instinctive terror, and the cravat which he had just untied fell from his hand; the recollection of a moment gave him the assurance that he had no personal danger to apprehend, but the next idea which rushed to his mind was that the spire of the church had fallen, and hastily unclosing the casement, he threw open the window-shutter to ascertain whether his conjecture were right;

had vanished, and were fallen either on one side, or, what was more to be feared, through the roof into the interior of the dwelling; in which case it was too much to be apprehended that those who slept in the upper apartments would encounter the dreadful fate of being crushed beneath a heap of ruins.

The first impulse of Stanhope was to fly to the spot, to give assistance to the sufferers, if that were possible. Unmindful of the circumstance of being without a coat, he leaped from the window, and crossed a green bank which intervened between the cottage and the church-yard; the latter was inclosed only by a low parapet wall; this he easily cleared, and though, like Friar Lawrence, he "stumbled at graves," he used such celerity that he was the first person who reached the lawn of the Rectory-house, where he beheld the terrified inhabitants fast issuing from the hall door, some wrapped in a robe-de-chambre, and others without any addition to their usual sleeping ha-

biliments. The first glance told Stanhope that the chimneys had fallen in the direction which his fears had predicted, and the groans and lamentations which surrounded him soon gave the dreadful information that the daughter of Dr. Ingleby was buried in the ruins. The house was a large low building, consisting only of a ground-floor and upper-story, without attics; the decayed and feeble roof was totally inadequate to support the fallen chimneys—it had yielded with them, and one third of the eastern wing was totally unroofed, and the lights which were now borne by the multitude

would require half an hour to finish it, she had remained below; Dr. Ingleby, who was at all times a martyr to the gout, occupied an apartment on the ground-floor in the centre of the building; that of his sister-in-law, Miss Maitland, was immediately over it; and the servants were lodged in the western wing, which had always been supposed to be in a much more unsafe and ruinous state than the one which had fallen a victim to the fury of the storm. The old man added, while his furrowed cheeks were wet with tears, "The first thought of us all, "when we saw what had happened, was to "fly and save our dear young lady, if that "could be possible; but when we got to the "head of the stairs, the roof had fallen in, "and the gallery was full of rubbish to the "top of the walls; you see, Sir," continued he, proceeding to describe the house to Stanhope, who he had never seen before, "there are three staircases which all open "into the gallery, and—" "I know every "part of the Rectory-house," interposed his auditor, who with a thrill of pity amount-

ing to agony at his heart, was alternately listening to these details, and regarding the unhappy parent, who stood wrapped in a dressing-gown, leaning on his valet, and gazing with a countenance of despair on the ruins which entombed his child. "The "proud Rector is humbled now," whispered some one behind Auberry; "I'll warrant "he would give all his tithes to restore his "daughter to life."

While numberless comments, of which the above may serve as a specimen, were making by the multitude around, which now consisted of nearly all the inhabitants of the vil-

" mage :—alas ! alas ! that MissJulia had but " been in it instead of the east one ! oh ! I " will never forget her last scream !——" " Scream !" interrupted Auberry, in wild horror, " All-gracious Heaven ! and did you " hear the young lady scream ?—oh, cow- " ardly and cruel wretches ! My God ! to " be certain that she was alive after the fall " of the chimneys, and yet no one attempt " to preserve her !—" Dr. Ingleby, startled by the impressive energy of Stanhope's voice and manner, turned his eyes full upon him, and groaned deeply. The gaze of Auberry was fixed on the broken roof; one idea seemed to occupy every faculty of his soul; he remained abstracted a moment, and then, in a voice of breathless impatience, demanded of the valet, " Whether the young lady " slept in the green room, or in the east " room ?" " The east room," replied the man, accompanying his answer with a look which expressed surprise at finding the inquirer acquainted with the names by which the apartments were distinguished. Stanhope, without regarding his look, snatched

a lantern from a boy near him, and rushed into the hall, followed by two or three persons who had heard his inquiry, and now felt their curiosity rise superior to their fears.

The hall was wainscotted with oak, adorned with carved work, and blackened by time: Stanhope flew to the easternmost panel, and pressing his hand on one of the corners, forced it into a groove, along which it slid behind the adjoining one, and discovered a narrow flight of stone steps; these he quickly ascended, while those who had followed him into the house wisely preferred

which could not receive any injury, even should the remainder of the roof of the east wing fall, as there was every reason to expect it would. Some ventured to follow Stanhope up one or two of the steps, but when they saw to what a height they led—for the hall was extremely lofty—they retreated terror-struck, and excused their own cowardly fears by unanimously blaming the rashness and temerity of the young man, who, they prophesied, would inevitably share the fate of the lovely and unfortunate Miss Ingleby. The Rector, in the meanwhile, was endeavouring to administer consolation to his sister, who was screaming in hysterics, surrounded by half the women of the village, whose varied and contradictory prescriptions, and injudicious comments on the dreadful accident which had occurred, increased instead of ameliorating her agonies.

The doctor, who might reasonably be supposed to be the greatest sufferer, had now assumed an aspect of that dignified resignation so highly becoming the character of a

christian divine; he could not be otherwise than deeply affected by a catastrophe which had deprived him in that shocking manner of a child, one of the best as well as loveliest that ever blessed the heart of a parent: but it was only the varnished exterior of Dr. Ingleby that was dedicated to Heaven; all of him that was more than skin-deep was a tributary vassal of the world; hence his countenance was never a free agent; and, most deeply skilled in the science of appearances, he at all times assumed and wore that which was most decent, most proper, and best suited to the occasion, whatever it might be. Immediately on the fall of the chim-

countenance. From this state of mental anguish he was roused by the energetic and unqualified censures which Auberry Stanhope bestowed on those who had permitted the young lady to perish, without making any attempt to save her; he hastily informed himself from a by-stander who Stanhope were, and now watched with the most heart-felt solicitude his proceedings, which seemed to indicate that he was acquainted with a passage to the upper chambers of the east wing, unknown to any of the present inhabitants of the Rectory; but while one moment deluded him with a hope that his Julia had escaped her apprehended fate, the next gave him back the agonizing conviction that such an escape was impossible; and he endeavoured to arm himself with fortitude to endure the anguish which he was convinced awaited him—that of seeing Stanhope return with her bleeding and mangled corpse.

CHAPTER III.

AT the top of the stone staircase was a narrow door, leading to a closet which had served as a dressing-room to the late Rector, who slept in the chamber which Stanhope was given to understand was now

be used with gentleness and caution, for to have attempted bursting it open with sudden violence would have been a certain means of bringing down the tottering remains of the roof; to loosen the nails seemed the only method of proceeding, and to do this Auberry was furnished with no instrument except a large knife, which he had used for the purpose of cutting hazels on his morning and evening walks in Cumberland, and which happened now to be in his waistcoat pocket: with this he set himself assiduously to work, and, after infinite labour and difficulty, succeeded in dislodging the nails, and forcing open the door; but in effecting this some of the broken iron work lacerated the flesh of his left arm in a dreadful manner; it bled profusely, and the pain was excruciating, but it must be endured, complaint was unavailing; and binding his shirt sleeve tightly over it, Stanhope entered the closet, in which no vestige of ruin was discoverable, for it was situated beneath that part of the roof which still remained entire.

The first object which arrested Auberry's attention was a bed, the curtains of which were closely drawn; he stepped eagerly forward, and unclosed them, with the hope, though certainly not the probability, that it contained Miss Ingleby; who, it occurred to him, might have been deprived of sensation, and rendered incapable of rising by the alarm; but a moment sufficed to prove the fallacy of this conjecture; no person was in the bed, neither, it was evident, had any one been there, and he now first recollected that the butler had said Miss Ingleby's attendant slept in the closet. Disappointed in this transient hope of the young lady's

not therefore remain a doubt that the mangled form of the lovely Julia lay buried beneath this dreadful pile.

The lawless blast of the night maintained its sway with unabated violence, rushing down the gaping aperture, and through the broken casements, the glass of which had been shattered to atoms by the falling bricks and mortar. Stanhope had never before witnessed such a combination of all that is calculated to overwhelm with poignant anguish the powers of the mind and the feelings of the heart; his were wrought up to agony, and as he stood with his strained eye-balls rivetted on the bed, he could not resist the impulse of making a desperate effort to extricate the corpse of the unfortunate young lady from its unhallowed mausoleum; but the attempt, he quickly found, was too Herculean for his single and unassisted strength; it irritated the undressed wound in his arm to an insupportable degree, and this bodily torture combining with the mental pain attending the extinction of

the humane hope which had prompted his noble heart to hazard its existence in this enterprise, and with the idea of his revered and lamented friend, who was forcibly recalled to his memory by the sight of this apartment, agitated him to the most violent degree; a chill sickness crept over him, and conscious that if he did not immediately quit the fatal chamber, he should soon lose the ability of doing so, he averted his eyes from the bed on which hitherto they had been unconsciously fixed, while his imagination contemplated images of horror and of death, and turned his trembling steps to-

ly assisted his perfect knowledge of the chamber, the closet, and the staircase; he had reached the uppermost step of the latter, and was about to descend, when a sound resembling a faint groan struck his ear; he started with convulsive agitation; he was convinced it did not come from the hall below, and his mind, which was a stranger to superstitious dread, admitted a vague idea of a possibility that Miss Ingleby had escaped death; but hope had already deluded him, and he scarcely dared to again trust her siren breath; yet regardless of personal danger he rushed back through the closet, and re-entered the ruined chamber. He had scarcely passed the threshold, when the groan was repeated with a stronger aspiration, and was followed by an ejaculatory sentence, uttered in a female voice, and in low and plaintive accents; Stanhope turned hastily towards the spot from whence the sounds proceeded, which was an obscure corner of the room, remote from both the bed, and the part which had contained the fire-place. The dispersion of a murky cloud

now left the planet of night totally unveiled, and its beams shining obliquely down the chasm, discovered to Auberry the form of a young lady stretched on the floor; the dim light did not enable him to distinguish her features, neither if it had done so could he have identified her for the object of his search, for Stanhope had never seen either the present Rector of Kirkford, or any member of his family, until this eventful night; there could not, however, exist a doubt that it was she; and darting forwards, he knelt on one knee, raised her in his arms, and exclaimed, "Miss Ingleby—Madam—I thank "Heaven you have escaped death; I hope

"I? and where are my father and my "aunt? God Almighty forbid any accident "has befallen—" "They are safe, Ma- "dam," interrupted Stanhope, "and let us "instantly join them:—I believe it is dan- "gerous to remain longer here;" for at that moment another of the slates rolled down the aperture. The blast which loosened it, once more dispersed the clouds, and the moon-beams gave to the eyes of Julia the features of Stanhope: perhaps it was rather the beauty of those features, and their graceful and animated expression, than the conviction that they were those of a stranger, which prompted the immediate impulse of withdrawing from his supporting arm, while she said, "Then lead me, Sir, to my fa- "ther: but may I inquire to whom I am "indebted for this solicitude for my safe- "ty?" Stanhope, while she spoke, led her to the closet; he retained only her hand, and Miss Ingleby found the task of self-support a difficult one, for she was now sensible to the pain arising from a violent contusion on her right temple, which, she was con-

vinced, had bled very much; however she did not complain, but when she entered the closet, where several objects were clearly discernible, she at once comprehended where they were, and exclaimed, "Whither are "you leading me, Sir? there is no passage "from this closet." Stanhope had not replied to her inquiry concerning himself, but to her last words he answered, with a benevolent smile, "Trust me, Madam, there "is." The instant appearance of the door and the stone staircase convinced Miss Ingleby of the truth of this assertion; the stairs were totally dark, but Stanhope knew them perfectly, and directed his fair com-

whole party, with the exception of Dr. Ingleby, his curate, and three or four other persons, had just fled with the same precipitation as before. Stanhope instantly led his fair charge to her father, and in silence, but with a countenance which faithfully expressed the benevolent and the sympathetic feelings of his noble heart, resigned her to him.

In this scarcely-to-be-paralleled moment—a moment which in effect restored an angelic daughter from the grave, this disciple of the world dropped his art-woven mask, and, for once in his life, yielded to the genuine impulses of nature; the devotion of the priest was sincere, and the transport of the parent unaffected: he first raised his eyes, his hands, and his voice in audible thanksgiving to the Deity, and then opening his arms, received his child to his bosom; while Stanhope, exhausted by the exertions he had used, and the pain he endured, retreated to a little distance, and leaned against the wainscot. He was the next object of the

Rector's attention: advancing towards him, and extending his hand, he said, in a voice replete with emotion, "Admirable young "man! how infinite is the obligation I "owe you!—you have preserved the life "of my child." Auberry, with graceful frankness, put his right hand in the one which was held out to him, but in the same moment he energetically repelled all acknowledgment of obligation; "I can claim no "merit in what I did, Sir," he said, "for "surely none attaches to the mere perform-"ance of duty: that passage was, I believe, "known only to myself; and had I been

death one of the loveliest of created beings for though his delicate sense of propriety would not permit him to wound the feelings of Miss Ingleby by a single look which might be construed into either curiosity or admiration, yet the few glances which he had stolen from beneath the long lashes which veiled his brilliant eyes were sufficient to inform him that the face, which but for him had now been entombed in a mass of ruin, was the most beautiful one he had ever beheld. She had followed her father to the spot where Stanhope stood, and heard what was said by both gentlemen: when the Rector released her preserver's hand, she took it in both hers, and while her sweet blue eyes expressed the strong emotion of her soul, she said, with impressive energy, "And had that passage been known to "thousands, perhaps not one of them would "like you, Sir, have risked his own safety "for the chance of assisting a fellow-crea-"ture;—to you I owe my life, and to "the last hour of that life my debt of "gratitude will remain uncancelled." Stan-

hope bowed on the fair hands which held his, and replied with a gay smile, "But "what an egregious usurer should I be if, "when principal and interest are both thus "largely overpaid, I were capable of retain- "ing my uncancelled bond? Allow me then, "Madam, to give it up, and do not expose "me to the censure of having received more "than my due." The reply of Miss Ingle- by would probably have contested this point, had not that reply been suspended by the reciprocal discovery which each made at the same moment:—the eyes of Julia rested on the blood-stained envelope of Stanhope's left

milla, like her nephew, had not retired to rest when the chimneys fell; she hurried to Auberry's chamber, but finding it unoccupied, the window open, and seeing the accident which had caused the noise, she was at no loss to conjecture whither Stanhope was gone; yet she felt little apprehension for his safety, until one of those persons whose most cherished pleasure it is to excite in the bosoms of others emotions of anguish and of terror, rushed hastily in, and related the hazardous expedition upon which her nephew had ascended the private staircase of the Rectory-house, exaggerating his danger, and prophesying that he would fall a victim to his own rashness. It will not be wondered that such a communication strained her feelings to agony; the best of her earthly hopes were treasured in this interesting youth, and regardless of every object but him, unmindful of her own invalid state, and heedless of the midnight hour and piercing blast, she rushed from the cottage, and flew by the nearest path to the Rectory, where she arrived at the moment already

described, and found her beloved nephew alive, and in safety.

While she yet clasped him to her breast, Miss Ingleby, who quickly understood, from their mutual expressions, the relationship and the regard which bound them to each other, caught Mrs. Stanhope's hand, exclaiming with strong emotion, "And me, "dear Madam, congratulate me also; for "your nephew has preserved my life." At this sweet appeal Mrs. Stanhope raised her head from the bosom of Auberry, kissed the fair hand which had taken hers, and was

"Heaven for the care it has taken of you? "—you Julia, and you, young man, should "be more thankful; for if its goodness had "not preserved you, where would you have "been now? Oh! where would we all have "been?" These words she accompanied with a gesture and a look which seemed to indicate that she thought the very essence of devotion consisted in raising her twisted fingers, and burying her eye-balls in her skull. Both Julia and Auberry felt the sweet consciousness of not deserving this reproof; theirs was the religion of the heart, and each had raised it in gratitude to that Being who had so signally preserved them.

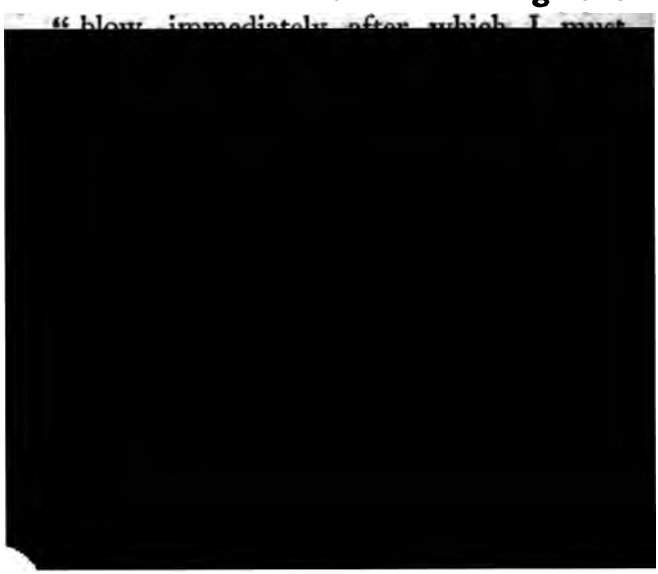
The storm, as if satiated with the terror, the anguish, and the mischief it had occasioned, now subsided to a perfect calm; the billowy clouds receded and dispersed, and the queen of night shone with unveiled lustre. Several inhabitants of the village offered temporary apartments to the Rector and his family, but they declined leaving their own dwelling, as no danger now existed,

and a sufficient number of rooms to ac
modate them all, still remained in pe
order; the visitors, or rather the intru
therefore withdrew, and only Dr. Ingl
Miss Maitland, Julia, Mrs. Stanhope,
Auberry were left in the hall; the two
would have taken leave also, but the
they pleaded the lateness of the hour.
Rector insisted that Stanhope should
some wine: hitherto there had been
time to offer him any, but he truly stoo
need of refreshment, for the pain of his
was nearly insupportable, though he
cealed both it and its crimsoned coverin

"ed." He smilingly replied, "I am grate-
"ful for your kind solicitude, Madam, but
"my pain is trifling—it is only a mere
"scratch." And with a look of composure, which deceived even the anxious watchfulness of his aunt, he put on the coat, and accompanied the party to a parlour, whither Miss Maitland led the way.

Dr. Ingleby and his sister either did not, or did not choose to suspect that Stanhope's apparent tranquillity veiled much corporeal suffering; of course they did not make any very particular inquiries concerning his hurt. That which Miss Ingleby had received on her forehead had as yet escaped their observation, for she concealed it with her luxuriant hair; her preserver had seen it, and well knew it must be attended with considerable pain, yet he did not choose to be the first to notice it by words, apprehensive that his motive for doing so might be misconstrued, and himself suspected of a design to magnify the value of the obligation he had conferred on the Ingleby family, by

pointing out the imminent danger to which the young lady had been exposed; but when the spirits of the little party were somewhat refreshed by a glass of sherry, Julia drew aside her hair, and turning to her father, said, with a smile, "See, dear Sir, how "narrow has been my escape. I was sitting "by the fire, reading a poem which I wish-"ed to finish before I went to rest, when "the falling of a brick down the chimney "alarmed me; I instantly retreated to a "distance from the hearth, when the whole "chimney rushed in. I think I retain a "confused recollection of receiving this



not say "I raised you from the ground;" he thought, but he would not clothe the thought in words, "How providential was "it that she had not retired to rest:" nor could he prevail on himself to shock her feelings, and those of her friends, by any description of the ruined state in which he had found her chamber; but hastily saying, "*Shall* we go, dear aunt?" he rose, and they both paid the parting compliments to Miss Maitland, the Rector, and Julia. The manners of Miss Maitland were forbidding and ungracious; she was formally and distantly polite to both aunt and nephew. "Good night, or rather good morning, my "young friend," said the doctor, shaking the hand of Stanhope; "you must once "more accept our thanks." Auberry bowed; and the lovely Julia, presenting one hand to Mrs. Stanhope, and the other to her nephew, said to the former, "Good night, "dear Madam;" and to the latter, "My "thanks and my blessings are yours:—take "care of your arm," she added, in a more tender accent, and turned away. Stanhope

sighed as he passed the hall door; that sigh, he was persuaded, was consecrated to the memory of Dr. Nugent, for his idea was associated with every part of the Rectory-house.

When they reached home he gave his aunt a brief detail of every circumstance that had occurred: "But my arm," said he, with an assumed smile, "has suffered in the "battle; I believe it will require a little "nursing." The affectionate tenderness of Mrs. Stanhope instantly caught the alarm; "My dearest boy!" she exclaimed, "I "hope it is not much hurt?" "Yes, in-

ed on beholding a gash extending half way between the elbow and the wrist, and of considerable depth, and withal so ragged and irregular that she apprehended some muscle or tendon might be injured. Auberry, however, treated it lightly, and when the wound was washed, and the best dressing which time and place would allow applied, pronounced that it would be well in a few days.

After drinking some wine and water, which the hand of his maternal friend prepared for him, he retired immediately to bed, and the little cottage was once more restored to its wonted peaceful serenity: not so the bosom of its youthful inhabitant; it seemed as if the events of this night had driven from thence every former feeling, and despotically usurped their place; his arm was extremely painful; a wild chaos of tumultuous images haunted his mind; and dark as was the season of the year, the grey light of morning had dawned before Stanhope closed his eyes in sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

THE light slumber of Stanhope terminated soon after eight o'clock, but he awoke not to those ideas which were wont to compose the dawn of his thoughts; it was no longer a critical examination of the beauties of Milton's morning hymn; a sonnet to the sun; or even a monody to the memory of

hope were back again to the parlour of the Rectory-house; while memory recalled, with tumultuous delight, the gratitude and the attention which the fascinating Julia had lavished on him. The life of Miss Ingleby was not the first that Stanhope had preserved; he had saved that of a peasant boy in Cumberland, who was crossing a frozen brook when the ice gave way; yet during the two years which had since intervened he had scarce thought of the circumstance twice, unless reminded of it by accident. Auberry could not but be sensible of this; and consequently that some other motive

calling " Blazer, Blazer! Fancy, Fancy!" " Here comes Brindley, as noisy as ever," said Stanhope, laughing. " I do not wish " you to associate much with him, Auber- " ry," said Mrs. Camilla, impressively: " Nay, dear aunt, our friendship is almost " worn out; he has learned to look down " on me now," returned Auberry: he sighed in saying this, but time did not allow him to add another syllable, for the door now flew open, and the young gentleman entered, habited in a hunting dress, and followed by a brace of pointers and a greyhound. " Ho, Don Quixote, or Hudibras, or Or- " lando Furioso, or whatever giant-killing,

"bed yet." "Oh, yes;" returned Stanhope, with mock gravity, "my arm is in-
"deed fractured;—that is to say the *skin*
"is." Brindley laughed vociferously:
"Hang the rascal," he exclaimed; "what
"did he mean by telling me such a *whisk-*
"*um*." He then threw himself into a chair, and turning to Mrs. Stanhope, asked after her health; but he did so in a tone, and with a countenance, from which it might be inferred that he felt no concern whether she were well or ill. This Mrs. Stanhope well knew, and her answer was in the same style of slight indifference with his question; but she subjoined to it a polite inquiry after his mother. "Oh, she is perfectly well," he returned: "She is gone to congratulate the
"young lady who, thanks to your nephew
"there, so narrowly escaped having a peep
"at the other world last night." The blood circulated more rapidly through the veins of Stanhope, and rushed unbidden to his face; he felt a confused apprehension that his thoughts might be read in his countenance,

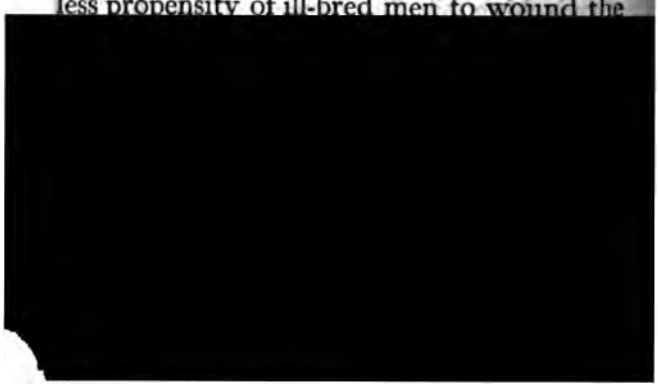
and stooping down, he caressed one of Brindley's dogs.

Mrs. Camilla next inquired whether her guest chose any tea. "No, I thank you," was the reply; "I had eggs and ham-sand-"wiches, and mulled wine, two hours ago." "Eggs, and ham-sandwiches, and mulled "wine!" repeated Stanhope, half laughing, half disgusted. "Yes, I had," returned the other: "What now I suppose your "poetical brains could not digest such "food?" then after the pause of a few moments, during which he was rapidly dimi-

tween him and Brindley, she said, addressing the latter, "Sir, you wound the feelings "of my nephew, though, I am convinced, "unintentionally: as Auberry never entertained the remotest expectation of a legacy from Dr. Nugent, he could not be disappointed at not receiving any; but he "loved and respected him as a parent, and "the epithets you have used give him pain, "though he is obliged to you for the solicitude you express for him." Stanhope was delighted that his aunt had thus rebuked the gross volatility of Brindley, and feeling that himself ought not to say a word on the subject, he remained silent. Brindley, who was seldom embarrassed, and still seldomer abashed, replied with perfect nonchalance, "Pshaw, I had no intention of "twitching his fine nerves; if he thinks I "had he is devilishly mistaken:" then, after a short pause, during which he whistled the tune of a hunting song, and surveyed the graceful form, elegant features, and fine dark hair of Stanhope, with looks in which some traces of envy were discernible, he ex-

claimed, "How tall you are grown within "the last year, Stanhope; you are three "inches above my height, which is allowed "to be the proper one; and what a quizzi- "cal figure your head is: why, you vandal, "that fashion of cutting the hair has been "dead these three months." "Ah, what a "misfortune!" returned Auberry, with an air so ludicrously grave, that Mrs. Stanhope could not forbear laughing aloud. Though no coxcomb, he was too sensible of his own personal advantages to be at any loss to appreciate the real motive of Brindley's splenetic observations; for that gentleman possessed both a plain face, and an awkward figure.

It is the never-ceasing aim, and changeless propensity of ill-bred men to wound the



the feelings of Auberry by hinting at the failure of his expectations from Dr. Nugent, and to pique his vanity by insinuating that his appearance was unfashionable; he had failed in both attempts, and now had recourse to a new method of displaying his own fancied importance and superior advantages. After another pause, he said, with a consequential air, "I shall set out on "my tour of England in about three months; "what are you going to do with yourself, "Stanhope? you will certainly die of the "mopes in this stupid place." "Then Mrs. "Brindley has at length consented to your "travelling?" said Mrs. Stanhope. "Oh, "yes; Lady Biddy has come to at last: but "hang it, isn't it borish that one can't get "to France or Italy; no dashing at Paris; "no lounging at Naples; however I am re-"solved I will have a trip over the sea, and "shine a little at some northern court." "I "should advise you to travel through Rus-"sia," said Stanhope; "your bear-hunt-"ing and bear-baiting skill will find an am-"ple field of exertion in that country." The

poor brains of Brindley could not penetrate the keen irony of this speech, but took it literally as a compliment to his sporting qualifications, on which he prided himself highly: his ideas now took a new turn, and he began to descant on the merits and the value of his dogs. Mrs. Stanhope rose, and left the gentlemen together. Brindley's volubility soon subsided, and the pause of silence was unbroken except by the sound of his whip, with the handle of which he kept drumming upon the table: after the lapse of a few moments, Stanhope said, "Pray, "Brindley, what is the reason that you did "not answer either of my last letters?"

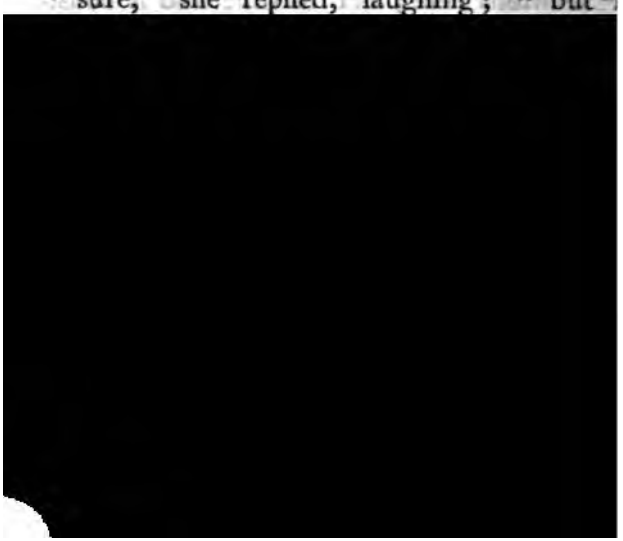
in a tone and with an aspect of sullenness, "Look ye, Stanhope, I hate preaching; and "as you seem now to have little chance of "ever mounting the pulpit, I think you "may as well have done with it." The malice and the rudeness of this speech were most disgusting to the feelings of Stanhope, but they lowered Brindley so much in his esteem that he would not condescend to show resentment; his contempt, however, he took no pains to disguise, but replied in a tone which sufficiently expressed it, "Be "assured, Sir, that to you, at least, I shall "never *preach* more. I wished, if possible, "to wean you from pursuits degrading to "human nature, and unworthy a person in "your situation of life;—you have rejected "my advice, and I can only say that you "have still my pity." The eyes of Brindley flashed with uncontrollable rage; "Your "pity!" he reiterated; "a fine joke i'faith, "that a gentleman of twelve thousand a year "is to be pitied by such a—" whatever might be the epithet which he designed to bestow on Stanhope, the stern and undaunt-

" pretend to dictate to me.
smiled ; his gentle heart w
could no longer esteem the
nion of his childhood, the
his early youth ; and hastily
" you will think better of i
ed the discourse to another
a few minutes more they
dially indeed, but with at le
of politeness.

After Brindley's departur
soon rejoined her nephew, a
dress his arm ; which, tho
than might be expected, was
so much irritated, that qu

haps indeed he gloried in them:—be that as it may, the discourse of his aunt would have charmed away even the sense of torture, for its theme was the Ingleby family; and when she praised the beauty and the sweetness of Julia it was music to the ear of Auberry.—"Mrs. Ingleby has been dead "about two years," continued Mrs. Stanhope; "she and the lady we saw at the "Rectory were daughters of the late Sir "John Maitland, Baronet, of Maitland-hall, "in Lincolnshire; their brother, the present "Sir John, is a rich bachelor; Miss Mait-"land divides her time between him and her "relations here; her fortune also is consi-"derable, and the good Rector doubtless "calculates that his children will eventually "inherit the property of both uncle and "aunt, for it is very unlikely that either of "them will ever marry." "But, aunt," said Auberry, smiling, "are you not severe "in suspecting the Rector of being so world-"ly-minded as to make such calculations?" Mrs. Camilla replied, "If I am so, the world "has put the weapons of severity into my

" hands, for Dr. Ingleby has the universal
" character of being proud and avaricious in
" the extreme; I therefore warn you," she added, smilingly, " not to rate the event of
" the other night too highly, for, believe
" me, one of the qualities I have enumerat-
" ed will effectually debar the doctor from
" acknowledging, and the other from re-
" warding it." " Nay, aunt," returned Aubrey, with a glowing cheek, " you must
" own he was not sparing of acknowledg-
" ments: but what reward can he bestow
" on me?" " A living in the church, and
" the means to prepare you for it, to be
" sure," she replied, laughing; " but



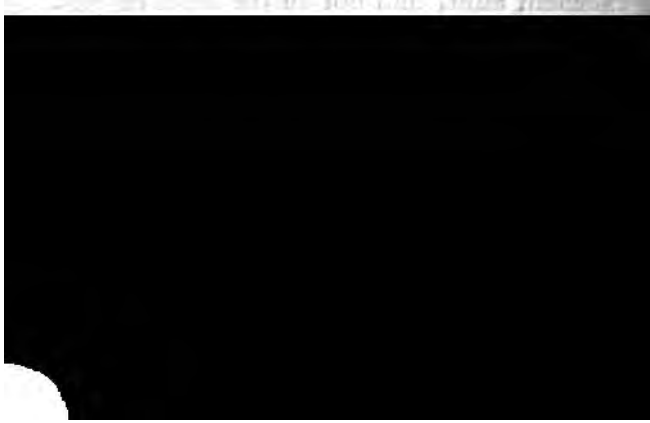
" is engaged to her cousin, Lord Melling-
" hurst, the nephew and ward of her father."
If the preceding part of Mrs. Stanhope's dis-
course sounded harshly on the ear of her
nephew, these words were as so many dag-
gers which pierced his bosom; all his self-
complacency vanished; and the merit of
having saved Julia faded away; but still
that principle of pride, so subtle and inde-
finable, which seldom fails to attend and to
soothe the deepest feelings of chagrin and
disappointment, checked the swelling sigh;
and raising his eyes to Heaven, he exclaim-
ed, " I want nothing the Inglebys can be-
" stow;—I have no claims on their grati-
" tude;—the Rectory-house now contains
" no friend for me. Oh, Dr. Nugent!—
" never, never can his loss be repaired!"
This apostrophe to his departed friend so
well accounted for the visible emotion of
Stanhope's countenance, that Mrs. Camilla
sought no further for its cause, and for the
present the real source of that emotion re-
mained undiscovered; but though she mis-
took the object which excited her nephew's

sensibility, she was distressed on beholding its acuteness, and wishing to divert his mind from dwelling on the deceased Dr. Nugent, by whom she supposed it to be occupied, she, by frequently conversing about the Inglebys, unconsciously fed the flame which ought to have been stifled in this its infant state. She told him many particulars which are not material to be noticed at present, acknowledging that her information came from Miss Ingleby's attendant, a person of respectable connexions, whose family had been known to her in early life.

Young Ingleby, she added, was daily ex-

Stanhope felt as if the last few words had removed a load from his breast, for the siren voice of Hope is ever ready to whisper that distant evils may never overtake us. He was now well aware that he regarded the fair Julia with a sentiment of the most tender admiration—the term *love* he dared not whisper even to his own soul. Auberry was a poet in every sense of the word; the feelings of his heart were ardent and impetuous, in the same degree that the faculties of his mind were strong and vivid; he had all the fascinating powers of genius, and all the wild luxuriance of imagination, and the exuberant sensibility to which nature invariably allies it; but his judgment had, in early life, been assiduously cultivated by his excellent aunt, and not all the mists of passion could veil from his mental eye the conviction that he was guilty of the highest imprudence in cherishing, even for a moment, an attachment to a lady whose birth, fortune, situation, and connexions, were so widely removed from the sphere of life in which he seemed destined to move; he was

well aware that the stern duties he owed himself, demanded that he should make a vigorous effort to tear the image of Julia from his heart, and to compel his thoughts to flow in channels totally unconnected with her idea, but this mighty sacrifice he could not prevail on himself to make; on the contrary he yielded himself almost without control to the soft impression which enslaved his senses, and without clearly defining what were his hopes or his wishes respecting Miss Ingleby, he was perpetually planning schemes to see her when he should be again able to go abroad; and feeding the flame which consumed him with passages from every love-sick poet, from Ovid and Tibullus, to Shenstone and Hammond.



CHAPTER V.

WHILE such was the situation of affairs with Stanhope, the sense of gratitude towards that young man was rapidly diminishing in the haughty mind of Dr. Ingleby; he could not support the humiliating consciousness that he owed to a poor unfriended boy—for Stanhope was not nineteen—the humble object of his predecessor's bounty, an obligation of such infinite magnitude as the preservation of his only daughter; but he did not possess liberality enough to cancel, or at least to counterbalance that obligation, by taking on himself the charge of completing the education and securing the future establishment of Stanhope, though such a conduct would have had the treble merit of evincing his own high sense of gra-

merit in the minds of any who heard it; but the Rector met with few who did not, with much apparent eagerness, assent to the justness of his observations. His sister-in-law entered too nicely into all his private feelings on this subject, to have any variation of opinion with him; but not so Miss Ingleby herself; she was too well acquainted with the pride and avarice of her father and her aunt, to be much surprised by their conduct on this occasion; but every feeling of her soul recoiled from their evident selfishness and ingratitude, and whenever the subject was mentioned in her presence, her invariable reply, uttered with united gentle-

concerning that of her preserver; and when she learned from Brindley (who when he quitted Stanhope in the manner before related, repaired to the Rectory) that Auberry wore his arm in a sling, she unhesitatingly requested her father to send some fruit and a message of inquiry to the dwelling of Mrs. Stanhope; a request with which the Rector could not refuse compliance.

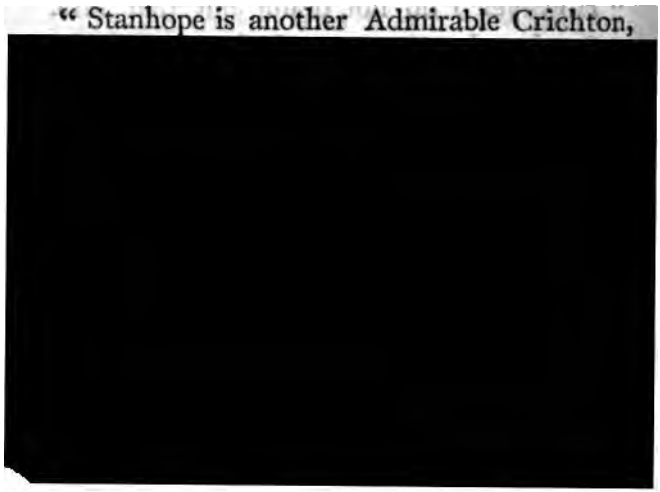
In the course of the conversation which very naturally ensued concerning the events of the preceding night, Brindley, with his wonted coarse volatility, said, "Upon my "word, ladies, it was very lucky that the

" no gentleman of our order meets with such in-
" sinuations as these." " You cannot an-
" swer for all your cloth, brother," said
Miss Maitland; " many a true word is
" spoken in jest." Miss Ingleby looked dis-
tressed and displeased. " Nay, Robert, my
" dear," said Mrs. Brindley, " do not jest
" at the expense of the poor woman's re-
" putation; she is, I believe, a person of
" principle and character, at least I never
" heard to the contrary; she, and the father
" of Aubury, were the children of a mili-
" tary officer, who was killed in America at
" the very beginning of the contest between
" Great-Britain and the Colonies: her bro-
" ther was also in the army, and served in
" a regiment which was stationed in the
" East Indies, where he made what is called
" a love match with the daughter of a gen-
" tleman who held a considerable post, I
" cannot say whether civil or military, un-
" der the company. The young lady's im-
" prudent marriage was so deeply resented
" by her father that he disowned her, and
" married another wife, her mother having

"long been dead; nor when she afterwards "became a widow—for her husband met "the fate of his father, and was killed at "the siege of Seringapatam—would he see "her, or afford her the least assistance." "Why, if young people will neglect the ad- "vice, and despise the authority of parents, "they deserve to suffer for their folly," said the Rector. "There is the mild, forbear- "ing, forgiving spirit of christianity for "you, Miss Ingleby," whispered Brindley to Julia; who, offended at this open sarcasm on her father, and still more pained by the conviction that he merited it, turned away in disgust; but she felt so much interested by these family anecdotes of the Stanhopes, that her attention was instantly recalled by the accents of Mrs. Brindley, who said, "Perhaps Mr. Auberry carried his resent-

"must have been a heavy charge on her,
"for I understand her income is very limit-
"ed indeed." "But he can only have been
"a few years in England, my dear Madam,
"if his father was killed at the siege of Se-
"ringapatam," said Dr. Ingleby. "Not at
"the last siege of Seringapatam, Sir; I
"spoke of that under Lord Cornwallis."
The Rector bowed an acknowledgment for
this corrected information, and proceeded,
"I think I have heard Mr. Auberry men-
"tioned many years ago; but the affairs of
"India, and the persons concerned in them,
"are so wholly unconnected with my habits
"and pursuits, that I cannot pretend to
"much knowledge on Asiatic subjects.
"However I do not doubt but that Mrs.
"Stanhope's statement of the matter may
"be correct; if so, she has certainly acted
"with much kindness towards the orphan
"son of her brother; but I must be allow-
"ed to observe, that neither she nor my
"late worthy predecessor, to whose bounty
"I understand he owes his education, have
"consulted the boy's real interest by suffer-

" ing him to waste his time in classical pur-
" suits, which can never be of the least ser-
" vice to him; he ought to have been early
" apprenticed to some mechanical business,
" or lucrative trade: there cannot be a
" greater folly than bringing young people
" without fortunes up to nothing, and thus
" increasing the numerous class of genteel
" beggars with whom this country, and in-
" deed all countries, too much abounds."
The mischief-loving Brindley, who had now, to use a common phrase, ascertained how the Rector's *pulse beat*, enjoyed the display of his selfish ingratitude, and sought to draw him out still further by saying, " But
" do you not know, my dear Sir, that Mr.
" Stanhope is another Admirable Crichton,



ıem." "Perhaps that passion is an here-
tary gift of nature, Mr. Brindley," said
ı, who was enthusiastic in her admira-
ı of poetical talents, and felt her heart
ving with gratitude to Stanhope, and
feelings tortured to agony by this ab-
l, disgusting, and, she thought, indeli-
: conversation. "You have defined it
ıactly, Miss Ingleby," returned Brind-
; "what a blundering fellow was I, to
it on such an unlucky mode of describ-
ıg the family genius of your champion."
think you defined it most admirably, my
oung friend," said the Doctor, smiling
ıiously on Brindley; "this itch for au-
ıorship is indeed a mania, and a mania
f the very worst kind; these ode and
egy, song and novel mongers, are a spe-
es of butterflies, who flutter and dance
ɔout without any fixed purpose, and sel-
ɔm make any respectable figure in life;
ɔr poets, you know, are poor even to a
roverb. Seriously speaking, I am very
ɔrry to hear that the Stanhopes are those
ind of people, for a lively imagination

"and much leisure time are very bad pos-
"sessions for a young man;—very bad ones
"indeed." These conversations—for this is but an abstract of many such which passed—far from giving Miss Ingleby an unfavorable idea of the Stanhopes, rendered them more and more interesting to her: the preserver of her life was scarcely ever absent from her thoughts, his very name sounded melodiously on her ear, and thrilled to her heart; but her open and voluntary engagement with Lord Mellinghurst precluded all supposition that these emotions had any other source than gratitude and

but caused all the apartments which were still habitable to be put in the best possible order; and, together with his family, submitted to the inconveniences of a circumscribed habitation, while workmen were employed in clearing away the rubbish, and securing the dilapidated part of the building against the further ravages of the weather, until it should be completely repaired in the ensuing spring.

It was on the Tuesday night that Miss Ingleby so narrowly escaped a dreadful death: on the following Saturday her brother arrived at the Rectory. As his arrival had been hourly expected, no account of the accident which had occurred had been transmitted to him; and the darkness of the evening—for it was near five when he reached Kirkford—prevented him from seeing the ruinous state of the mansion. The Rector, who was much attached to his son, received him with parental tenderness; but the emotions of Julia on beholding this beloved relative, and the almost convulsive

agitation with which she clasped him to her bosom, convinced him that some other cause besides his return operated thus powerfully on the keen sensibility of her heart; and his affectionate inquiries were soon answered by a detail of the accident which had so nearly proved fatal to her, accompanied by an animated eulogium on Stanhope, and a fervent expression of the gratitude she owed him. Neither Dr. Ingleby nor Miss Maitland were over and above delighted with Julia's method of narrating her escape, and panegyrizing her deliverer, but they made no open comment; George listened to his sister with strong emotion, interrupting her

rpose; he resides in a cottage on the ıer side of the church-yard with a per- ı who passes for his aunt, but I under- nd it is difficult to ascertain in what de- :e they are related." George seemed ely to attend to this malignant insinua- ;—"And what reward has been bestow- on him for this noble act of humanity?" ioned he, abruptly. It was now the or's turn to be silent, but Julia replied essively, "None." "And have you ver seen him since?" resumed her bro-

Miss Ingleby blushed again, and her r thought proper to say, "I under- nd he is confined by a cut in his arm; ıether he hurt it that night, or whether was sore before, I cannot say." "And ve none of you been to see him?" A :e from Julia, aided by George's perfect wledge of their father's disposition, spake mes to him: fixing his eyes impressively ıe Rector, he said, "This event hap- ned on Tuesday, and this is Saturday, d only the breadth of a church-yard parates you, my father, from the man

saved Julia's life." "Aye, true," e Doctor, struggling to throw a veil lessness over his confused counte- "I have daily intended calling on but hitherto I have been prevented arious occurrences; when his arm is r we must see him here, and I shall be enabled to judge whether there is way in which my interest can serve but—" here he retailed all Brind- olatile tattle concerning Mrs. Stan-

"or pursuits; but for him I had not now "been blessed with a sister; and when I "forget that solemn bond of obligation, "may God forget me:" he then changed the discourse, and spoke no more of the Stanhopes; but during tea chatted with a spirit and vivacity peculiar to himself, gaily jesting with his aunt, and rallying Julia about her intended lord, whose name called a sigh from her bosom, and a blush to her cheek.

When the tea-table was removed, he rose, and took his hat: "Whither now, George?" said the Rector; "I am going out, Sir, but "shall be back in half an hour," was the reply. He then vanished, and if any one conjectured whither he was gone, they kept that conjecture to themselves. The night was dark, but George was not altogether a stranger at Kirkford; for before his father obtained this living, they had been in habits of intimacy with the Brindleys, and had visited at Brindley-house: aided by his local knowledge of the place, and by the direc-

tions he received from a boy whom he met near the church, he soon presented himself at the door of Mrs. Stanhope. His knock was answered by a little girl who sometimes assisted Mrs. Camilla in domestic affairs; to his inquiry "whether Mr. Stanhope were "at home," she gave an affirmative reply, and preceded him to the apartment where Mrs. Camilla was sitting at work, and Auberry, his left arm still slung on his bosom, was reading to her the enchanting "Task" of Cowper, but hearing an unknown voice inquiring for him, he laid down the volume and advanced to meet the stranger, whose extreme resemblance to the fair image so

" rit to a mere act of duty :" he then prevented George's reply by introducing his aunt, whose polite inquiries after the Rector, Miss Maitland, and Miss Ingleby, occupied the little party for some time after they had taken their seats. Stanhope, in reply to Ingleby's solicitous inquiries concerning his arm, assured him that it was nearly well, and had never caused him much inconvenience: the former part of this assertion was true, but the latter it must be confessed did more credit to Auberry's fortitude and gallantry than to his veracity. George then again ventured to trespass on the feelings of his new acquaintance, by expressing his ardent admiration of the courage and humanity with which he had acted, nor rested until he had drawn from him a complete detail of every circumstance connected with Julia's preservation; a detail which Stanhope gave with all the modesty and simplicity of unadorned truth: and Ingleby, in reply, so well expressed his own gratitude, and so feelingly, yet delicately, hinted that of his sister, that the secret self-complacency

not choose to consider themse
by offering any apology for t
lect of the Stanhopes since the
accident; a neglect which he
sible both aunt and nephew n
and resented, but he studious
ed to atone for it by his kind
attentions.

"The first poet of our own
George, opening the volume
the table this observation, so
cordant to the sentiments of
quaintances, acted like electri
interchange of literary discussio
and opinions, now ensued amo
which had the effect of render

ed to twice that period before he thought of returning home: when at length he rose to go, he said, giving a hand to each of his new friends, "I hope you will both do us "the favour of dining at the Rectory to-"morrow?" Auberry possessed no power of refusal; Mrs. Stanhope would gladly have excused herself, but George would not be denied, and with a cordial shake of the hand, and a "Good night, and God bless "you!" uttered in accents so kind and sincere as spoke to the heart, he disappeared.

Whenever the quickly susceptible soul of Auberry Stanhope was more than usually interested, there was always a glow on his cheek which had nearly the energy of language, and in this eloquent glow Mrs. Camilla plainly read how much he was charmed with the frank, unassuming, easy manners of George Ingleby; and as the opinion she had herself formed of the young gentleman was a correspondent one, his praises furnished them with an animating theme for conversation until Auberry retired to

dream of the felicity he should enjoy the following day in his visit to the Rectory-house, whither he felt himself drawn by those irresistible attractions which love and friendship ever have for the youthful heart.

"I think you have made it a long half "hour, George:" said Dr. Ingleby, when the young gentleman entered the parlour. "If I have exceeded that time, I have stay-"ed longer than I intended, Sir," was the reply. The good Rector was at no loss to conjecture where his son had been, but if he had any doubts on the subject they were quickly dissipated, for George had not been

CHAPTER VI.

AT breakfast next morning Auberry appeared already dressed for the day; he had thrown aside the sling, and his hand now merely rested in the bosom of his waistcoat, his fine hair was adjusted with more than usual attention, and the thrilling emotion of his heart gave to his cheek such a bloom as compensated for the absence of that which the pain of his arm, and his consequent confinement, had stolen from it. "What, are "you for church this morning, Auberry?" said Mrs. Stanhope. Without raising his eyes from the floor, he replied, "Yes, aunt;" and then, in a voice scarcely articulate, he added, "after the events of the last week it "is my duty to go thither." Mrs. Stanhope had early impressed on the mind of her

selfishness beneath a well
to preserve his son from t
sequences of an inconsid
"we must first take tim
"this young man deserv
"mendations, before we
"him in this unqualifie
young gentleman daily re
"hope taken time to asc
"life would be endanger
"tempt to rescue Julia, yo
"have been blessed with
"with a sister; you must
"me, Sir, if, when he is
"tense with attention,
"impulse of my own hear

[illegible]

nephew a deep sense of religion; yet she felt convinced that not to it alone was this sudden departure from his lately declared resolution to be ascribed: "Unquestionably "it is your duty, my love," she replied; then, after the pause of a moment, she added, "and you afterwards dine at the Rec- "tory." Auberry now raised his eyes with an emotion of involuntary astonishment, that his aunt should have thought it necessary to make this observation; she understood their expression, and resumed, "You "will recollect, Auberry, that on the even- "ing of your return home, you told me you "should never again enter either Kirkford

"of those who are blessed with the good
"things of this world; yet do not—" here the village bells, ringing for service, interrupted Mrs. Stanhope, but Auberry's animated countenance was shaded; he could not withhold assent to the justness of her observations, for they were even then exemplified in the conduct of Brindley, his early friend, who, as he well knew, despised his humble situation, though he still kept up a show of regard for him; and as they walked to church he felt and deplored with a brother-poet the fate of him

"Whom genius burdens, whose diviner
mind
"Spurns at the world's low aims, and feels
itself
"Unblest:"

and when he entered Kirkford church, where every object so forcibly recalled the idea of Dr. Nugent, the dejection of his spirit was augmented to a degree of painful melancholy.

When the Ingleby family passed his pew,

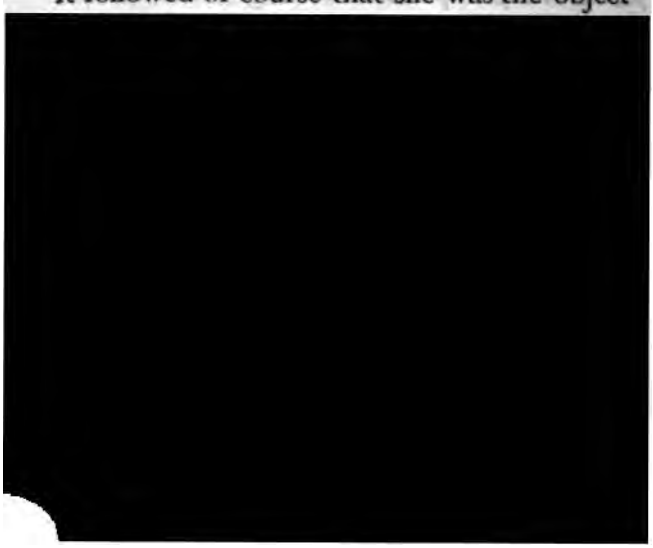
the cordial smile of George, and the expression of gratitude which beamed in Julia's lovely eyes, thrilled to his susceptible heart; but, for the present, he strove to banish all those worldly feelings, in which if he did not wholly succeed, he at least had the merit of earnestly making the attempt. When service was over, George advanced, by his aunt's command (or else he dreamed that she gave him such a commission) to conduct Mrs. Stanhope to the Rector's carriage; of course the first compliments between the Inglebys and the Stanhopes passed at the church door. Neither Dr. Ingleby's pompous and declamatory style of preaching, nor

idea of the present Rector of Kirkford seemed inclined to associate itself.

Young Ingleby, as has already been said, handed Mrs. Stanhope to the carriage; Auberry then had the honour of performing the same ceremony to Miss Maitland, whose manners towards these *obscure people*, as she doubtless considered them, were even more unprepossessing than those of her brother-in-law, for she possessed all his pride unaccompanied with that dignity which the clerical character and a perfect acquaintance with the world united to invest him with. But every unpleasant feeling which the behaviour of Dr. Ingleby and of his sister excited in the soul of Stanhope was charmed away, when his eyes met those of the lovely Julia, as she placed her hand in his; for the gratitude and esteem which illumined them convinced him that the moment in which they had together escaped a dreadful death was treasured in the only memory where he wished it to live. The Rector followed the ladies into the coach, while George, taking

the arm of Stanhope, took a path which lengthened their walk, and gave them an opportunity of becoming better known to, and more interested in each other.

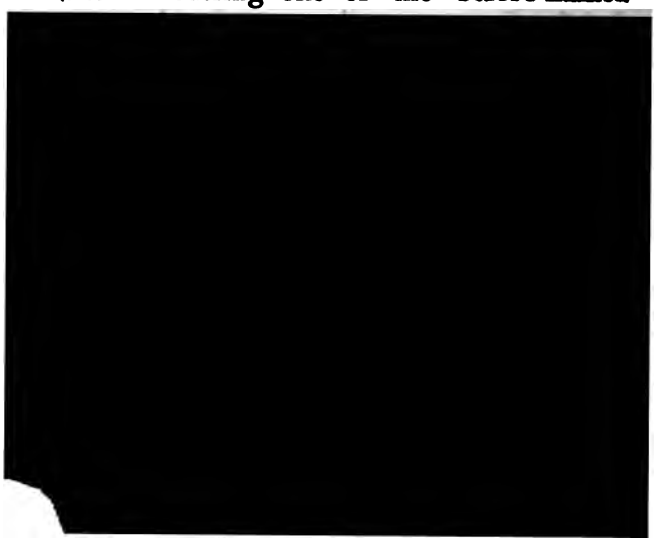
When the little party assembled at dinner, the Rector did the honours of his table with ceremonious and stately formality; in this he was imitated by his sister, but unfortunately she had ever entertained a decided hostility against all ladies who had pretensions to superior mental endowments; and as few females possessed a more highly cultivated understanding than Mrs. Stanhope, it followed of course that she was the object



"may enable you to do so." Mrs. Camilla, who plainly perceived the envious malignity in which this seeming humility originated, felt too much contempt for this despicable woman to resent her behaviour, and therefore only repaid her impotent sneers with a smile of indifference. Auberry was almost sufficiently provoked to have taken up the gauntlet in his aunt's defence, but politeness compelled him to silence; and George, though he maintained his taciturnity in Miss Maitland's presence, inwardly vowed to revenge the cause of his new friends at a proper opportunity; while Julia, the gentle Julia, though she now shrunk with bashful timidity from so openly expressing her gratitude to Stanhope as she had done on the first evening of their acquaintance, compensated for it by her attentions to his aunt, which had in them all of affability, kindness, and esteem, that could be expressed.

After dinner, when the ladies retired to another room, and the Rector to a sofa to take his accustomed nap, George led An-

berry to a little apartment which his father had fitted up as a study, as they could there sit by the fire, and pass an hour in familiar chat. Ingleby talked of Cambridge, of his studies and associates there, of books, public amusements, and other similar themes; Stanhope listened, and occasionally made a reply, or offered an observation, but while his lips were thus employed, his eyes were contemplating a beautiful miniature, which, together with several others of the same size, hung over the mantle-piece. "These," "I presume, are all your nearest relatives, "Ingleby," said he, when George paused, after discussing one of the before-named



laughed; "And there," resumed his witty companion, "is his fair sister Rebecca, my "most respectable aunt; oh, Auberry, you "do not know half the virtues of that esti- "mable lady!" It was impossible to mistake the ironical accent in which this was spoken; and Stanhope, without altering a muscle of his countenance, replied, "Be assured, Sir, "I give Miss Maitland ample credit for all "the good qualities which the shortness of "our acquaintance has prevented me from "discovering." "You do her no more "than justice," resumed her satirical ne- phew, who was resolved to show her no mercy, and it must be confessed she deserv- ed none. "She has great qualities, Sir, "qualities which one seldom finds, and in- "deed *seldom* expects to find in her sex; "for instance, she has so philosophical a "mode of thinking, and is so completely a "citizen of the world, that she despises those "vulgar prejudices which operate to deter "some people from using rum, the culture "of slaves; brandy, the produce of France; "or Geneva, the manufacture of Holland;

"no, she wisely contemns such puerile scru-
"ples, and justly considers, that by promot-
"ing and encouraging the use of these valu-
"able articles of commerce, she not only
"evinces the enlarged liberality of her own
"mind, but gives the best proof of her
"patriotism by augmenting one important
"branch of the public revenue, namely, the
"excise. Nor are these the only praise-
"worthy effects of this her laudable pro-
"pensity, since it has also the advantage of
"rendering her perfectly orthodox in all
"matters of scientific and philosophical spe-
"culation, her leading principle being inva-
"riably sp——" here the satirical George

said, impressively, "It is but too true, "Stanhope; and you will perhaps form a "just estimate of the friendship I have con- "ceived for you, when I assure you that "there is scarcely another person living to "whom I would thus freely have censured "the errors of my mother's sister." He then instantly changed the subject, and pointing to the portrait of Julia, said, with a smile, "I presume you have already re- "cognized the fair damsel who owes her "life to your humanity?" "No more of "that, I implore you, dear George," said the blushing Stanhope. "Well, well, I "shall spare your modesty for the future; "but you will at least allow me to hope "that her intended spouse will not forget "the obligation:" at the same time, by a motion of his hand, directing the attention of his friend to the miniature of a handsome young man which hung next to that of his sister. "Is that Lord Mellinghurst?" stammered out the scarcely conscious Stanhope. "Yes, that is my noble cousin, and future "brother-in-law," rejoined George; "I

" have just *hoped* one hope about him, and " will now venture on another; I hope that " he will prove in every respect deserving " of my Julia." Poor Stanhope compelled himself to respond an audible Amen, but a sensation, which baffles all powers of language to describe, rushed to his keenly susceptible heart; hitherto a latent hope, an indefinite suspicion that his aunt had been misinformed respecting Miss Ingleby's engagement, had flattered him, but now the delusion was destroyed, and was succeeded by an instant conviction that he was cherishing a romantic and a culpable attachment; and now, as his eye glanced on George, he

existed. But Auberry had now no time fo
reflection, had he been inclined to indulg
it, for George, pointing to the resemblanc
of a beautiful girl, apparently not more tha
twelve years old, said gaily, "And there
"Stanhope, is my fair cousin, Lady Maria
"Ingleby, the sister of the Earl, and the
"destined bride of your humble servant;
"that is, if my good father has the cutting
"out of my destiny, in which case, I must,
"as you perceive, wait about as long for a
"wife as the patriarch Jacob; however, as
"my patience is not quite so elastic, I mean
"to fix a gold ring to my heart long before
"that period, and throw the prize to the
"first nymph who will catch it." While George was speaking, Auberry continued to gaze on the portrait of Lord Mellinghurst with the most bitter sensations of jealousy; but a moment's reflection on what his friend just said discovered to him a gleam of consolation, faint indeed, and invisible to the eye of reason, but love is a magician, who can make anchors of shadows and cables of cobwebs; can extract honey from gall, and

gall from honey. Stanhope fancied that as George's engagement with Lady Maria seemed by no means certain or binding, since he could thus lightly talk of breaking it, and forming another, that of Julia with the Earl might, by the same rule, never be brought to a close. This lover-like delusion, though certainly not warranted by any thing Ingleby had said, in some degree re-animated Stanhope's spirits, and he replied to the last words of his companion, "Then it seems "you are determined at all events to have "a wife; if so, our destinies will be diffe-"rent, for I am resolved never to marry."

"Hey-day, boy!" exclaimed George, "what

"try another. Now I have been in love "with a hundred fair damsels, but as I "could never yet find that any one was in "love with me, I always had the prudence "to stop short before a pistol, or a strait "waistcoat, became absolutely necessary, "and—" here they were interrupted by a summons to tea, and George led the way to the drawing-room, which Stanhope now entered for the first time since the death of Dr. Nugent; and not even the presence of Julia could control the emotion which compelled him to turn hastily towards one of the windows, and press his handkerchief on his eyes; but he was unobserved by all except his aunt and Miss Ingleby, who sympathized in his feelings, and guessed their source. He soon recovered his tranquillity, and as the Rector now chose to be rather cheerful, the little party was more animated than before; but the hour which Auberry thought most delightful, was that which intervened between tea and the departure of himself and his aunt, for Julia, seated by her brother and her preserver, joined in their con-

versation. From this moment the already captivated heart of Stanhope was irretrievably lost for in every sentiment and opinion expressed by the fascinating Julia, he found a new theme of admiration; and in every sensibility, every virtue, every grace which unfolded itself, a never-failing source of love.

When Mrs. Stanhope and her nephew took leave, the former politely pressed Miss Maitland and Miss Ingleby to favour her with a visit. Miss Maitland coldly thanked her, but without either saying she intended to do so, or returning the compliment by a

CHAPTER VII.

UPWARDS of three weeks now passed away at Kirkford with the fleetness of a delightful vision, for they were the happiest that Auberry, and truth demands the confession, Julia also, had ever known: and often in the darkly-chequered years which have since intervened, has the recollection of

tone, "Pray, George, what brings that "young Stanhope here so often?" The young gentleman, well aware how ineffectual were all attempts to excite the Doctor's gratitude, generally replied, "He comes by "my invitation, Sir; I at least shall ever "be happy to see the preserver of my sis-"ter." Sometimes the Rector returned no answer, and at other times he would say, angrily, "Have a care, boy, that this over-"strained idea of obligation does not lead "you into some scrape." These unequivocal testimonies of her father's dislike to Stanhope, did not prevent Julia from performing her promise to his aunt, who she visited more than once, accompanied by her brother; and as it was yet early in the winter, when a serene day presented itself, and a brisk but temperate breeze dried the footpaths, the trio rambled in the environs of the village, accompanied by Brindley and a young lady who resided with his mother; and while the lively George was chatting with Miss Beresford, and Brindley was exercising his dogs, and beating the bushes

for hares, Stanhope and Julia were admiring the beauties which nature, even in this her season of desolation, presents to her votaries; or Julia would listen while Auberry, with all the glowing animation of youth and fancy, drew the picture of the rural home, the "shelter'd solitary scene," in which, might fate be so indulgent, his days should be dedicated to literature. Ah! dangerous indulgence, which was robbing them both of their future peace, while the one portrayed and the other listened to such a fascinating description of a romantic retreat, as almost every young and vivid imagination has sketched out for itself, but which, alas! is

were taken from their works. Here he spread his rural breakfast, and cheered his evening hearth, on one side of which he took his own station with his book or his flute; the opposite sofa he always left vacant, but one timid glance from the expressive eyes of this romantic young man well explained to Julia who it were that he wished to occupy it, and whose were the work-bag with which he once gaily ventured to adorn its arm. Yet, though Julia were indeed the promised bride of another, how could she chide or repel a passion which her lover never suffered to escape him, except in those ambiguous and almost imperceptible modes? could she treat with frigid reserve the man to whom she owed the preservation of her life? alas! truth demands the confession, that if she even for a moment assumed towards Stanhope the semblance of indifference, her countenance, unschooled in dissimulation, but too plainly betrayed the feelings of her heart. Nor was it less dangerous to the tranquillity of Julia when she listened, as Stanhope read or recited

those poetical passages which their enthusiastic minds united in admiring. Thomson's fascinating description of domestic happiness received a seven-fold charm from the voice of Stanhope; and when its melodious tones gave additional grace to the finely-modulated periods of The Pleasures of Memory, could Miss Ingleby be ignorant that not to the Julia of the poet alone did he ascribe

"Those finer features of the feeling heart,
"Those tend'rer tints that shun the careless eye,
"And in the world's contagious climate die."

TIME was, my Muse could fine a theme
In Nature's smiles or Nature's tears;
Or weave her wild poetic dream
From Fancy's hopes or Fancy's fears.

Time was, my lyre would melt at woe;
Or swell her notes to rapture's strain;
Or mourn th' ensanguin'd wounds which flow
When war's dread thunder fires the plain.

But now the laughing Muse is fled,
Nor will she sing at my command;
And that responsive chord is dead
Which us'd to wake at Joy's light hand.

Nor summer's bloom, nor winter's frost,
Nor war's red torch can charm her lyre;
And Fancy's fairy dream is lost,
And Hope and Joy with Peace expire.

For Peace no longer dwells with me;
My heart expell'd the heav'nly maid:
But for the baleful treachery
That rebel heart hath dearly paid.

But why a traitor could she prove?
Say, what new sov'reign doth she own?
Ah, banish'd Peace! the tyrant Love
Hath now usurp'd thy gentle throne.

A jealous cruel despot, he
Hath claim'd my undivided vow;
And banish'd fair Euphrosyne;
And torn the laurel from my brow.

And ev'ry note my lyre can breathe
Is now an off'ring at his shrine:
And now his rose and myrtle wreath
Instead of bays my temples twine.

Stanhope possessed a fine taste for drawing and painting; and when his aunt was employed in domestic affairs, he found a sweet employment for many a solitary half-hour in sketching miniatures of Miss Ingleby; one of which was so correct a likeness, that he finished it with the most scrupulous care, and preserved it as his choicest treasure; certainly not unconscious, though culpably unmindful, that by such a conduct he was fatally nourishing a hopeless and imprudent passion. It was impossible that Mrs. Stanhope could long remain ignorant of the state of her nephew's heart; that heart she had studied from its infancy, and well could she trace to its source the sigh which Auberry breathed when Julia were not present, and the extatic glow which responded to her smile when she were; nor was she much more at a loss to divine the origin of that vivid crimson with which the glances of Stanhope never failed to mantle Miss Ingleby's lovely cheek, but the discovery gave her more pain than surprise; for a heart formed like that of Auberry Stan-

hope, now entering the gay summer of existence, could not, she was well aware, remain long unattached. His was a soul capable of loving with all the fervency, the sensibility, and the constancy which are the genuine attributes of that delightful passion; and where should he find an object more worthy to be thus worshipped than the lovely, the amiable, Julia Ingleby: true, she were fettered by a positive and an avowed engagement, but the penetrating eyes of Mrs. Stanhope had no difficulty in discovering that the sentiment she cherished for the preserver of her life were more tender than gratitude, more lively than esteem, and

terests and of passions Mrs. Stanhope discerned the fatal tempest, which her prophetic fears predicted would wreck the peace and the happiness of her idolized nephew; who, it seemed too probable, was destined to wander through a cheerless existence, the paths of which would be strewed with the thorns of disappointed affection. Yet, with all these motives for solicitude, Mrs. Stanhope could not immediately resolve to speak on the subject to Auberry; it was not in her nature to chide with harshness and asperity; severely did she condemn the conduct of those parents who have recourse to such methods of opposing the inclinations of their children; she had seen such ill-judged rigour drive many a promising youth to despair, or to dissipation, who might, had they met gentleness and candour in the parental bosom, have proved a blessing to their connexions, and an ornament to the community; still less were she capable of using that gross and illiberal strain of satire with which many, perhaps well-intentioned, but ill-judging guardians of youth blast the

first opening tokens of a virtuous affection: this is the most bitter of all insults to a feeling heart, nor is it less useless than cruel, for though it may chill the native openness of youth, and compel it to have recourse to artifice and concealment, it can never eradicate a well-grounded regard; neither will it ever tend to root out a misplaced attachment, since such rude and taunting irony only provokes resentment, without either informing the judgment, or clearing the understanding from the mists of passion. No; Mrs. Stanhope felt that if she could not bind up the wounds of her nephew's heart, she had no right to probe them with a poisoned

ternal friend, and to rely on her tenderness in every little difficulty, longed to repose its inmost thoughts in her bosom; and she easily perceived, that while his glowing cheek and eloquent eyes perpetually betrayed the secret of his love, a bashful and timid delicacy alone prevented his lips from giving it utterance. To accept his confidence at this juncture, when he passed a part of almost every day in Miss Ingleby's society, would, Mrs. Stanhope thought, be of no use to him: well did she know the youthful heart, and was perfectly aware that whatever arguments she might urge would fade before the first tender glance of Julia's eyes, and that all the resolutions of fortitude which her representations should induce Auberry to form, would be destroyed by the first trivial circumstance that could flatter his hopes.

In another month the Inglebys were to leave Kirkford for some time, and then, she thought, she might remonstrate with Stanhope with some prospect of convincing him

how absurdly he was acting, by cherishing so romantic an attachment: true, she was well aware that love in a heart like that of her nephew, and having for its object such a woman as Julia Ingleby, protects the principles, refines the taste, and animates the mind to noble and active exertions; and had Julia been free from any other engagement, and the disposition of her father been less notoriously haughty and avaricious, it is probable that she would (the important obligation which the Ingleby family owed to Stanhope well understood) have suffered the affair to take its course; but, under existing circumstances, she could not avoid re-

self of his society for a short time, was the only alternative that presented itself to his affectionate aunt. She had a relation, a Mr. Norton, resident in the vicinity of Newcastle, from whom she had always experienced as much kindness and attention as the degree of their consanguinity, his own large family, and numerous avocations allowed her to expect. The second son of this gentleman had been the school-fellow of Auberry; he was an amiable youth, and they had always been much attached to each other: immediately after the ensuing Christmas holidays this young man was to set out for Deal, to embark on board one of the Indiamen for Bengal, where a friend of his father had obtained for him a situation under the Company; and he now wrote a pressing invitation to Stanhope to come and stay with him during the short period of his remaining at home; and with this request Mrs. Stanhope strenuously urged her nephew to comply, as she rejoiced in such an opportunity of removing him, for the present, to a distance from Kirkford; but though Auberry ten-

derly esteemed Charles Norton, and regretted his approaching departure from Europe, his heart clung so closely to the fascinating Julia, and to George Ingleby, his best-beloved friend, that he could scarcely support the thought of leaving home during the short period of their continuing in their present residence; added to this was the ceaseless anxiety he felt on account of his aunt's health, which, though she had of late appeared somewhat better, was, he felt but too well aware, in a very precarious state. Mrs. Stanhope was sensible of a gradual decay in her constitution, but, like most persons in that situation, she did not suppose

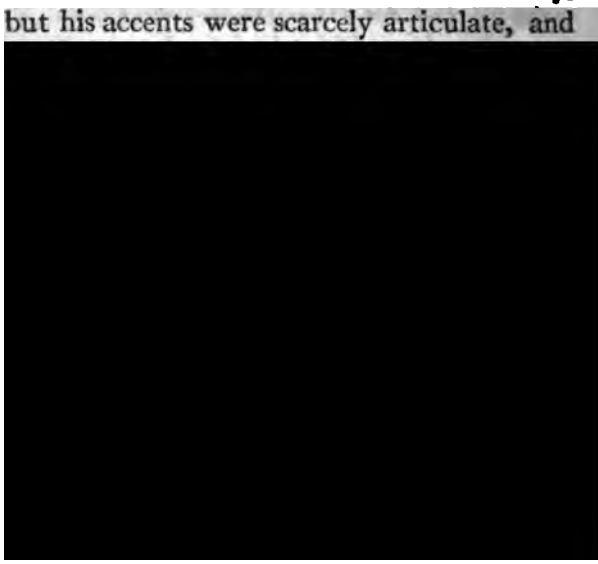
Norton's invitation, that Auberry, ever accustomed to pay the utmost deference to her wishes, and tenderly desirous of embracing his friend Charles before "half the convex "world" should intervene between them, no longer offered any objection, but made preparations for his little journey; though the tender glance of Julia's eloquent eyes, and the cordial pressure of George's hand, when he bade them adieu, gave him the sweet assurance that those two precious blessings of existence, love and friendship, were amply stored for him, he yet quitted home with a heavy heart.

On the night preceding his departure, he read to his aunt the Pleasures of Hope, which Brindley had lent him the day before; Mrs. Stanhope listened with delight, and both reader and auditor expressed at intervals their enthusiastic admiration of the numberless beauties of this charming poem; but when he came to these inimitable lines,

"And say, when summon'd from the world
and thee,
"I lay my head beneath the willow tree,

" Wilt *thou*, sweet mourner! at my tomb
appear,
" And soothe my parted spirit lingering
near?
" Oh, wilt thou come at ev'ning hour to
shed
" The tears of Mem'ry o'er my narrow bed?
" With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
" Muse on the last farewell I left behind?"

His voice faltered, and he felt a swelling of agony at his heart: "Repeat that passage, "my love," said Mrs. Stanhope, in a tone so solemn, yet so tender, that it struck the inmost chord of his soul. He tried to obey, but his accents were scarcely articulate, and



"pen, be then prepared, my love, to ex-
"pect it: this world is not our resting-place,
"but I hope we shall meet in a better state
"of existence. Dismiss the subject from
"your thoughts for the present, my dear
"child," she added, kissing his cheek, "I
"trust that Heaven will not yet take me
"from you." She then took the volume from the table, and passing by the lines which had so much distressed her nephew, she read to the end with a firm and unfaltering voice, while Stanhope so far followed her example as to assume the appearance of composure, but the reality he was far from feeling; the fatal conviction that he were soon to lose his best and dearest friend wrung his heart with agony, and, now that he were about to leave home, banished repose from his pillow. In the morning when he met Mrs. Stanhope at breakfast, he fancied he had never seen her look so ill, and felt his spirits sink to the deepest dejection; the words "I cannot leave you, my dearest "aunt," hovered on his lips; but she seemed to have this visit to Mr. Norton so much

at heart, so evidently strove to appear cheerful, and did not complain of being worse than usual, that Stanhope thought it his duty to sacrifice his own wish of remaining with her, and tore himself away immediately after breakfast. When she embraced and blessed him, he felt a sad presentiment that this kind blessing, and this maternal kiss, would never be repeated; and that the door of the peaceful home which he was now about to close, would never again open to him a joyful welcome. He had, however, the consolation of knowing that should his aunt be attacked by sudden indisposition, she would have an attentive friend near her;

CHAPTER VIII.

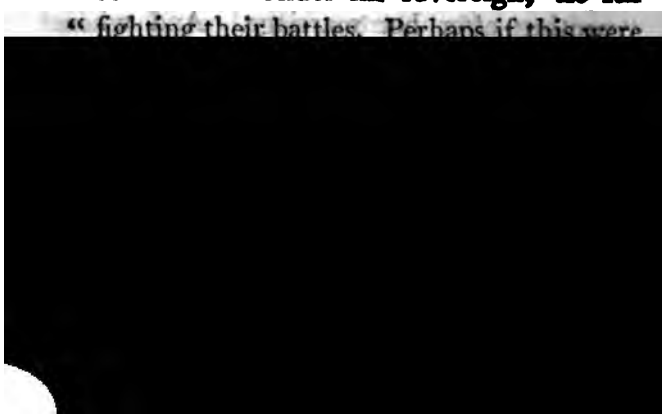
STANHOPE met a polite and friendly reception from Mr. and Mrs. Norton and their amiable family, which consisted of four sons and three daughters, none of whom, Charles excepted, had seen Auberry for upwards of two years. They sympathized in his anxiety on his aunt's account, but at the same time strove to persuade him that his fears were groundless; sometimes their kind attentions soothed his cares, but much oftener he only wore the appearance of cheerfulness while he shared in their amusements, when, in reality, a thousand apprehensions rankled deep in his bosom. When, indeed, is the heart of sensibility without a tormentor? alas! that of Stanhope had many, not-

the least of which was jealousy; for though when blessed with the society of Julia every dread of future evil had vanished before her powerful smile, yet now the truth that she were the affianced wife of Lord Mellinghurst was perpetually recurring to torture him; he found that her engagement with her noble cousin was no secret even here, for Mrs. Norton had mentioned it when rallying him on the courage and gallantry he had displayed in rescuing Miss Ingleby. For a whole day after he heard her engagement thus openly mentioned, Stanhope resolutely endeavoured to combat his passion, to expel her idea from his mind, or at least to think

'But now they are past and I sigh,
'And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.'

Upwards of a week wore over in this manner, during which Auberry heard once from his aunt, who spoke of her health as being much as usual. On the day preceding that appointed for the departure of Charles, he said to Stanhope, in a way between jest and earnest, "Pray, Auberry, "do you wish me to make any inquiries "concerning your mother's family when I "reach Bengal?" Stanhope hesitated a few moments, and then replied, "My mother's "family, dear Charles, have no claims on "either my gratitude or my affections; her "father would never acknowledge mine as "his son-in-law, nor would he ever see my "mother after her marriage. And when "my poor father was killed in battle, and "my mother fell a sacrifice to her grief, my "grandfather refused to receive or to shel-"ter me, though I was then only in my "fourth year; and had it not been for the "humanity of a friend of my mother, who

"brought me with her to Europe, I might "have perished, and—" here Auberry suddenly broke off the sentence, for the recollection of what he had since that period owed to the kindness of his aunt, drew the glistening moisture of gratitude to his eyes. "You are right, Stanhope," said Mr. Norton, who had listened to this conversation; "Mr. Auberry has indeed no claim to your "duty, that is if he be still living, which I "much doubt, as I know he does not now "hold any post on the Bengal establishment. "But my good boy," he continued, laying his hand on Stanhope's shoulder, "you certainly have some claim to the notice of the "East-India Company: your father lost his "life in their service, for though he held his "commission under his sovereign, he fell "fighting their battles. Perhaps if this were



hope's heart fluttered with surprise and agitation at this unexpected proposal;—his revered aunt—his beloved Julia—could he leave them for the burning clime of Asia; his native clime, indeed, but that which had proved fatal to his parents. Yet, alas! death would deprive him of Mrs. Stanhope, and Miss Ingleby would become the bride of Lord Mellinghurst, and then of what consequence were it in what quarter of the globe he hid his misery. There was yet another passion closely interwoven in Stanhope's existence; that, it is almost needless to say, was his attachment to poetry; and this, he reflected, would find an ample field of action on the shores of the Ganges. So rapid is the power of attention in some minds, that by the time it were necessary to reply to Mr. Norton, all these ideas had presented themselves to Stanhope, and he had so far arranged them as to enable him to say, "I believe I should not dislike it, Sir; "but my aunt must decide for me: her "will ever has been, and ever shall be, "mine." "You are a good boy," return-

ed Mr. Norton, with a smile; "there will "be time enough to consider the matter be- "fore it can be carried into execution."

It was not two hours after this conversation that a servant entered the room, and presented a letter to Stanhope, saying it was brought by a man on horseback; alas! what power of language can give to the mind one faint idea of the dreadful foreboding which chilled the soul of the unhappy young man, as his eye glanced on the superscription in the hand-writing of George Ingleby, and then rested on the black seal: the Ingleby family were not in mourning;

ing you with the irreparable loss you have sustained: your worthy aunt departed this life at nine o'clock this morning. On the first intimation of her danger we sent for *Mr.* Hammond; alas! he arrived too late; but he assures me that no human aid could have saved her, as her death was occasioned by the bursting of the vomica which was formed on her lungs. Emma tells me that from the moment of her attack she was speechless.—My dear Auberry, I have no consolation to offer: in afflictions such as this, Heaven alone can bestow it. My father, my aunt, and Julia, unite their sincere condolence with mine.—Believe me, my dearest friend, your grief finds the most faithful sympathy in the heart of

Your truly affectionate,
George Ingleby.

The soul of sensibility which has, at some period of life, been placed in a situation similar to that of the unhappy Stanhope, will read the record of his sufferings in that pang of dreadful agony, that shriek of wild

despair, which are associated with the recollection of that fatal moment which told them that the frail bond of mortality by which they were bound to a kindred spirit —a long loved and revered relative and friend—was dissolved for ever. Oh! this torturing, this agonizing feeling mocks the power of all combinations of ideas, all forms of language to describe it; and is, alas! of all feelings that which least requires to be described. Where is the human heart which has not felt, or which may not expect to feel it? for it is the birthright, the portion, and the inheritance of the wretched children of earth. The Nortons used every kind and

cerated bosom, whose tenderest feelings of domestic duty, gratitude, and affection, are mourning over the grave of their only object.

Early on the following morning poor Stanhope set out on his return to Kirkford; Mr. Norton considerately made his eldest son the companion of Auberry in this melancholy journey, and both he and Mrs. Norton kindly told him that they should expect him to return with Edward to them, and to make their house his home until he recovered his spirits. He gratefully acknowledged their kindness, but his breaking heart recoiled at the idea of general society, and acknowledged only two bosoms in existence in which it could repose its sorrows—those of George Ingleby and Charles Norton;—and deep as was Stanhope's affliction, he felt an added portion of bitterness tinge his cup when he parted from the latter, who quitted Newcastle in the mail-coach a few hours after his brother and Auberry had set off for Kirkford in a post-chaise.

Ah, how cruel was the contrast between the feelings of Stanhope's enanguished soul when he beheld his once happy home, and those he had experienced only six short weeks before, when, after nearly a twelve-month's absence, he returned to this humble but peaceful dwelling. Those eyes which were now closed for ever had then beamed on him with affectionate tenderness, and that mild voice, which should never more meet his ear, had then welcomed him in accents of love and joy. How bitterly, yet unavailingly, did he regret having gone to Mr. Norton's at the time he did. "Ah!" sighed he mentally, while tears of anguish

ings was so great that to Heaven alone did he pour out the full agony of his soul; there *may be* spirits which can vent their anguish in shrieks and tears over the cold remains of the object whose death they mourn; such refined beings *may* perhaps vaunt their delicate feelings, and boast the *wire corded* sensibility which can bear to be strained to agony by the cold and clammy touch of those lips which used to breathe on them the balmy warmth of life; by the icy chill of that hand which was wont to press theirs with vivid ardour; and by contemplating the ashy hue of that countenance where they have been accustomed to behold health and cheerfulness grow and flourish; there *may be* those who can gaze for hours on the pale corpse of a beloved relative, can watch whole nights by its side, and even with their own hands cut the hair from its head; but if this be feeling, tender, exquisite, refined feeling, Stanhope had none of it, for his heart was formed in a mould widely different.

In this season of affliction, in the silence and solitude of night, he prostrated his humbled and chastened soul before his almighty Father. His life hitherto had indeed been innocent, and nearly blameless; no crime had stained, no vice sullied its purity; still every deviation from truth or rectitude, however slight, was sincerely remembered and repented of, more especially every little circumstance, however trifling, by which he had given pain or displeasure to his aunt; and the sentiment which beyond all others illumined his soul with one ray of comfort, was the conviction that he had ever loved Mrs. Stanhope with the truest respect and

how he could thus deeply deplore the loss of an old woman.

George Ingleby came to see him; he made no attempts at comfort, but a tear of sympathy trembled in his eye. George had no parade of fine feelings, no precepts of philosophy on such occasions; but a glance of tender pity, an affectionate pressure of the hand, an ejaculation of "My dear Stanhope!" had more efficacy than the pompous and studied harangue with which, on the day of Mrs. Stanhope's interment, the Rector thought proper to attempt impressing on the mind of Auberry the duty of submission to the will of Heaven.

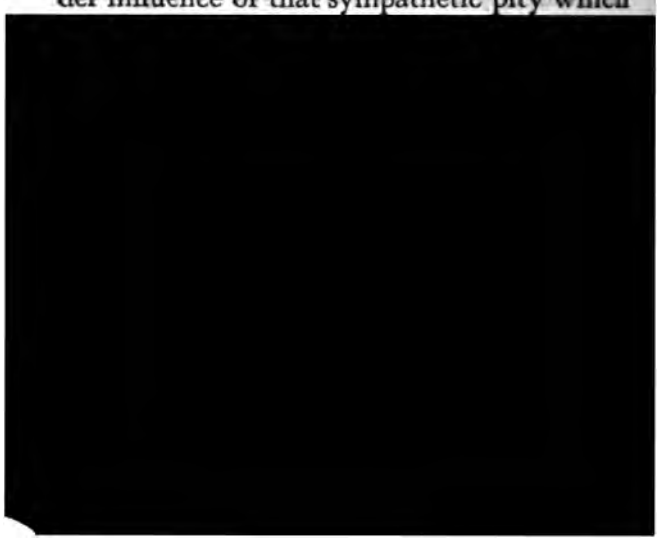
CHAPTER IX.

THOUGH George Ingleby was one of the mildest tempered of human beings, he yet had a firmness and decision in his character which never failed to carry him through every difficulty, when reason told him he had a duty to perform; he saw that Stanhope, in the present state of his spirits,

he said to his father, the morning after the remains of Mrs. Stanhope were consigned to the tomb, "Sir, I shall ask Auberry "Stanhope to come and stay with us dur "ing the short time I have now to remain "at home: it will be a relief to his spirits, "and it is an attention which friendship, "gratitude, and humanity demand from "us." Now it so happened that Dr. Ingleby had no friendship for Stanhope; no humanity except what was due for ornament to his gown and cassock, and lovely be it spoken—no gratitude: yet all these virtues, and the additional one of hospitality, his audacious boy instinct resolved to compel him to exercise; and as he could find no subterfuge, and was besides aware, from the tone in which George spoke, that subterfuge would be vain, he was compelled to yield an assent, though he did so in a faltering and ungracious voice. However, both his temper and his table escaped the tax with which George had presumed to threaten them, for Auberry positively, though gratefully, declined the invitation; so he did a similar one

from Brindley, and also the pressing solicitations of Edward Norton to return with him to the house of his father. His spirits were too low to find comfort in any society but that of George Ingleby, and while he remained at Kirkford, Auberry could not support the idea of quitting it, but determined to continue in the dwelling of his late aunt for that time at least.

On the day preceding that of Norton's departure, he and Stanhope dined at the Rectory, and recent as was the wound of Auberry's bleeding heart, he yet felt the tender influence of that sympathetic pity which



he said to his father, the morning after the remains of Mrs. Stanhope were consigned to the tomb, "Sir, I shall ask Auberry "Stanhope to come and stay with us dur- "ing the short time I have now to remain "at home: it will be a relief to his spirits, "and it is an attention which friendship, "gratitude, and humanity demand from "us." Now it so happened that Dr. Ingleby had no friendship for Stanhope; no humanity, except what was sewed for ornament to his gown and cassock, and—lowly be it spoken—no gratitude; yet all these virtues, and the additional one of hospitality, his audacious boy seemed resolved to compel him to exercise; and as he could find no subterfuge, and was besides aware, from the tone in which George spoke, that subterfuge would be vain, he was compelled to yield an assent, though he did so in a faltering and ungracious voice. However, both his temper and his table escaped the tax with which George had presumed to threaten them, for Auberry positively, though gratefully, declined the invitation; so he did a similar one

Dr. Nugent placed him with a clergyman in Cumberland, it was avowedly for the purpose of qualifying him for the university, and, during the life-time of his benefactor, he had always considered himself as designed for the church; but this prospect, he said to George, and sighed in saying it, he must now relinquish for ever. A sigh never failed to find its way to George's heart: the profession of divinity was his own designation; he was now about to return to Cambridge, and he felt what pleasure it would give him to have his friend Stanhope for the partner of his studies, and the associate of his leisure hours. The Ingleby family owed

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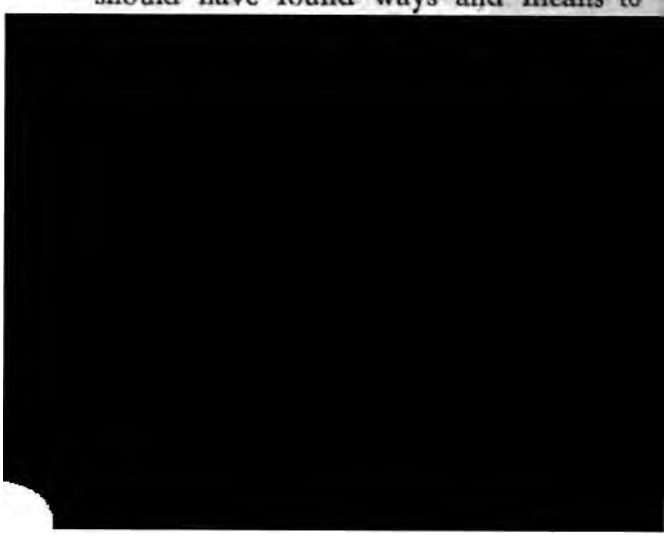
scribed, but, alas! his ability on this head was as limited as his inclination was boundless. Dr. Ingleby, who amply possessed the power, was miserably deficient in the will: his son knew by woful experience how ineffectual was argument, remonstrance, raillery, or entreaty to induce him to do any act which might lead him into the smallest expense, yet he could not rest satisfied without making one effort to interest his feelings in favour of Stanhope; accordingly he took an opportunity, when alone with his father, to represent, in the most affecting and forcible terms he could use, the forlorn and nearly unfriended situation of Auberry, deprived of his parents in early infancy; abandoned by his grandfather; now left alone in the world to mourn over the tomb of the kind friend who had sheltered his unprotected youth; and—"though last not least" of the points on which George exerted his eloquence—cut off by the death of Dr. Nugent from pursuing that path in life for which he had treasured up his hopes, and pencilled out his future prospects. But

George was eloquent in vain; the Rector listened in dignified, stately silence, and when his son paused, replied in a tone of contempt, "You are very considerate, mighty considerate indeed, George, about this young fellow, who has, I admit, one just cause of regret; which is, that his late aunt, and my predecessor, did not, instead of suffering him to waste his time in the shameful manner he has done, apprentice him to a shoemaker or tallow-chandler, by which means he might have gained a creditable subsistence:—designed for the church indeed!—upon my word, I should not have thought of that!—much

his feelings, replied in as calm a voice as he could assume, "Dear Sir, consider the un-
"common abilities of Stanhope; to force
"him into the ordinary walks of life, would
"be to throw away a gem of the first lus-
"tre." "Aye, sure," returned the Doc-
tor, with sneering irony, "I have seen
"many of those brilliant gems in my time;
"several of them have adorned the annals
"of our age; a Savage, a Chatterton, a
"Burns, and a Dermody were all, doubt-
"less, *gems of the same lustre* as Mr. Stan-
"hope, and what are the glorious rays with
"which they have enlightened the world?
"sensuality, murder, suicide, and——"
"Stop, Sir, for Heaven's sake allow me to
"make one observation!" cried George,
who could no longer control his feelings;
"as well might we attempt to prove that
"the bigotted fanaticism of our bloody
"queen Mary is the natural vice of religion,
"or that the gigantic ambition of Bonaparte
"is the never-failing attribute of royalty, as
"that the crimes of the unfortunate men
"you have named were the consequences of

" their talents. Ah, no! poverty, adversi-
" ty, and the persecution of the world are
" the galling chains which bow down the
" keenly-susceptible spirits of men of genius.
" I will, however, for the present, wave all
" consideration of Stanhope's abilities, and
" only consider the important obligation we
" owe him; he preserved my sister's life,
" and if we do not in some degree cancel
" that debt of obligation, we shall be stig-
" matized as the most ungrateful creatures
" in existence." " Preserved your sister's
" life!" repeated the Doctor, in a sneering
tone, " no, no, Mr. Ingleby; believe me, I
" should have found ways and means to



"may rest assured, George, that the mo-
"ment I had recovered my collection I
"should have compelled my people to re-
"leave Julia from her unpleasant, and, I
"grant, rather perilous situation.—So there,
"you see, the mighty obligation falls to the
"ground." George drily replied, "So far
"from falling to the ground, Sir, I think it is
"fated to hang over our heads for ever; but
"lightly as we may think of poor Stanhope,
"and the noble act of humanity which he
"performed, he assured that the world al-
"lows him his due meed of approbation.
"Since I have been at Kirkwall it has been
"spoken of to me a hundred times, and the
"brave preserver of my sister is always ex-
"tolled as he deserves; how then—" here
he was interrupted by the Rector, who was
totally unable to conceal his chagrin in find-
ing that an event which he had vainly flat-
tered himself would make but a transitory
impression on the minds of other people,
was universally talked of and admired:
"Upon my word but the lad must have
"trumpeted his own praises in my absence."

exclaimed he, in a voice of angry satire; "I always thought he was artful, very artful; and I make no doubt that the chief "end he sought by his bold stroke was to "engage my patronage, to recompense him "for the loss he had sustained in Dr. Nugent, who, by the way, must have discovered something highly blameable in the "boy's conduct, otherwise, when he had "been at the expense of educating him, he "would certainly have secured to him some "future provision." George was deeply grieved by the ingratitude and duplicity of his father, but he was too well acquainted with that worthy gentleman to be surprised at the display. However he thought it politic

lieve—what was indeed true—that the whole country loudly censured his neglect of Stanhope; he replied to his last words, "Believe me, Sir, you injure Stanhope; his "character will bear the most rigid investi- "gation, but for the present we will wave "all farther discussion of his good qualities, "either of the head or the heart, and con- "sider only the important service which he "has done our family. But for him your "daughter had now, too surely, been in the "grave: he is destitute of friends and for- "tune; and if we do not become to him "the former, and place him in a road where "he may probably attain the latter, we shall "be branded through the world as the most "selfish, unthankful, and despicable beings "in existence; do not, then, my dear Sir, "let this be said of us; your interest might "easily obtain for him a scholarship at Cam- "bridge—." Here George had desperately ventured to approach the point at once; he trembled for the event of his application, but he was not long left in suspense as to the effect it produced on his father. "Obtain for

" him a scholarship at Cambridge!" he repeated in a tone of angry surprise; " and " so you would have me lay myself under " an obligation to serve a person I scarcely " know?" " No, Sir," answered George, drily, " I would have you remove an obli- " gation, not lay under one: your interest " in the university could surely procure an " exhibition, without incurring any very " weighty debt of obligation." " And sup- " pose I should procure one, how, pray, is " the heavy expense of an university resi- " dence to be defrayed? will the income of " a scholarship, think you, be sufficient for " his support?" " Not altogether sufficient,"

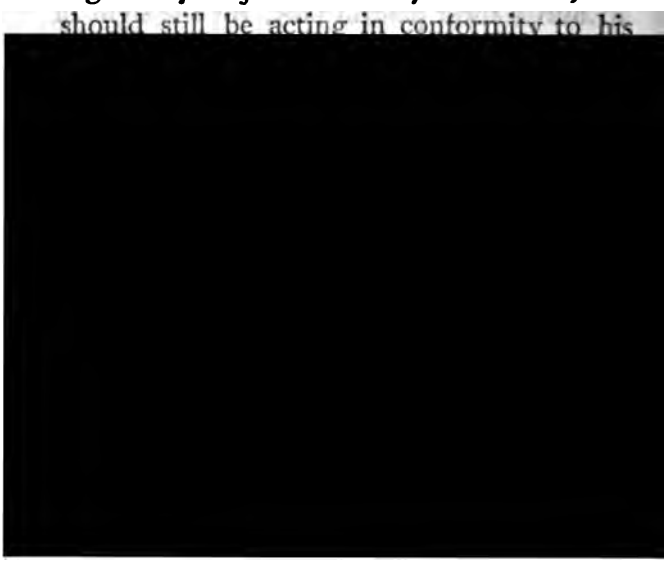
"manner." "Then permit me to share "my allowance with Stanhope," answered George; "I shall do so most willingly." "You are very generous, very romantically "generous indeed, young man," said the Doctor, satirically; "I dare say you would "be very glad to have such a humble friend "as Mr. Stanhope at your elbow, but I have "more regard for your morals than to suffer "any such connexion with a person whose "principles I know nothing about." George coolly replied, "If my morals were inclined "to stray, Sir, I should neither want exam- "ples nor associates in the fruitful soil of a "university." "Well done, George!" cried the Doctor, furiously, "this is the blessed "fruit of the mean company you keep; "every levelling democratical rascal now-a- "days has a sneer at the universities, but if "you can find nothing better to talk about, "I desire you will leave me in quiet posses- "sion of my study." George replied in a tone of indifference, "Nay, Sir, you know "I am no democrat; but as you quoted "Knox's authority just now, you will allow

"me to refer you to him for a detail of the "moral and physical benefits of a univer- "sity education." "If you are not a de- "mocrat, you are a complete malapert, I "think, young man," returned the Rector; "however I must beg you will drop this in- "solent conversation—I will have no more "of it." Poor George, thus effectually silenced, relinquished, with a bleeding heart, all hopes of serving his friend Auberry. "Well, Sir," said he, with a sigh, "I have "done; but I am sorry, sincerely sorry, "that you do not see this matter in the same "light that I do, and not less on Stanhope's "account than yours; for I am well aware

CHAPTER X.

A FEW days after the foregoing conversation passed between Dr. Ingleby and his son, some circumstances occurred which compelled Stanhope to look into a bureau that had belonged to his late aunt; this was to him a most painful task, for the sight of her folio manuscript, her little ornaments, and other matters arranged with her own hands, wrung his heart with anguish, and renewed all the first bitter feelings of his grief; and it was only by a species of desperate resolution that he forced himself to open the drawer which contained the article he wanted. Here the first object that met his eyes was a letter, or rather packet, sealed, and directed "To Auberry Stanhope," in

the hand-writing of his deceased relative. The first idea which occurred to his mind on beholding this packet was, that it contained the dying instructions of his maternal friend concerning his future conduct in life; he took it in his trembling hand, and felt that the envelope inclosed several papers: as he contemplated the well-known characters of the superscription, the tears of an affection, truly filial, rushed to his eyes, but a melancholy pleasure mingled with his emotion as he reflected that in examining the contents of this packet, and religiously obeying every injunction they contained, he should still be acting in conformity to his



a pensive tranquillity; he again took up the packet, and was about to break the seal, when he saw Brindley and George Ingleby pass the window, and in the next minute heard them inquire whether he were at home, and the little girl answer in the affirmative. Stanhope, though perfectly sensible of the expediency and propriety of soon examining this sealed bequest of his beloved aunt, yet so far dreaded the mental suffering which he knew he should endure in perusing the papers, that he felt the arrival of his two friends as a reprieve, and depositing the packet in a drawer, he hastened to join them.

George's penetrating eyes read the traces of anguish in Stanhope's expressive face, and with a look of friendly reproach, he censured him for thus indulging an unavailing grief. "Why, Stanhope," exclaimed Brindley, "you look as melancholy as the ghost "of a lover: if you persist in burying your- "self alive in this manner, you will become "a downright hermit—an absolute Father

" Paul." Stanhope faintly smiled, and George rejoined, " Come, come, finish your toilet, " and go home with us to dinner." " Not " to-day, dear George ; I am not altogether " well, and have some papers to examine ; " you will, therefore, excuse me." " Then " precisely for the reasons you have men- " tioned I sha'n't excuse you ; ill health and " old papers prey on the spirits ; I therefore " insist on carrying you away from both." Brindley seconded this with all that raillery and gay spirits could do, but Auberry was inflexible, and they were at length forced to yield the point ; but at their departure, George so strenuously pressed him to join

" of his present dejection;—I suspect that " Auberry, like all poets, is in love." Ingleby, to whom the supposition that Stanhope entertained a passion for his sister had never once occurred, and who believed himself to be acquainted with every secret of his friend's heart, ridiculed the idea as altogether unfounded; and Brindley, though firmly persuaded that Auberry loved the fair Julia, had yet, with all his volatility and love of mischief, so much regard for the friend of his childhood, as to forbear giving George a hint which would, in all likelihood, have embroiled Stanhope with the Ingleby family, he therefore only laughed, and changed the conversation to another subject.

At table George said, addressing his sister, " I would gladly have had Auberry " Stanhope dine with us to-day, but could " not prevail on him: I think he looks ill. " Poor fellow! I fear the acuteness of his " feelings is too much for both his peace " and his health; I never saw a young man

" so completely all soul, if one may use the " expression." Julia never mentioned Stanhope but with the highest respect and gratitude; of late, however, she had seldom mentioned him at all, conscious that the sentiment she felt for him was somewhat more than gratitude warranted; but now she feelingly expressed her regret at this unfavourable account of his health and spirits. The Rector bit his lips in silence; Brindley laughed vociferously: " Completely all " soul!" he repeated; " why, George, you " are as bad as the ladies, who, ever since " Stanhope so gallantly rescued your fair sis- " ter from the ruins of the fallen chimneys,

"Brindley," observed George. The Rector, without giving the young gentleman time to answer for himself, exclaimed in an eager tone, "George, you injure Mr. Brind-
"ley very much, very much indeed; no,
"no; be assured that should an opportuni-
"ty occur to any of us of assisting a fellow-
"creature, we should all be quite as ready
"as Mr. Stanhope to show our courage and
"humanity." Brindley, who most cordially disliked and despised the Rector, now found it necessary to tack about, in order to teaze him the more effectually; "My
"dear Doctor!" he exclaimed, slily shaking his head, "I may gasconade as much as
"I please; but, to tell you a secret, if I
"were fated to encounter fallen chimneys,
"and falling roofs, I own I should be too
"much afraid of number one, to think of
"my fellow-creatures. Had courage and
"humanity been such common qualities, I
"conceive they would not have excited
"such universal admiration as Stanhope's
"display of them has done; his brave ex-
"ploit will never be forgot in this part of

" the country :—do you think it will, Miss " Ingleby?" Julia replied with vivid emotion, " I at least can never forget the great " obligation I owe Mr. Stanhope :—to the " last hour of my life I shall bless him, and " pray for his happiness." Brindley could not suppress a smile of triumph, well knowing how grievously the Rector's feelings were smarting: that gentleman, in fact, scarcely found his respect and complaisance for the lord of the manor sufficient to counterbalance his vexation; however he drew over his features the convenient mask of a smile, and said, ironically, " You young " people, like all others of your age, are

"will be of little use to him in his passage "through life; he may have many admirers, "but, I doubt, few friends;—not one who "will do him a real service except myself. "The boy has got a set of absurd, romantic "notions into his head about going to the "university, and taking orders; a simple "fellow! he would lounge away the best "years of his youth at Cambridge, and then "drag on the remainder of existence on a "curacy of seventy or eighty pounds a "year;—nonsense, palpable nonsense in-"deed! no, no, I must reason him out of "his folly; I have chalked out a more active "line of life for him, and if he deserves my "patronage he shall have it." George and Julia, though marvelling much what this line of life could be, had no opportunity to inquire, had they been so inclined, for the Rector instantly changed the discourse, and made a quick transition from Stanhope to the size of a chesnut which he was then peeling. Miss Ingleby soon after rising to retire, her father said, "Come, young men, "what say you? after you have finished

... Stanh
" here before we return,
" to come this afternoo
heard this, he made no
did Julia. The young ge
departed on their embass
retired to take his accust

Meanwhile, Stanhope,
dinner, had seated himse
his constant companion,
resolved not to go to the
but as time wore over his
more and more faint; h
once at the Rectory since
aunt; soon, very soon, he
ford and Julia, in all prob

seeing and conversing with her? Reason, had he listened to her voice, would have told him why he ought to shun so dangerous an indulgence; but Auberry, at this moment, avoided the admonitions of so rigid a monitor, and throwing down the volume, hastened to change his dress. This was a rapid work; his mourning habit required little adjustment, and his fine figure and interesting countenance needed not the studied aid of affectation. On consulting time, he was surprised to find it nearly an hour earlier than he supposed, and he again had recourse to his book; for he could not now think of opening his aunt's packet, aware that so melancholy an employment would destroy the tone of his spirits, and render him unfit for society; he therefore deferred this sacred and important duty until his return in the evening, when he should be at liberty to peruse the papers without fear of interruption. He tried to abstract his thoughts, but imagination was restless, and drew his attention perpetually away from the pages before him, and when he

...ion,—again took up the
it for a newspaper—and v
gloom prevented him f
more, turned to the wind
appearance of the weather
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moon was rising in unclou
tall shadows of the trees w
its beams; and the beauty
might have deluded the m
fulness that it were now t
and desolate season of the
leaned on the window-fram
tive abstraction, and gaze
every surrounding object,
and so endeared by a thc
recollections: he loved

the farthest window the bright beams of the moon shot obliquely across the apartment, and played on the opposite wall. Julia saw the pensive eyes of her companion directed towards this window, "I have "been contemplating the beauty of the "moonlight landscape, and would not per- "mit the shutters to be closed in," said she, with a smile. Stanhope walked to the window, and gazed from it for some time in silence; he then said, with vivid emotion, "This moonlight scene was a favorite one "of my revered friend, Dr. Nugent; he "was an enthusiastic admirer of all that is "sublime and beautiful in the works of "creation, and frequently has he pointed "out to me the simple grandeur of this "view, when the planet of night is in its "present position." Julia rose, and approached the window, where Stanhope, with all the wild enthusiasm of a poet, pointed out to her notice every striking feature of the landscape, and alternately directed her attention to the fine effect of the moonbeams on a brook at a little distance

from Kirkford, on the hills amongst which it rose, on the ruins of a castle which crowned the summit of one of them, and on the woods where its course disappeared. There was a charm in Stanhope's conversation which Julia never found in that of any other person; she listened delighted, but when the tone of his melodious voice changed to an expression of sensibility, she felt the exhilirating principle of pleasure vanish, but she listened with a still deeper interest; "yet this scene," he continued, "this scene, "so tranquil and so lovely, has no longer a "charm for me; it brings back to recollec- "tion the gay and happy frame of mind in

" alone in the world; who has no ties, no " connexions, no human heart interested " for his welfare—" he paused.—Julia replied with tremulous agitation, " You in- " jure your friends, and you wrong your- " self, Mr. Stanhope. I—we—are most " deeply interested for your happiness.—O," she added, with augmented emotion, " I " should be guilty of the blackest ingrati- " tude if I were otherwise." " But," resumed Stanhope, while his whole soul spoke in his impassioned eyes, " this interest ori- " ginates only in that gratitude which the " goodness of your heart induces you to " suppose you owe me; but, oh! Julia, if " it existed independent of that sentiment, " it would be to me the most invaluable of " earthly blessings." Julia struggled to conceal her feelings, but the effort was vain; every look, every motion, every accent betrayed them, and in a voice scarcely articulate, she replied, " Oh, Auberry! is it kind, " is it generous thus to probe my heart?— " you know but too well how dear your " happiness is to me." Stanhope threw his

and trembling lest her father sh
the room, she precipitately, yet
engaged herself from his arms, a
ed to the sofa, while Stanhope
to the window, and leaned his
the glass. In a few minutes
round, and approaching Julia,
voice so expressive of genuine hu
derness, and grief, that it migh
armed resentment in the most
human hearts, "Miss Ingleby,
"offended you;—can you, M
"the goodness to pardon my p
"and to believe my solemn ass
"no sigh of my ill-fated love sh
"tress you more." Miss Ingleb
ther divest her cheek

leaning his arm on it, bent his eyes to the floor. Julia united to all of feminine delicacy that virtue requires, a strength of mind rarely to be found in either sex: after the hesitation of a few moments, she said, in a low but firm tone of voice, "Mr. Stanhope, "it would be both folly and affectation in "me to pretend ignorance of your senti- "ments, but fate denies us the power of "directing our own destiny; long before "we met, long before that moment which "can never be erased from my mind, my "vows were irrevocably given to another; "they cannot now be cancelled.—Ah! had "Heaven—but such wishes are vain.—We "are soon to part, Auberry; let it then be "with the assurance of each other's friend- "ship—more it would be criminal to in- "dulge, or ever to mention again." Stanhope, though aware of Miss Ingleby's engagement with her cousin, could not bear this open avowal of it from herself. "Cruel "Julia!" he exclaimed, striking his forehead in agony, "this mockery of regard is "only pity for the poor, unfriended, Au-

" concealment with you : hear n
" ry, you shall know all, and yc
" decide my fate." She held ou
to Stanhope, who was traversin
with a wild and agitated air ; h
both his own, and pressing it t
regarded her with an aspect o
tenderness. He then threw him
sofa beside her ; Julia drew away
Stanhope sighed, but made no e
tain it. After the pause of a fe
she resumed, in a hurried voi
which betrayed, while it was
conceal, her mental agitation, "
" became the wife of Dr. Ingleb
" lutely without the consent, b
" to the wishes of my grandfath

" temper—I cannot censure a parent, and " to you only I would say this—imagine " whether my mother, the best and mildest " of women, could be happy;—alas! she " told me on her death-bed that she never " had been so. 'I feel,' she added, 'an in- " 'ternal conviction that my sufferings have " 'been the consequences of my own con- " 'duct;—had I sacrificed inclination to du- " 'ty, I should have been happy—by sacri- " 'ficing duty to inclination, I have been " 'miserable.—Promise me then, my child, " 'that if ever you marry, you will be di- " 'rected in your choice entirely by your " 'father; it is his earnest desire that you " 'should become the wife of your cousin " '—promise me that you will obey him; " 'and should you be fated to encounter " 'those domestic trials which are, alas! the " 'too general lot of our sex, you will have " 'the sweet consciousness of filial piety to " 'console you under them.' Oh, Auber- " ry!" continued Julia, " could I withhold " any assurance that might soothe the dying " moments of a parent?—I gave my dear

not suppress a sigh, or rather
had listened to Julia with the m
emotion, and now seizing her
about to give utterance to his fe
she prevented him by saying
exquisite tenderness, "Oh,—
"preserver? you know wha
"ments ought to be:—my du
"been the first consideration
"and, whatever may be my
"ever shall be so; my destiny
"ble, for I am bound by the
"of my promise to my dying
"dience to my father, and my
"with Lord Mellinghurst. Le
"then, my dear friend," said
"tried for ever to obliterate

"ceasing effort of my heart to repel." With these words she pressed the hand of Stanhope, and instantly withdrew her own. Stanhope was so much oppressed by the mingled emotions of love and grief, that he could not immediately reply: the noble display of united tenderness and firmness which Miss Ingleby had just exhibited, was but ill calculated to reconcile him to the sacrifice which he was required to make. That Julia, had she been free, could have fondly loved him, and cheerfully shared his humble fortunes, he had not now to learn; a thousand little circumstances had long ago made known to these amiable, but ill-fated, young people the sentiments of each other: these sentiments Julia had frankly declared her resolution to combat, and yet, so cruel was Auberry's destiny, that this very declaration, which gave the death-blow to his hopes, by showing him the inestimable worth of Julia, rivetted the fetters of love still more strongly on his heart. "Yes, Ju-
"lia, adored Julia!" he exclaimed, in a voice of agony, throwing himself on one

knee before her, "I will obey you; never "again shall one sigh, one accent of my suf- "ferings, meet your ear;—but do not bid "me cease to love you:—to the last hour "of my existence I—" here the heavy foot of Dr. Ingleby in the passage effectually broke off a conversation which, had no interruption occurred, seemed likely to have continued till midnight. Julia once more took up her work, and bent her eyes over it; Stanhope started from his supplicating attitude, and hastily retreated to the other side of the fire-place, from whence, when the drawing-room door opened, he advanc-

sure to discover that the brilliant eyes of Julia were not quite sufficient to light the apartment, and exerted himself to banish the gloom; and Miss Ingleby, blest in the secret consciousness of having avowed to Stanhope her determination to act according to the severest dictates of duty, soon recovered her composure, and received the ladies with her wonted ease and elegance.

AFTER tea, Dr. Ingleby, M
and the two young ladies f
ty at whist; Brindley and Geo
versing on the opposite side of t
Stanhope leaned pensively on
Miss Beresford's chair, his wh
fixed on Julia, and every fac
in reflections on the conversat
just held. When the rubber
ladies seeming inclined to co
play, the Doctor said, addres
and Brindley, "Come, your
"one of you take my cards?"
stantly obeyed his father; M
accepted her new partner wit

then said, addressing Auberry in a whisper loud enough to be overheard by every one present, "Mr. Stanhope, will you favour "me with your company in my study for a "few minutes? I wish to consult you on a "subject which concerns yourself." Stanhope felt his accusing conscience fly in his face, as his eye glanced rapidly on Julia, and every circumstance that had occurred since he reached the Rectory this afternoon rushed through his memory; he dreaded lest Dr. Ingleby should have seen, heard, or suspected some circumstance of his attachment to his daughter; but no part of the Rector's behaviour, which had this day been rather more polite and friendly than usual, warranted such a supposition. "I shall attend "you with pleasure, Sir," he stammered out, though his feelings had not much of the pleasurable in them. "The ladies and Mr. "Brindley will have the goodness to excuse "us for a short time," said the Rector; and leading the way to the study, Stanhope followed. Julia, from the hint which her father had dropped at dinner concerning a

line of life which he had chalked out for Stanhope, was better enabled than Auberry to guess at his motives for seeking this private interview; yet, like him, she was too much self-convicted not to feel some uneasy sensations concerning the result of their conference; so entirely did the subject occupy her mind that she became totally inattentive to her cards, and, after several blunders, was in the very act of playing the ace of hearts to a lead of clubs, when Brindley prevented her, whispering at the same time, in a voice so low that no one but Julia could hear him, "Nay, Miss Ingleby, all your "thoughts are gone out of the room with

all the stately dignity of a Spanish archbishop, placed himself on the opposite side of the fire. After a silence of some moments, he said, in a pompous tone, "Mr. "Stanhope, I requested your attention here, "because, as what I have to say concerns "only yourself, I thought you would pre- "fer a private discussion to speaking before "company." Here a dignified pause gave Stanhope an opportunity of bowing his acknowledgments for the kind consideration which had thus spared his feelings; but as he could not ascertain what was to be the subject of this important conference, and conscience whispered him what it might be, he sat in comfortless suspense, anxious, yet dreading, to hear what should follow. Dr. Ingleby resumed, "I take it for granted, "Mr. Stanhope, that you have begun to "direct your thoughts towards some active "line of life, in which you may turn your "talents, and the education you have re- "ceived, to advantage." Auberry, relieved from a painful apprehension, now felt himself breathe freely, and his curiosity

awakened as to what this was intended to preface; he replied, "That his future plan "of life did indeed occupy a considerable "share of his attention, but that he had "not as yet come to any decision on the "subject." "But it is time you should do "so," rejoined the Doctor; "and as I owe "you some recompense for the trouble you "had when my house was unroofed, I have "for some time past been looking out for a "situation for you, and one now offers in "which my recommendation would have "great weight, and for which I believe you "are qualified." There was something in this speech not altogether accordant to Stra-

"fifty guineas per annum:—General and "Mrs. Colbrook are very worthy people—"they reside altogether at Richmond in Sur-"ry—you will be treated with every respect "and consideration. It would be a very "eligible situation for you—a very eligible "situation indeed! If, however, you pre-"fer a more active line of life, my interest "shall be exerted to procure you a commis-"sion in the army. I would have you re-"flect on the subject, and call on me either "to-morrow or next day to acquaint me "with your decision." Here the Rector paused, and drew himself up in consequential state, ready to receive the humble acknowledgments which Stanhope saw he expected he should pay him. In this short interview he had displayed a thousand times as much of the parade of generosity as Dr. Nugent had done during the whole six years in which he had been continually heaping benefits on Stanhope; and as faithful memory pourtrayed the contrast, the pang of agony for the loss of that revered friend shot through his heart. Many reflections quick-

sufficiently polite to manifest hi
ligation, but at the same tim
dignified to display a proper
respect and independence, "
" obliged to you, Sir, for th
" deration which has induced
" this trouble on my account.-
" Mr. Norton, some time sin
" obtain for me a commercial
" der the East India Company
" their Eastern settlements ;
" since had an opportunity t
" him on the subject ; but as he
" relative, I hope you will a
" that it is my duty to subn
" proposals to him, and to be

" bly choose to accept your relation's offer: " however you will let me know your de- " termination in a day or two, as I cannot " longer defer an answer to my friend, Ge- " neral Colbrook." " You may rely upon " it I shall, Sir," rejoined Auberry. Here the conference ended, and they returned to the drawing-room; and in about half an hour the Brindleys and Stanhope took leave.

. . . . . .

The latter, when he reached home, found ample employment for all his mental faculties in recalling the occurrences of this eventful day: the sealed packet of his aunt remained to be examined, and the offers of Dr. Ingleby were to be considered; but when different subjects demand the attention, that which comes recommended by the imagination and the heart will, ten times for one, be preferred before the less captivating, though more important, concerns of reason and judgment. Thus it was with Stanhope: the packet remained unopened, and his future destination in life unthought of: he requested his little attendant to re-

tion with Miss Ingleby ; and the
collection gave him back the fa
that he had solemnly renounc
ever, and that she had avowe
mination to fulfil her promise, t
Mellinghurst, yet even these ch
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moment sufficient to counterl
ecstatic assurance of Julia's love
acknowledged solicitude for h
had breathed to his delighted
perpetually varying atmosphere
mind is alternately bright witl
darkened by fear ; that of Sta
present state had enough of the l
of the former to exhale all the so
of the latter ; and as h

which he ought to have said, and wondered how he could have suffered those blissful moments to pass over so lightly, without valuing them yet more highly than he had done. At length this romantic young man made an effort to turn the current of his ideas from this entrancing subject, and to compel them to flow over the cheerless and barren prospects which Dr. Ingleby, in the plenitude of his kindness, had offered to his choice; but as he revolved those offers in his mind, and thought of the terms in which they were made, he felt himself blush for the father of Julia, who could think such paltry services a recompense for the preservation of his child: with what gratitude did his soul revert to the friendly benevolence of Mr. Norton, who, though he possessed no claim on him but that of a distant degree of relationship, had kindly offered to exert his interest to procure for him a situation abroad, and who, though himself the father of a large family, would, as Stanhope well knew, have assisted him with every requisite pecuniary aid: in the dejection of spirits which, since

ting Europe for ever; and, w
frame of mind, nothing but hi
to tax Mr. Norton's friendshi
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had prevented him from comin
on the subject. When he turne
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walks of life which the provident
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bly felt the contrast.—"Oh, I
"my friend, my benefactor!"
more sighed:—the sigh was unc
he endeavoured to repress it;
on its wings the remembrance

literary leisure of a clerical life; this hope he must now relinquish for ever, and bend all his future prospects to the humble sphere of a domestic tutor, or the subordinate situation of an ensign in a marching regiment: a very slight degree of reflection convinced him that to enter the army would, on every account, be an ineligible plan; unaided by friends or fortune, his advancement in the military profession must be very slow, unless accelerated by some unforeseen event, on which it would be absurd to calculate; and his pay, he was well aware, would be very inadequate to his support, for the little property he inherited from his aunt would be exhausted in his equipment. The life of a soldier had been that of both his immediate ancestors, but it was the one which, beyond all others, could the least assimilate with his contemplative and retired habits of life. Though not a native of Britain, he was born a British subject, and he gloried in the name; a heart more courageous, more loyal, and more patriotic, never beat in a human bosom, yet the military line was so incompati-

ble with the attainment of that literary eminence which was the first object of his ambition, that he felt averse to the idea of embracing it: the situation at General Colbrook's seemed much more in unison with his habits and pursuits; there, he naturally concluded, he should have leisure to pay his court to the Muses, and to cultivate his taste for letters; his residence would be near London, the emporium of literature; and his expenses would be more proportionate to his narrow fortunes than could possibly be the case should he enter the army.—By the way, however, he did not find much to

aware of many more disadvantages attached to the two lines of life thus held out to his choice; and had the offers proceeded from any one but Dr. Ingleby, it is more than probable he would have rejected both without giving either a second thought; but Dr. Ingleby was the father of Julia, and there was a fascinating magic in that loved name which could change qualities, properties, and circumstances, and lead the captive imagination to desire what cool and steady reason condemned.

Thus occupied with reflection, Stanhope did not perceive the flight of time, and the church clock had told eleven before he reverted to the hour; the sound recalled his ideas, and they centred on his aunt's packet. He earnestly wished to examine the contents, but still that intuitive feeling which teaches us all to avoid what we know will excite anguish in our bosoms, clung to his heart, and he again sought an excuse to defer opening it. "It is too late to-night," thought he; "I will now go to bed, and dedicate

"the first hours of daylight to the perusal—" but in the next moment the awful voice of conscience rose like an accusing spirit, and arraigned him of neglecting to fulfil the wishes of his maternal friend, whose intention it certainly was, that her nephew should examine the packet the moment he discovered it.—"And shall I suffer the day to close "without discharging this sacred task!" he mentally sighed;—"oh, forgive me, blessed "spirit!" he continued, as he hastened to the drawer in which he had deposited the paper, "forgive my selfish and feeble heart, "which, to evade a pang of suffering, can "thus ungratefully, thus sacrilegiously de-

the others: he pressed the paper to his lips, and then unfolding it, proceeded to read as follows:

"My dearest Auberry,

Impressed with a deep conviction that my abode on earth will now be very short, I dedicate the first days of your absence to the task of committing to paper my thoughts and wishes on some subjects materially connected with the welfare and the happiness of my beloved nephew: should I be spared until his return, this task will be rendered nugatory, for my dying voice shall impress on his memory all I now wish to write; but should Heaven ordain otherwise, should we meet no more in this world, I shall die satisfied and happy in the certainty that when you shall peruse this last memorial of my affection for you, my beloved child, you will solemnly resolve to remember and to obey every precept, every injunction, every admonition it contains. Together with this letter, I have inclosed those which I received from your father, ac-

quainting me with his marriage, with your birth, and with many other circumstances, and also that which brought me the fatal intelligence of his death. Preserve them carefully, my Auberry, for in the event of your grandfather's dissolution (if indeed he be not already dead) or any other change in your mother's family, there is a possibility that these letters may hereafter prove of service to you, I say a possibility, for I do not entertain the remotest expectation that you will ever be benefitted by your relationship to Mr. Auberry's family, or that any branch of it will ever inquire after, or acknowledge you. When I am gone, my Au-

offer you friendship and amity, you ought to meet their overtures, but while they continue to neglect and disown you, never meanly sue to those who discarded your mother, held your father in contempt, and deserted you when left an infant orphan.—And while I deprecate the idea of your returning to India, with the fallacious hope of being received into the bosom of your family, still more anxiously would I guard you from visiting its distant and perilous scenes in pursuit of wealth; it is my dying request that you shall never quit Europe, unless some very extraordinary exigence indeed shall occur: America holds the blood-stained grave of my revered father, and Asia that of my beloved brother, the parent of my Auberry; and now, even on the verge of eternity, I cannot support the thought that you, my dearest child, should ever visit them. You will of course see that I positively interdict your ever entering the army: it has been the fatal bane of our family, and honourable as is the title of a British soldier, that title must never be yours; I have no

objection to any other plan of life that may coincide with your wishes; that which would have been your choice is, I fear, closed against you for ever, but you must not waste your youth in inactivity: I trust that Heaven will raise you up a friend who will point out to you an eligible path. I know the kindness of Mr. Norton; I know that he will interest himself for you; and should either he or the Ingleby family offer to place you in any situation which does not interfere with the solemn charges I have given you, do not, my love, reject their friendship. I am well aware that any track of life you may follow will be subservient to the

literary reputation is the most glorious of earthly distinctions; let it, then, be the first object of your ambition; the proud summit of worldly honors, the overflowing measure of worldly wealth, may, very possibly, be attained by the possessor of a limited capacity, but the sublime and transcendent gift of genius is the boon of Heaven itself. Successful commerce may bestow riches; princes can confer titles; and conquest and victory may crown a hero; but all of them combined cannot make a poet; his unfading laurels are planted by himself alone. Never, my Auberry, lose sight of the care and attention which this noble plant requires to bring it to maturity; in your pursuit of literary fame you will find that you have ample need of the exercise of hope, fortitude, diligence, and perseverance; he who in this age of refinement—I may say of fastidiousness—aspires to climb the glorious steep of poetical excellence, must expect to find his path thorny and difficult of ascent; if he suffer the rays of hope to become extinct, he loses his polar star; the strongest

his fellow-beings, and of these, t
to which an author is more imm
posed; not that mental superio
it exclusively, or even in a hi
that superiority of any other
though exalted rank and illus
are not less the objects of envy t
talents, there is an obvious rea
not so openly avowed in the
cases as in the latter—then of
and great fortune have it in th
patronize and elevate others;
sordid and selfish minds whic
of the black vice of envy are th
candidates for this patronage a
tion—whether ever they obtai

and power; but from the man of letters their self-interested meanness has nothing to hope, therefore they keep no terms with him; and in proportion as they are galled by the sense of his superiority, so does their bitterness and malice break out; but despise it, and hold it in contempt, my Auberry; never let it deter you from the noble pursuit of poetical fame; brave the persecutions of envy, jealousy, scorn, and unkindness; let every disappointment, every defeat, redouble your literary diligence, and rely on Heaven for success. And while you thus pursue earthly fame, never cease to remember that there is a crown more unfading than the poet's laurel, more to be desired than the applause of a world—the crown of immortality in Heaven, when this transitory life shall pass away: that life is now about to close on me, and in this awful moment I solemnly exhort you, my beloved nephew, never to swerve from those strict rules of piety, and those moral duties which Dr. Nugent and myself so earnestly inculcated; should you ever fall from virtue, Auberry,

reliance on your principles, an
firm trust that Divine Goodn
serve you from ever treading
of vice. One last, one impor
remains for me to enforce; be
overflowing susceptibility of you
when I am gone, my Auber
doubtless leave Kirkford for
then indulge unavailing regre
the friends you leave there, o
are taken from you by death
and religion to your aid; th
enable you to bear with fortit
disappointments, and the latt
with becoming resignation to
Providence. One solemn ch
bequeath to you Atherto

Khan ;—you are well acquainted with the plan I have formed for its completion, and when you shall have leisure for the task, and can form proper arrangements with a respectable publisher, you, my Auberry, must complete it, and superintend its publication. And now, my beloved nephew, receive my last adieu, and my last blessing—farewel, for ever, and may the Almighty watch over you, and prosper you !

C. Stanhope."

THIS letter so forcibly recalled
the idea of the maternal
wrote it, that her very voice
breathe in every line; the flooc
ness rushed to his manly eyes, a
nately perused and wept over
night; when he fell on his knee
the letter pressed to his heart,
voked Heaven to bless and pre
he should hold its precepts sacr
retired to his pillow, and, as h
unable to sleep, passed the chie
night in reflections on his futu
as they were marked out for h

ation at General Colbrook's; he therefore determined to write in the morning to Mr. Norton, and transmit to him Mrs. Stanhope's objections to his going to India; this he accordingly did, copying that part of her letter which related to the line of life he should embrace; he then mentioned the proposal which Dr. Ingleby had made him, and requested he would have the kindness to write, and tell him whether it met his approbation. To this letter he received an answer, approving of his conduct in adhering to the injunctions of his aunt; but Stanhope could perceive that Mr. Norton thought the situation offered him by Dr. Ingleby scarcely worth his acceptance: this was indeed true, but as he was precluded from benefitting by his relation's kindness, he could not reject the friendship of the Rector also. Accordingly he waited on Dr. Ingleby to tell him that he was willing to engage with General Colbrook, but his stern and forbidding manners repelling all confidence, Stanhope could not prevail on himself to disclose his reasons for resigning all

Stanhope, who he repeatedl
the advantages he would deri
under the protection of a gen
neral Colbrook's rank, fortu
nexions; and plainly hinted
his conduct would be such as
nour to his recommendation.
ly replied that he was very
kindness, and should use his
to oblige General Colbrook,
service to the young gentlema

When all points were settle
paid Stanhope the compliment
tion to stay dinner, which, as
to leave Kirkford in two

and Julia were never for a moment alone, and even their eyes, as if by mutual consent, seemed to avoid each other; or when they met in mournful glances were hastily averted in anguish, while the sad certainty thrilled to the heart of each that they were soon to part, in all probability, never to meet more.

Stanhope was more communicative with George than he had been with the Rector: to him he revealed all the contents of his aunt's letter, with the exception only of that passage which enjoined him to call in the aid of reason to enable him to bear with fortitude any little disappointments; well could Stanhope translate this sentence: he clearly understood that his aunt had perceived his passion for Julia, and that the agonizing task of resigning her for ever was what Mrs. Stanhope wished him to exert his fortitude in supporting, and rigid as was this fatal duty, he vowed not to shrink from it; but while he resolved never more to distress Miss Ingleby by soliciting even her pity for

the picture of [illegible]
could always hold sacred.

Both Miss Ingleby and her b
deeply grieved that their father
ly compensated the eminent serv
had done their family: delica
lips of the former, but George,
with Auberry, said without hesi
"lieve me, dear Stanhope, I
"cerned and ashamed that t
"should be so much beneath yo
"I, alas! possess neither power
"and when one has them
"what one would do if one h
"insult to our friends, and a
"selves; but you wi[illegible]

"willingly devote them to the good of my "own soul than to your service." Stanhope was sensibly affected by the cordial sincerity of his friend; he thanked him with fervent gratitude, and with truth assured him that he should ever consider the possession of his esteem as one of the first blessings of existence. Two days after this, George quitted Kirkford, on his return to Cambridge, to which place he was accompanied by Brindley, who was going from thence to London, and afterwards on a tour to visit some friends in different parts of England. George and Auberry, when they bade each other adieu, exchanged a promise of punctual correspondence; but Brindley, conscious that he had used Stanhope ill in the affair of their former epistolary intercourse, carried matters with a high hand, and forbore to solicit a renewal of it; however they parted on friendly terms, and with the assurance of each other's good wishes.

These gentlemen quitted Kirkford on the Friday; on the Wednesday following Stan

Stanhope, in accepting the invita
cipated with melancholy pleasure
ing visit to his adored Julia, and
idea the last farewel and the last
should exchange. About ten o'clo
morning of this anxiously expect
neighbouring baronet sent to re
Dr. and Miss Ingleby would, if d
do him the honour to eat a fam
with him. Dr. Ingleby, sensitive
pore to whatever could promote l
terest, was not a moment in dec
to act; to keep his engagement
an insignificant being as Stanhop
turn a negative to a man of the
rank and consequence, would, l

intimating that both himself and Miss Ingleby accepted the invitation; he then dispatched a card to Stanhope, couched in the following terms:

"Dr. Ingleby is very much concerned that he cannot have the pleasure of Mr. Stanhope's company to-day, according to appointment, he being under a particular necessity of going from home.—Dr. I. requests Mr. S. to accept the best wishes of himself and Miss Ingleby, and has the pleasure of sending him an introductory letter to General Colbrook.

Tuesday, 10 o'clock."

Stanhope, thus disappointed in the hope he had cherished of passing in the society of Julia this last day of his residence at Kirkford, would have experienced a deeply-painful feeling of regret, had it not been checked by a sensation of wounded pride, on finding himself an object of so little consequence to both the Rector and Julia that they could not, if compelled to go from home, have

sigh life, and bless
from the name of his detested riv
once more returned to the painf
tion of selecting and packing up l
books, and such other little arti
chose to take with him; and m
had dreaded the moment which s
him from Kirkford, he now alm
that that moment were already a

When the Rector had dispatch
going note to Stanhope, he
daughter, and, with a glow of
on his countenance, which plai
how much he was delighted witl
and friendly attention of his ne
baronet, told her what had oc

" then be barely enabled to reach C— by Sir " John's dinner hour." Julia listened in silence indeed, but with a strong and powerful emotion of surprise, mingled with a feeling nearly amounting to grief. When her father ceased speaking she replied in a tone of firm decision, " As you have thought " proper to accept this invitation, Sir, you " will doubtless go to C—; I was not consulted, and certainly shall not leave home " to-day." " Not leave home!" reiterated the Rector, astonished by the decided manner of Julia, " and pray, Miss Ingleby, why " should you remain at home to-day more " than any other day?" " As a compliment " to the preserver of my life, Sir," she replied; " he was to have dined here to-day, " and I shall not insult his feelings by paying " an empty visit to people who I scarcely " know, and for whom I feel no interest." " Oh, it is because Mr. Stanhope is disappointed!" exclaimed the Doctor in a tone of sneering irony, " a very pretty reason indeed: then I presume, Miss, you either " mean to visit him, or to send for him to

" from dining with Miss Ing
" Ingleby can dispense with
" very well, very well indeed
" desire to know whether you
" your engagement, or to stay
" make a fool of yourself."
" engagement, Sir, consequen
" to keep, and shall certain
" home." The Doctor, pro
beyond endurance, now cri
gry tone, " Mighty well,
" mighty well! depend upon
" quaint your aunt with this
" viour." This threat was li
to awe Julia; she could not
Maitland, and therefore neit

father to scold himself out of breath, and out of the room, without uttering another word. When the hour of departure arrived, the Rector made one more trial; "I "again ask you, Miss Ingleby," he said, "whether you mean to accompany me?" In a firm and decided, though respectful, voice, Julia immediately replied, "I have "already declared my determination, Sir, "I cannot, I shall not go." The Doctor almost foamed with rage, but his violence had no effect, and persuasion or entreaty he would not condescend to use: he was therefore compelled to go alone, and to patch up the best apology in his power to Sir John and Lady ——; and yet, with all his varnishing, it appeared awkward enough after the message he had returned to their invitation in the morning.

With Julia this day passed mournfully over; true, she felt some consolation in the consciousness of having steadfastly refused to become a party in the affront offered to Stanhope, but Stanhope would not know

to quit Kirkford in this dene
submit to be stigmatized as u
ungrateful by Auberry Stanho
idea was insupportable: but w
should she take to vindicate he
unmerited opprobrium? by
convey to him an assurance of
nished respect and esteem?
been at the Rectory she wo
hesitation have requested him
her to Stanhope's dwelling, bu
ed by his presence, the stern v
rum forbade her to approac
then remained but to write to
was not long in resolving to
when she attempted to execu
tion she felt herself more

unable to please herself, destroyed them all unfinished; however, when evening drew on, she was compelled to close and direct the following, not for the excellence of the composition, but because time would not allow her to attempt writing a better:

"Sir,

Deeply regretting that my father's absence from home to-day deprived me of the pleasure of bidding you a personal adieu, I cannot suffer you to depart from Kirkford without once again receiving my acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe, and shall ever owe you: accept then, my preserver, my thanks, my blessings, and the assurance of my fervent wishes and prayers for your health and your happiness;—and when Kirkford and your connexions there shall recur to your memory, I trust you will never fail to recollect in the group

Your truly sincere and grateful friend,

Julia Ingleby.

Kirkford Rectory,

Tuesday evening, 7 o'clock."

and taking her hand, said with a m
smile, " This is kind : you at least
" goodness to bid me a personal
" Nay, keep your acknowledgment
" know all my kindness," said Er
ly ; " I am truly sorry we are to
" but," added she with a sly smile,
" brought a cordial to soothe the
" absence ;" she then produced M
by's letter, which Stanhope perus
soul-thrilling delight, greater perl
he might have been expected to
having vowed to resign every ter
connected with Julia ; it is but jus
that he firmly intended to act
vow, and though his mind freque
ed from the rigid path marked o

surance of Julia's undiminished regard was too delightful to be immediately combated, and in the tumult of his spirits he replied to her letter in the following terms:

"Madam,

With the most fervent gratitude I beg to offer my acknowledgments for the kind interest you have the goodness to take in my welfare, and to request you to accept the assurance that it is my first, my most ardent prayer, that in every event, every circumstance, every situation of life, you may enjoy the purest and most unclouded felicity.—"When Kirkford shall recur to my "memory"—and can it, dearest Miss Ingleby, ever be absent from it?—ah, no! my form may wander in exile, but my heart and soul will linger here.—Oh! pardon me, Madam, I feel I am incurring your displeasure, and dare not presume to add more, than that I am,

with the highest respect,
your grateful and devoted
Auberry Stanhope.

Kirkford, Tuesday evening, 8 o'clock."

ing of Mr. Norton in a fra
more tranquil and cheerfu
pected to possess.

The Rector and Julia
few days at Kirkford after
it; they then went to I
dence at L. where they we
the Earl of Mellinghurst,
adieu to his affianced bride
departure for Sweden. T
senting to Julia the strik
tween Stanhope and her in
fectually opened her eyes t
of her fate: Stanhope was
principles; possessing a h

which might injure an honest industrious tradesman: Mellinghurst was a man of honour of the modern day; the vulgar demands of shop-keepers and artisans destroyed the tone of his feelings; he voted them a horrid bore—their profits were enormous—and the rascals might wait; but his gambling losses, though both numerous and large, were paid with scrupulous punctuality, however exorbitant might be the rate at which the money was raised for the purpose. There is a code of laws to which Auberry had been early taught to pay implicit obedience—the laws of the gospel; and there is another which has a far greater number of votaries, and to which the Earl at all times paid the most profound submission—the laws of fashion. The bosom of Stanhope glowed with the most exalted sentiments of benevolence and philanthropy, and though incapable of boasting of them, he was ever ready to brave the severest personal danger to serve a fellow-being: Mellinghurst was ever prodigal in professions of friendship and of kindness—but that kindness evaporated in pro-

she now regarded her noble
augmented by the slight and
manner in which he spoke
when reverting to the circum
escape; in this, however, it
to say, he was influenced by
sentations of Dr. Ingleby, wh
to his nephew on the subject
appear that Julia had been in
ger, and consequently that
he mentioned as a mere rustic
tle merit in rescuing her. Th
plored and detested her fat
with her cousin, she felt too
was indissoluble, for her fa
Maitland, not contented with
ing the promise he h

his departure the bitter tears which the remembrance of this abhorred promise wrung from her eyes, and by the methods which they took to console her, added fresh wounds to those which already lacerated her bleeding heart.

AT Mr. Norton's Stanhope
to the acquaintance of t
who were on a visit there,
related in the degree of cou
Mrs. Norton; and the family
cerning them which Auberry
that lady, and his own subseq
of their characters and cond
as authorize the following ac
Honeywood, the eldest of
period of his first introductio
was just turned of forty-fou
ing a slender figure, and reg
markably handsome feature

the hazard of having his veracity impeached, but deception in any shape Honeywood abhorred, and never descended to practise; for though few were more highly gifted to adorn the world, few were less fitted to live in it, or less enamoured of its ways. In stature Honeywood was what is termed the middle size; he had a dignity in his air which, as it could not possibly be mistaken for either affectation or pride, conveyed to the beholder a strong idea of the superiority of his mind; his countenance was singularly expressive; his complexion and eyes dark, and his hair had been so likewise, but there "Cares long since had shed untimely snow." Honeywood had known many sorrows; he was the son of a respectable clergyman, who possessed a moderate living in the north of England, the income of which enabled him to support his family—consisting only of a wife and one son—genteelly, but the liberality of his disposition, and the early close of his existence, prevented him from making any considerable provision for them in the event of his death, which happened when Charles was in

dies, and three years afterwa
at Oxford ; a residence rend
to him by both his attachme
and his domestic circumsta
Honeywood hath, soon after
death, married an attorne
whose name was Fenton ; a
perty, but decent practice, h
he could not be benefited b
protection to the needy pro
his wife's former marriage,
wished to see him an inmate
of course Honeywood had n
paternal home ; yet he paid t
parent every dutiful attent
much attached to his brothe

branches of learning to which he applied himself was rapid and brilliant: he took his first degree, and was preparing to take orders, when the death of the gentleman who had hitherto befriended him, and had promised to provide for him in the church, totally changed his prospects, and he accepted the situation of tutor to a young nobleman, then setting out on the tour of Europe, in preference to devoting himself to the clerical function, which, like most other walks of life, produces more of labour than profit, when not smoothed by the fostering hand of patronage; not that Honeywood would have shunned the toils of the vineyard, and desired only to riot in its spoils;—far from it —his was a disposition which would never rest satisfied without a conscientious discharge of duty in whatever line he should enter upon; yet justly, not arrogantly, sensible of his own abilities, he conceived that by adding the acquirements to be obtained by travelling to the extensive stock of classical learning which he possessed, he should more essentially benefit both the world and

men, and as it was his decided
give the world his ideas on tha
was sensible that he should der
able assistance in the execution
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countries; to be brief, he acc
noble friend to the continent,
den death of his pupil, who di
at Vienna, soon after their
once more drew a gloomy veil
ture prospects, and he felt hi
doomed to lament the loss o
loved, and to buffet against
life unaided by one friend wh
the power and the will to ser
mother having died since he
land, he had no inducement

late Oliver Goldsmith, wandered over a great part of Europe on foot; he then embarked at Morlaix in a vessel bound for Cork, and had visited almost every part of Ireland worthy notice, when, at the pleasant village of Leislip, he became acquainted with a young lady, who being in a delicate state of health was there for the benefit of the mineral water: she possessed a cultivated mind and a tender heart, and these found counterparts in those of Honeywood, who, after a short acquaintance, offered her his hand; the offer was accepted, and they retired to the enjoyment of domestic peace, at a little rural farm a few miles from Dublin. Mrs. Honeywood had by her marriage disobliged several rich aunts, but her own little fortune was entirely at her own disposal; and though the strictest exertions of economy barely enabled them to procure the minor comforts of life, they were happy, as far as happiness is attainable in this state of being. Honeywood dedicated all the leisure time he could spare from the business of his farm, to perfecting a work on the philosophical

or even tranquillity, was
lot of Honeywood: this
but just completed her six
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when it was ready for the
with an eminent publisher,

der the care of a maiden aunt of his deceased wife, who had now forgot the resentment she had felt on account of her neice's marriage, and extended the olive branch to her widowed husband and his innocent child. Hard did Honeywood feel the task of parting with his only treasure, but he had no female relative of his own to superintend her conduct; and as the character of Mrs. Fitzmorice was one of the first respectability, she could not be more eligibly situated, exclusive of the prospect which existed that she might eventually share her fortune.

On Honeywood's arrival in London, he flew with fond affection to embrace his maternal brother, who he had not seen for nearly thirteen years. This young man was just emancipated from all control, first by the death of his father, and secondly by the expiration of the term for which he had been articled to an eminent attorney: some vague hints to his disadvantage had reached Honeywood when in Ireland, but though no man possessed a clearer judgment, it was

breathed the pure spirit of vir
and fraternal love; alas, a ve
sonal intercourse sufficed to t
veil, and Heneywood felt him
to admit the dreadful convict
agonizing one a worthy hear
that his brother, his friend, n
next to his daughter, was th
tive he had on earth, was des
principle and feeling.

In person Fenton was tal
portioned; his features were
some than otherwise, but fu
which marked them, that st
nature easily read the mind

slave of criminal and unbridled passions; his extravagance knew no bounds; and every faculty of his soul was perpetually employed in planning schemes to gratify the one and support the other; nor did he feel the slightest compunction though the interest, the welfare, and the happiness of his nearest connexions were immolated at the shrine of his guilty career. As an attorney he possessed much professional knowledge, but had neither diligence, application, nor stability; and the friends and the practice which either his own talents or the influence of his brother obtained for him, were generally alienated and forfeited by his misconduct: pecuniary embarrassments were the infallible result of the thoughtless and improvident track he pursued; he became involved far beyond any means of extrication in his own power, and the consequence was, that the too generous Honeywood, unable to behold the distresses of a brother, snatched him from his impending fate at the expense of nearly every shilling he possessed in the world, exclusive of the little portion he received with

nal tenderness; but here
important event of his li
encounter disappointmen
suffering victim of that sta
character, that disgrace t
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cealed defamation which t
laurels and blasts the fai
author, merits not the re
criticism: it happened tha
seller in London, who at a
state of enmity and rivals
publisher of Mr. Honeywo
short time before been con
lication of a book on near
ject, and

a popular review, of which he was proprietor; and to do this the hireling scribbler who wrote the article had recourse to all that malice, sophistry, and even bare-faced impudence could effect; he misconstrued the arguments of Honeywood, perverted his meaning, ridiculed his style in a strain of gross and vulgar abuse, and accused him at once of contradiction and plagiarism, of bigotry and heterodoxy. Too fatally did this rancorous malignity take effect; all parties were thus raised in arms against him; the sale of the book, and of course its circulation, were circumscribed and impeded; the fame and the fortunes of its author were injured, not benefited; and his all-powerful genius, like those of hundreds of his predecessors and cotemporaries who have writhed beneath the undeserved lash of critical arrogance, seemed

"Born to blush unseen,
"And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Yet even this he supported with uncomplaining patience, and conscious of his own abilities, doubted not that the time would

ed the publication of his unsu
and the assistance he had affo
ther, compelled him to have
literary talents as a means of
though he found that his labo
lator and compiler yielded hi
vest, yet it sufficed for all his
were few and simple; and,
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move to a distance from him,
don him to the uncontrolled
and folly: influen

he had always had the felicity to find his daughter blooming in health and beauty, retaining all her original goodness of heart, rapidly improving in every female grace, and affectionately beloved by her protectress. He was on his return from one of these excursions, and had taken the north passage that he might pay a long-promised visit to his cousin, Mrs. Norton, when his acquaintance with Auberry Stanhope commenced. Fenton, who had been included in Mrs. Norton's invitation, was also of the party, and it was soon settled that in their company Stanhope should proceed to London.

A very short time, passed in each other's society, sufficed to unite Honeywood and Stanhope in bonds of the strictest friendship, though the years of the former more than doubled those of the latter. Auberry beheld the talents of Honeywood with admiration, his virtues with reverence, and looked up to him as the first of men: and Honeywood was charmed with the strong and comprehensive genius of his young friend,

est attention beyond the mere
of the passing hour. Stanhop
gentlemen well qualified to g
information concerning the
whom he was about to fix his
the accounts he received from
the following effect.

Lieutenant-General Colbroo
thy officer, whose bloodless s
even suspected of having ever
in the bosom of a fellow-bei
a life passed chiefly in barr
and garrison-duty, through
waded up to his present ra
quietly on the shelf; and prov
papers of the day.

the practical part of war, while he, seated at his fire-side, busied himself with its theory, settled the whole arcana of politics, followed the budget through all its calculations, and stated the merits and demerits of the ins and the outs. Mrs. Colbrook, likewise, had the public good very much at heart; at least any one who heard her converse would have supposed that the virtues and the interests of the community were her peculiar care: yet not the community at large, as composed of Britons or Englishmen, was the object of her attention; about the unwieldy body politic she never troubled her brain; but the concerns of individuals, my Lord A.'s estate, my Lady B.'s fortune, Sir C.'s gambling debts, Mrs. D.'s domestic infelicity, and so on through the whole alphabet, were the themes on which she rang eternal changes; and as she was disposed to believe all she heard, and to add to it all she fancied, she was generally in possession of a rare stock of scandal concerning every individual within the circle of her knowledge; yet were there three qualifications

rate share of pride and self-imp
" family, my fortune, my conr
the symphony, the accompani
chorus of her discourse; an
this, she was so much atta
that she passed two-thirds of l
card-table. The young gen
education Stanhope was to su
as Dr. Ingleby had told him,
years old; he was in every
words a spoiled child, and wit
pound of obstinacy and stupi
of his tutors—three had al
him—had been able to impr
even the rudiments of classic
far Honeywood and Fenton
ed in their accounts. Gen

former marriage: of this lady, who at the age of eighteen had been united to Sir Marmaduke Bradshaw, Baronet, a gentleman then fast approaching to the state of superannuation into which he had since declined, Fenton spoke in raptures as the unrivalled queen of beauty and fashion, the patroness of literature and the arts, and the standard of elegance and taste. Honeywood suffered his brother to finish this flaming eulogium; then laying his hand on his shoulder, he said, emphatically, "Fenton, do not mislead our "young friend concerning any branch of "the family he is to reside with; nature has "indeed made Lady Bradshaw a very lovely "woman, but go beyond this, and does she "possess one quality which cool judgment "can applaud? Seldom is the conduct of "the leaders of fashion such as can claim "the meed of reason, and the lady in ques-"tion courts a notoriety from which female "delicacy would shrink, for you know well "that her reputation is at least a doubtful "one—" "Nay, Mr. Honeywood," interrupted Fenton, with an ironical smile,

" reasons why he ought to l
" with Lady Bradshaw's real
" you say she is the patroness
" there may be instances in
" tronized men of genius, but
" one where she rescued from
" obscurity, or assisted to ad
" vance them? and as to the
" taste you extol so highly,
" the enormous expense with
" ports her pretentions to the
" and your father before you
" chief management of the
" Marmaduke's affairs, I am
" not be ignorant of his lady's
" All spiteful tittle-tattle, as

ed Stanhope how implicitly he might rely on the judgment, the friendship, and the veracity of Honeywood.

When they bade adieu to their friends, Mrs. Norton, after embracing Auberry, said to her cousin, with energetic kindness, "My "dear Charles, I commit this young man "to your care with the same earnestness "and the same confidence I would a child "of my own; exert yourself, I implore you, "to guard and preserve him from the dan- "gers to which he will be exposed in that "world he is now about to enter." He replied, "I accept the charge with the sin- "cerest pleasure, my dear cousin, and give "you my most solemn assurance that I will "religiously fulfil it."

A POST journey, wholly u
events, brought Stanhop
companions to London, from
accompanied him to the hou
Colbrook, at Richmond, an
personal introduction to Mr
commendatory letter. Gen
received them with cordiality
—Mrs. Colbrook doubtless t
so too, but though she affe
very essence of affability, it
for men, who possessed the
Honeywood and Stanhope, t
pany, without discovering

condescending to be affable. Stanhope parted from Honeywood with regret, and readily accorded a promise to visit him frequently in London, but a short period sufficed to convince him that such a promise was more easily made than kept; his time and his actions were no longer at his own disposal, and he soon had reason to exclaim with a brother poet,

"Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me."

So various and multitudinous were the occupations which Mrs. Colbrook found for him, that what with those, with reading the newspapers to the General, and with his attendance on his hopeful pupil, he scarcely ever had a leisure hour to call his own; the mind which is doomed to be perpetually exercised in matters wholly uncongenial to its habits and inclinations, will be in danger of sinking into apathy and despondence; thus it was with Stanhope—had the employments which were chalked out for him been such as could have exercised his understanding,

politics was that which carri
least recommendation to Star
hour of the morning he was
spend in reading to the Gene
part of a dry daily paper, a
listening to his learned disc
existing events of the times
able as was this hour, he dreaded
it for the succeeding one, rel
tated to his pupil; for his dre
that docility and desire to i
tion which smooths the task
tor, and renders duty delig
mining youth tore the Collect
in pieces, and threw Cowper's
into the fire.

contained no soil in which reason could take root; no way was left but to apply to his parents: the General commanded, but in so gentle a tone, and enforced with so little authority, that the young gentleman only laughed; Mrs. Colbrook coaxed; her son pouted; and then, as a dernier resort, she bribed him to study; this was the only method that wore even the shadow of success; but Stanhope shuddered as he reflected on the future fatal consequences of thus making sensual and self-gratification the basis of duty: sometimes, however, Mrs. C. could not succeed even in this way, and then she hinted, in oblique indeed, but intelligible terms, "that Mr. Stanhope was too severe, that he "expected too much, and had not the right "method of dealing with youth...." admirable lessons for the young gentleman, who failed not to profit by them. For the time which intervened until the dinner-hour, the lady of the mansion found Stanhope innumerable employments: her plants, collected and arranged according to the rules of botanical science, required transplanting or sup-

friend; these, and a hundred
matters to which females in th
of life attach importance, u
they were to Stanhope, he
executed with some degree of
he by so doing have pleased
Mrs. Colbrook; but she, rat
fect in judgment than in tem
satisfied with any of his perfo
"dear Mr. Stanhope, I think
"an improvement to that,
"know you can do better, a
"will make the exertion,"
pressed all his efforts to oblig
amendments were invariably
ed, mutilated, or

the sons of labour that respite from toil which the day has denied them, but no such blessing was conceded to Aubery: General and Mrs. Colbrook paid few visits, and seldom gave large entertainments, but had generally a private whist or quadrille party, and at these Stanhope was always required to take a hand; and as the spring advanced, and nature displayed her beauty and her magnificence in the delightful environs of Richmond, poor Stanhope was fated to experience the punishment of Tantalus, to behold from the windows during the long and lovely evenings, this prospect so often celebrated by the Muse, while himself was chained to spadille, manille, and matadores, honours, aces, and knaves, all of which he was most devoutly wishing buried, like the host of Pharaoh, in the Red-sea. Yet galling and disagreeable as were all these circumstances to Stanhope, his residence in the house of General Colbrook was attended with others still more so; Mrs. Colbrook had so much habituated herself to look on the dark side of human nature, that she in-

cultivating any intimacy ...
people of the town; with
however, he had become sli
ed, and if in an evil hour
saw him with a male comp
sure to assail him with a long
and inuendos concerning
nexions, and the vicious pro
youths of the present day; i
one, she expatiated on the
men who threw themselves
men without fortunes, and
those who aspired to such as
just as the pecuniary circun
lady she had seen with Stan
the supposition that he was
in one or other

These, and a thousand other circumstances, gave Stanhope to feel—deeply feel—the loss of that happy home which had been the abode of affection, of pleasure, and of peace; and of those revered and lamented friends, his aunt and Dr. Nugent, who had never addressed him but in the voice of kindness, never looked on him but with eyes of love; yet, alas, those beloved friends, and those scenes of happiness, were passed away for ever! but this interesting young man could not divest himself of those affectionate feelings which prompted him to look up to his protectors with confidence and regard. The bosoms of most men are under the dominion of one ruling passion, that of Stanhope owned two; the Muse and Miss Ingleby held the divided, or rather united, empire of his heart, for they reigned jointly. The name of the latter he never suffered to pass his lips, but he was urged to boast of the favours of the former by a feeling which they who have no inheritance on Parnassus will call vanity, but which they who have experienced the pleasures and the pains of

and Mrs. Colbrook; the
them, but he had no mo
matters than a native c
lady was too tenacious
a woman of taste not t
admirer of poetry, but
her meed of approbation
ductions, she took care
way which showed she
in jest, "Not to bestov
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"verty is the inevitable
"shippers:" however sh
pleased with them to rea
of her select friends when
was present. Here, ala
gained little applause! h
question been tho a

as the stars of Heaven; but the humble productions of Master Colbrook's tutor were fair game for arrogant criticism, and galling contempt; one lady declared with frigid indifference, "That the sonnets were, no "doubt, very fine, but for her part she "made it a rule never to read any poetry "but Milton's." Stanhope made no open comment, but he could scarcely suppress a laugh as a whimsical idea rose to his mind, that the poetical taste of this lady must be much in the same state as would be the appetite of him who should pertinaciously refuse to taste any food but beef. Another of Mrs. Colbrook's fair friends, as if blushing for the poor author who had not modesty to blush for himself, sat with her hands spread before her face while the lady of the house was reading; and when the pieces were gone through, on being applied to for her opinion of their merits, she replied, doubtless with as much veracity as politeness, "That she thought nothing of poetry "unless it were very fine indeed!" "You "are right, Madam," said Stanhope, with

auditors: ah, how different from tl
der welcome she had been wont to
from the lips of his beloved aunt; bu
would have been the expectation of
in the present party the judgment, t
dour, and the discrimination of Mr
hope, for her mental powers as far
ed theirs, as the corporeal ones of
phant do those of an ass. Yet th
pant remarks, these common plac
pounds of pride, envy, and ill-natur
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feelings were fated to endure: excl
General Colbrook, there was only
tleman present, and as Stanhope l
quently heard his poetical taste extc
reasonably hoped that his criticism

delicacy wounded, when this oracle, after listening to Mrs. Colbrook as she read, and then attentively perusing the poems himself, said, addressing their author, "Your verses "are very pretty, Mr. Stanhope; they do "you great credit indeed: and I perceive "you have been ably assisted by some lite-"rary friend." "Assisted, Sir!" reiterated Auberry, "I have had no assistance; no "one, the present party excepted, ever "saw the pieces now in your hand." "Im-"possible, young gentleman!" returned Dr. S. shaking his head, and smiling incredulously, "some critical ear must have cor-"rected your language and harmonized "your numbers." In vain did Stanhope declare that the ideas, the words, and the lines were simply and entirely his own; Dr. S.'s hint was instantly adopted, and all present, even Mrs. Colbrook herself, declared "That he must have received assistance, "but that it was a folly to deny it, for "many eminent authors had been obliged "to the brains of their friends." Stanhope indignantly disclaimed all such obligation,

are thus called in questio
can form an idea. This a
terred Auberry from ever
Colbrook the confidant o
the Muse; yet he contin
little leisure his mind co
ing short poems, and mo
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ing with Honeywood, h
sensible and valuable frie
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with kind and candid dis
ed out their few defects.
he could not refrain from
cruelly his feelings had b
Mrs. Colbrook's friends

"sibility is too strong for your peace; why "will you permit such stupid folly to give "you a moment of uneasiness. They no "doubt thought they were making a bril- "liant display of their critical skill, when "all the while it was only the scum of envy "boiling over. At your age, Auberry, I "well remember with what feelings of con- "tempt and abhorrence I used to read the "life of Zoilus, but I have lived to see the "character of Zoilus universally adopted, "for such is the style of modern criticism; "and," added he, smiling, "if it be found "necessary to make an example, and con- "demn some of these disciples of Zoilus to "the fate of their master, I hope they will "light the funeral pile with a heap of re- "views."

THUS passed the first six
hope's residence at Ri
which he had never seen I
she and Sir Marmaduke hav
the greatest part of that tim
whence they returned to
Canterbury about the end
Bradshaw wrote to her mo
to visit her shortly; but ab
was expected, an express
announcing that Sir Marm
gerously ill of the gout in h
requesting the immediate p
[illegible]

nor he from them, he accompanied them to Bradshaw-hall. Mrs. Colbrook at her departure requested Stanhope to stay as much as possible by the house in her absence, and on no account to sleep from home: to the latter part of this request she was urged, she assured him, by a regard for his welfare, as at Richmond he would be safe from evil in any shape. Stanhope thanked her solicitude, and promised obedience to her commands; in fact he felt no inclination to transgress them; he had no one whom he wished to visit but Honeywood, and for that a day would suffice, and allow ample time to return home in the evening. It was with a sensation approaching to rapture that he anticipated the temporary emancipation from the worst of all slavery, the slavery of the mind, which the absence of his protectors would afford him; but he wished to use, not abuse, his liberty, and to dedicate those hours which he might freely call his own to nature, to memory, to the muse, and to that fair image which, enshrined in a gold case, he could now wear in his bosom without fear

requisite to console the fa
Stanhope's parole was exten
finite term; and in this love
the delightful vale of Tha
which Thomson so finely a
the "Vale of bliss," glowed
riance of beauty, beneath t
fluence of a summer sun, his
tion dwelt with ecstasy on t
ing prospect which the super
hill, or the terrace of the ma
sented, where the ever-va
diversified with hills, vale
exhibiting the endless variet
which all-beauteous nature
woods, the groves, and the
tiresome with [illegible]

beguiled Stanhope of all recollection of time from the first faint blush of the morning, until the glowing rays of noon compelled him to return home, or from the lovely hour of sunset until this immense landscape was lost and enveloped in the shades of night.

Rossdale-house, once the residence of Thomson, was another favourite scene of Stanhope's meditations; and often has he hung over the tomb of the poet in Richmond church, while his bosom glowed with those exquisite, those sweetly-painful feelings which genius, mourning its kindred spirit, alone can know: often too did he wander near the remains of Sheen-palace, and while the Henrys and the Edwards, whose banners and trophies once waved on its walls, and whose voices echoed through its lofty roofs, rose to his mental view, his heart received an impression never to be effaced, of the instability of human greatness, and the fragile nature of earthly distinctions: and here he planned a work to which he

ever blessed and cherished
his life, the hour in whi
lia Ingleby. From her b
times heard: George wrot
of real friendship, and w
vivacity natural to his ch
respondence was one of the
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life; sufficient time had n
account of Charles North
England; of the rest of t
heard through Honeywood
honoured him with a sing
mily in London to whom
given him an introductor
at home when he deliver

From George Ingleby he learned the departure of Lord Mellinghurst for Sweden, and this intelligence for a while soothed the regret of absence, and awoke the note of hope in his soul; but love, nursed in solitude and retirement, is more prone to feed on fear than hope, and far removed as he was from the object of his attachment, he would often muse on her idea, and on the too apparent certainty that he must hold sacred the resolution and the promise he had made to herself of resigning her to his happy rival, until his spirits sunk to despondency, and even the lovely face of nature wore a cheerless and gloomy aspect; his books, his writings, failed to afford him amusement or abstraction; and, buried in some shady recess, he would sit for hours, while memory fondly dwelt on past scenes, and his romantic spirit sighed over the "Absence" of Shenstone, to every line of which his heart paid tribute: true, he was well aware that in suffering his mind to dwell on the idea of Julia, he was guilty of an inexcusable weakness, and when under the influence of that

tacitly avowed for him, al
against his frail resolution,
concluded with the lover-lik
to love on, merely because h
loving.

Such was the way in
month of liberty wore over
at the conclusion of that pe
noured with a letter from
containing the information th
would extend to another mo
should pass at Margate, and
shaw would then accompany
mond, and remain some tim
was now the height of the
and Margate was in the

taste, that he could not regret being excluded from the Margate party; he was however aware that he owed Mrs. Colbrook no gratitude for this exclusion, however agreeable he might find it to himself, well knowing that in thus suffering her son to be without the control and instructions of his tutor, she was by no means consulting that tutor's inclinations, but wisely evading the additional tax which hiring an apartment for him would have levied on her purse.

Three-fourths of this second month had now passed away; it was Thursday, and on that day week the family were to return. The morning was fair and beautiful, and Stanhope resolved to dedicate this day to giving the last touches to a little poem, which he considered as one of the best efforts of his genius; he had just finished breakfast, and, with his tablets in his pocket, was preparing to take his accustomed ramble, when the door flew open, and Fenton entered the room. "Now, my good sober "hermit!" he exclaimed, as he crossed the

habits of life, replied only t
but being really surprised
said, after extending the h
welcome, and inquiring
" But when did you retu
" thought you had still be
" hall." " No; I emerge
" yesterday from the mo
" ment and vellum in whi
" there: I am now going
" Kent, on business, and bi
" gular charity to drive a
" about way on purpose
" me, and afterwards to
" with my brother, being
" sive that you will dine

never been at Bromley, and who so seldom shared in any pleasure, the proposed excursion could not but be agreeable; yet he well knew that Honeywood did not wish him to associate with Fenton; besides, he had made up his mind as to the manner in which he should pass this day, and we always feel some degree of repugnance to any innovation on a settled plan: without any great effort of self-denial, therefore, he thanked his friend for his kindness, but begged he would excuse him, as he had some business to transact which required his presence at Richmond. "But I positively shall not excuse you; so if you chuse to add any "more airs and graces to your beautiful self, "make the addition directly, and let us be "off." Stanhope renewed his refusal, but Fenton was resolute, and Auberry—too easily perhaps—suffered himself to be half persuaded and half rallied into compliance, first inquiring how long Fenton expected to be detained at Bromley; to which he replied not more than an hour or two, as he made no doubt that the gentleman with whom he

had business to transact would be there to give him the meeting.

As Fenton declined taking any refreshment, having, he said, breakfasted two hours before, they lost no time in setting off. The youthful spirits of Stanhope soon rose respondent to the gaiety around him; the day was fine, the road pleasant, and his companion agreeable, for Fenton possessed a perfect knowledge of the world, and could, when he pleased, adopt the most insinuating manners; he talked of the deceased Sir Marmaduke; of the rich and lovely widow; to

away upon him; true, he had never yet seen Lady Bradshaw, but though he was accustomed to hear her beauty, wit, taste, and elegance extolled by her mother, by the General, by Fenton, and in short by almost every one he conversed with, his heart was so truly occupied by a fair though distant image, that he felt no passion except curiosity interested by his approaching residence under the same roof with this highly-gifted female; however the communications of Fenton so far engaged his attention, that the drive to Bromley seemed both rapid and delightful, and they reached the inn in high spirits about noon. Fenton inquired at the bar whether Mr. Sherwood, of Canterbury, were in the house, and was answered in the negative; "Perhaps we are rather within "time," said he, consulting his watch, and addressing Stanhope, "so we must e'en "wait for him; I suppose he'll be here in a "few minutes." Auberry could not help thinking it strange that the gentleman should not be punctual, or rather that Fenton did not seem more surprised at not finding him

staring out of countenance eve
saw, and turning into ridicule
within the scope of his eyes, v
wondering at the lengthened d
gentleman he expected, unless
hope noticed it, when he careles
ed, " The devil's in the fellow;
" lieve he intends coming!" or
trivial sentence, and then retur
diversion of quizzing every one w
An hour wore over in this way,
hope, wearied with gazing on th
succession of uninteresting object
gay tone of his spirits, and a feelin
tude stole over him, v

Fenton now rang the bell, and ordered wine, exclaiming "That he was tired of such a "thirsty wait:" when the waiter returned, to the unspeakable surprise of Stanhope, he inquired what could be procured for dinner? "What you please, Sir," was the reply; he then desired that fish, a couple of fowls with ham or tongue, and such additions as were requisite for a party of four, might be ready by three o'clock. Stanhope, sincerely vexed at this expensive arrangement, which must of course detain them at Bromley until a late hour, when the waiter had withdrawn remonstrated with his companion, and expressed the regret he felt that he should now be precluded from the pleasure he had promised himself of visiting Mr. Honeywood; for although he did not say so to Fenton, the hope of seeing him had been one of his chief motives for coming out with his brother. Fenton only replied, "Pshaw, my dear fellow, we are not to "starve ourselves while waiting for Sher- "wood; you are my guest to-day, and will "surely have the politeness to conform to

les and orders." Stanhope, resolved
vn mind not to lay himself under an
on to Fenton, but to bear his propor-
he expense, only answered, that in
pects he should conform to his or-
nd then inquired who besides Mr.
od he expected, as he had ordered
for four? "Why, I think it proba-
at Sherwood will bring one of his
with him," was the reply: he then
shifted the subject by pressing

inn, but such apathy of mind and inertness of body did not belong to his temperament. Completely tired of the prospect without, he was surveying some prints which were hung on the walls of the room, when the sound of a carriage drew him to the window, where he beheld a hack chaise driving up to the door; "Here he comes at last, I hope," exclaimed Fenton; the driver dismounted and let down the step; the landlord advanced bowing to receive his guests; and Stanhope once more experienced how true it is that "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," when not Mr. Sherwood and his clerk, but two females descended from the vehicle; they were both dressed in black riding-habits; their faces were entirely concealed, the one by a black veil, the other by a large straw bonnet; and they were attended by a servant on horse-back, whose complexion and dress were both sable. Stanhope, whose fine perceptions were all feelingly alive to every impression of beauty or of grace, felt his chagrin suspended by admiration as he gazed on the veiled lady; whose person

unacquainted with Mrs. Bulle
neyed in that fashionable scie
a pity its polite votaries hav
with a more elegant term t
one of staring, retreated to a
from whence he saw Fenton
and accost her with the eas
intimacy, which appeared t
with reciprocal pleasure at
seem, unexpected meeting;
and spoke to her companion
moment brought the trio in
" My friend, Mr. Stanhope,
Fenton, as he led Mrs. Bulle
Auberry advanced to meet t
" hope, this lady is Mrs. Bu

mentioned by the name of Miss Darley; and the party took their seats. Stanhope's eyes involuntarily turned on Mrs. Buller, who now first drew aside her veil, and disclosed a face in perfect unison with her person; three or four and twenty years appeared to be the utmost extent of her acquaintance with time; her features were as decidedly Grecian as her form; a profusion of brown hair shaded her forehead, and her large dark eyes were brilliant, animated, and expressive. "I am truly fortunate in this meeting, Sir," she said, addressing Fenton, "for I was actually on my road to town to "consult you and counsellor G—. on the "affair I mentioned when I last had the "pleasure of seeing you." Her voice, her pronunciation, and mode of expression were such as accorded with the first circles, but in no society in which Stanhope had ever mingled had he seen a female gifted with such perfect self-possession; he had observed some women who were distinguished for personal beauty so formal, so frigid, so affected, that one might be tempted to exclaim,

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disgust; but were it poss
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been embodied in a huma
her words, and her mo
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panion was in every res
trast; her stature was din
broad and ungraceful, h
and her manners totally
gance; but she eminently
valuable science—that of
—for Stanhope long rem
ther or not Heaven had b
faculty of speech. Whi
serving mind of Auber

"Madam," he said; "I think I already "know what will be the proper steps to take "in the business; but you may rely on my "consulting Counsellor G—. immediately "on my return to town." "You are very "good, Sir," returned the lady; "may I, "then, request you to ring the bell, that I "may order James to detain the chaise; for "as we have been thus fortunate in meet- "ing you, we shall merely rest ourselves for "half-an-hour, and then return in it." Fenton obeyed; "You shall give what orders "you please about the chaise, Madam," he said; "but may I not be permitted to hope "that you and Miss Darley will honour Mr. "Stanhope and me by partaking of our din- "ner, which we have ordered to be ready "by three?" The lady replied, "We are "greatly indebted to your politeness, Sir, "but I must beg you will excuse us, for as "my meeting thus unexpectedly with you "has precluded the necessity of my going "up to town, I am anxious to return home "as soon as possible." "Home!" reiterated Fenton, "oh, that pure English word

Mr. Fenton, who are so
" quainted with the nature
" gate this task to me, i
" cause you are consciou
" these ladies to honour u
" pany, I shall do it with
" not inclined to give g
" profession much credit
" cerity." With a smile
immortalized the painter
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Buller replied, " We will
" mencement of our acqu
" Stanhope with so inausp
" to refuse his first requ
" dear Miss Darley, I have
" promising for

to procure refreshments for the postillion and his horses, and to direct the latter to be ready by five o'clock. Meanwhile Fenton replied to what Auberry had said, "That "sha'n't pass, Stanhope; to be plain with "you, I give you credit for any thing ra-"ther than sincerity:" though these few words were delivered in a jesting tone, Stanhope could not help thinking that he saw a mingled expression of satire and malice on the countenance of Fenton while he spoke; this surprised, and in some degree pained him, but resolved at all events to avoid altercation, he made no other reply than a good-humoured smile. "Sherwood was to "have met me here at twelve o'clock," said Fenton, addressing Mrs. Buller; "but I be-"gin to think he has forgot his appoint-"ment." She replied, "I am sorry to tell "you I fear you will be disappointed in "your expectation of seeing Mr. Sherwood "to-day; for before I left home this morn-"ing, I happened to look into a Canterbury "paper, in which was an advertisement con-"cerning a commission of bankruptcy which

transactions of this day t
fathom; that this Mr. She
mise Fenton to meet him,
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ton bespoke dinner; a co
to their advantage natur
nothing which had yet oc
fy such a surmise: Fent
both ladies was that of fa
towards Mrs. Buller it w
visible respect. Fenton

"Then, Madam, I will, with your permis-
"sion, occupy a corner of your chaise this
"evening, and attend you home on my way
"to Canterbury, for I must see Sherwood;
"Mr. Stanhope, you will drive yourself up
"to town in my gig; and Miss Darley," he added, smiling towards her, "may take
"her choice which of the two vehicles she
"will mount." "That which contains you,
"Sir, by all means," she replied: Fenton bowed, and the whole ended in a general laugh.

Just as they were sitting down to dinner, Stanhope saw the brilliant eyes of Mrs. Buller fixed on him, and then exchange glances with Fenton of so peculiar an expression, that he tried in vain to develope their meaning. Why he had been led to join the present party he could not conjecture; but truth demands the confession, that before dinner was ended he was become so fascinated with the society of Mrs. Buller, that he paid little attention to the flight of time.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

Memoirs

OF

AN AUTHOR.

By *JANE HARVEY*,

AUTHOR OF ETHELIA, TYNEMOUTH CASTLE,

GOVERNOR OF BELLEVILLE, WARKFIELD CASTLE, &c. &c.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
"The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar:
"Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
"Has felt the influence of malignant star,
"And wag'd with fortune an eternal war;
"Check'd by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
"By poverty's unconquerable bar,
"In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
"Then....."

BEATTIE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

GAINSBOROUGH:

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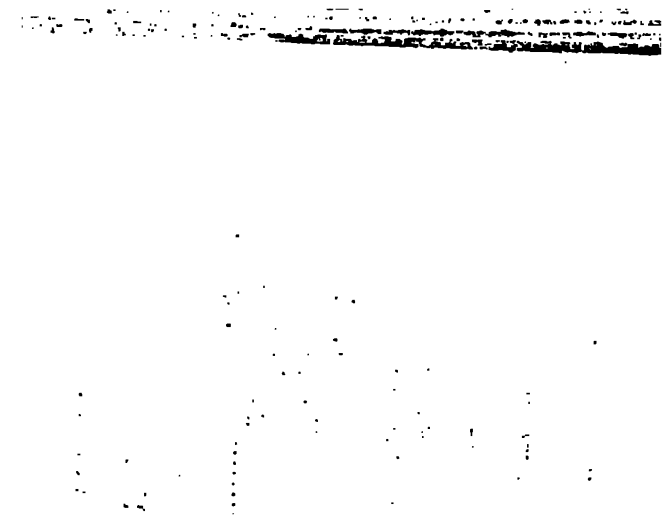


MEMOIRS OF AN AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

FIVE o'clock, the hour which Mrs. Buller had named for her departure, found the party still chatting over their tea and coffee; if Stanhope thought the society of his new acquaintance agreeable, he had every reason to believe that his was equally so to her; she paid him the most polite attention, and in the course of conversation gave him to understand that she knew he was gifted with a poetical genius, and that she was herself an enthusiastic admirer of that charming talent; this led to a long dissertation on poetry, and Stanhope's admiration was again called forth by the critical knowledge Mrs.

fic skill as in the first; the
London theatres, none of
had yet visited, but from
Mrs. Buller, and that of Fe
more theatrical information
before possessed; with the
the kingdom, and with eve
those circles who was emine
ed for rank, fashion, or co
lady appeared to be intimat
yet from nothing that was
possibly conjecture who in th
her particular connexions;
seized a moment, when left
ton, to ask who this lady we
of answering to the

" male beauty? What acknowledgments do " you not owe me for this delightful intro- " duction. You see what advantages we " fellows of the world possess over you hum- " drum bookworms," with much more of the same kind; he would not even tell her place of residence, and when Stanhope said that from her deep mourning dress he concluded she were a widow, he rallied him so unmercifully that he found it vain to ask another question. The hour of six now drew on; the gloom of evening—for it was near the end of September—was augmented by a heavy sky; the ladies made preparations for their departure, and Fenton and Stanhope went to see that the carriages were in readiness; the former insisted on discharging the whole of the bill; Stanhope made strong and earnest remonstrances, but Fenton was so positive and peremptory that Auberry, contrary to both his inclination and his judgment, was compelled to submit: he led Mrs. Buller to the chaise, and Fenton gave his hand to Miss Darley, and then followed himself; Auberry involuntarily went

as almost at the end of hi
o'clock he knew to be the
the departure of the coache
it would be impossible to s
they were sometimes delay
he determined to make th
ing an excellent whip, havi
lesson from Brindley, he
spirited blood mare in a du
too much haste often defe
pose, for being little acqua
road, which he had never t
before, he deviated from
self bewildered in some di
on the Surry side of Blackf
a considerable time

fore with more chagrin than surprise that on arriving at the Belle Sauvage, he learned that the last of the Richmond stages had been gone upwards of an hour.

Having with the assistance of the waiter procured a person to take the mare and gig to Fenton's chambers in Lincoln's-Inn, and deliver them to the charge of his servant, he sauntered into the coffee-room to consider what he should do; the rain continued to pour down in torrents, and to have ventured himself on the Thames in such a night after driving in the manner he had done, would have been little less than suicide; to have hired a chaise to take him to Richmond was a mode of extravagance which, had Stanhope even been inclined to adopt, would, he knew, be faithfully detailed to Mrs. Colbrook, the most rigid of all economists, who would not fail from such a text to read a long lecture on care; for the old housekeeper made it a constant rule to relate to her mistress every circumstance that occurred, however trifling, and that not al-

would be reported to Mrs.
if he must incur her displeasu
he might as well do it in th
his staying from home coul
and his only regret was that
his word to Mrs. Colbrook
quested him not to sleep fro
the matter could not now b
he made up his mind to wal
morning; his first impulse
neywood, and take a bed
when he reviewed the tra
day, he felt inadequate to t
ing them to him; he had d
witnessed any actual impr
had been all day in the com
not whom; and to

a quarrel between the brothers, which he was far from wishing should take place on his account; and thus, like many inconsiderate young people, he augmented a trifling error by adding concealment to it.

In the coffee-room he entered into conversation with a young man of a prepossessing appearance, who was, like himself, nearly a stranger in London, having, as he told Stanhope, come from Deal that afternoon to transact some business for an uncle with whom he resided: he declared his intention of making his present quarters good for the night, and Auberry followed his example. As the badness of the weather prevented them from going out in search of amusement, they passed the evening together. Stanhope found his companion good-humoured and intelligent; his name, he told him, was Selway; and from some hints which he dropped, Auberry gathered that the uncle he mentioned was a considerable proprietor of East-India stock. When Stanhope sought his pillow, the soft repose

In the morning he bre
new friend, and when Stan
parture at nine o'clock in
stage, they exchanged a
some future opportunity, at
leisure, would allow them
acquaintance thus began.
when Auberry reached h
he was met by the house
up her hands and eyes, bl
he had returned safe, "
"it is so unusual with y
"home, Sir, that I dread
"dered and robbed."
"first," said Stanhope, an
"you know, would have
"sequence to me; however

" so unusual with you to sleep from home,
" that I was miserable about you, and so
" was the young gentleman." " What
" young gentleman?" questioned Stanhope.
" Why, a very pretty young gentleman,
" who came here last night to see you, and
" was so disappointed when you did not
" come home, it was about seven o'clock
" when he first came, and when I told him
" I expected you every minute, he seemed
" so desirous to see you, that I asked him
" to walk in, and he sat in the breakfast
" parlour upwards of an hour, while I sent
" Robert to see if the coaches were come;
" and when we found that you was in none
" of them, he seemed quite dismayed, espe-
" cially when I told him that you never stay-
" ed in town all night, and I was so misera-
" ble about you; he then went to the Tal-
" bot, but he came three times in all the
" rain, and sent the boy twice, before eleven
" o'clock, and still no Mr. Stanhope, and I
" was so miserable, and when I told him I
" never knew you stay from home all night,
" he—" " Did he not leave his name?"

" looked so handsome and
" when he apologized for t
" given me, and begged me
" self uneasy, for he was s
" turn safe, though I coul
" that he was as miserabl
" he had been your own b
" no brother, Mr. Stanh
replied; all the while rev
who it could possibly be.
" nate it was," he resum
" not occur to you to i
" what sort of a man w
" A tall, fair, handsome
turned Mrs. Wilson, " but
" his name, Sir, by the l
" ... " " A

"lays on the table in the breakfast parlour;" thither Stanhope flew, but how bitter was the feeling of chagrin which shot through his heart, when the arms of the Ingleby family on the seal, and the hand-writing of his friend George met his eye! with frenzied eagerness he tore open the billet, and read the following lines:

"My dear Stanhope,

"I need not express the disappointment I "felt at not meeting you at home last night, "because I know the regret will be mutual, "when I tell you that I came to Richmond "purposely to pass the night with you; I "came up to town with a fellow-collegian, "and as he sets out on his return at ten "o'clock, I am compelled to leave Rich-"mond without the pleasure of seeing you; "by the way, Auberry, where are you ram-"bling? are these your books, and your "studies? ah, Stanhope!—but I will not "pass sentence until I hear your defence. "I had a thousand things to say to you, and "now Heaven knows when we shall meet

What form of words, pression can convey an feeling of regret and dis which Stanhope now exe to Bromley, in which h Fenton, Mrs. Buller, an own folly for having b leave Richmond; the h his own act he had thus passing so many hours George Ingleby, was wh purchased at almost any tened to that voice which ken of Julia; to have c features so nearly resembl pressed that hand which

tionate bosom a thousand little cares and sorrows which would there have found sympathy and alleviation! he had treasured up in his memory numerous little anecdotes to relate to George; there were a hundred persons about whom he wished to inquire; and, beyond all, he would have heard of the health and the welfare of Julia—perhaps have been blessed with the delightful assurance that she sometimes inquired after him; but all this his own folly had forfeited, and now, as George himself had said, "Heaven "only knew when they should meet;" Ingleby was soon to go to L. and would most probably accompany his father and sister to Kirkford, but he could not now say to the latter, "I have seen Stanhope."

Every time the thought recurred to him that, but for his own act, all these circumstances which were now subjects of painful regret, would have been sources of delightful recollection, he felt as if a dagger pierced his heart; then unable to support the certainty that George had indeed quitted

fling, that had occurred the pr
she detailed them minutely, a
her turn to hasten her curiosity
inquired in plain terms, if wh
"some good-tempered youn
"were," but was dispelled to
with the distant reply of Ste
"he were an acquaintance of
"north."

Again and again he regrette
not by any means, and at any
ed to Richmond the preceding
fascinated as he had been by t
of Mrs. Bulkley, her idea becam
associated with his most disapp
that of th

even Selway, the young man he had met with at the Belle Sauvage, and with whom he had been much interested, he could not now remember with pleasure. He obeyed George's injunction of writing to him immediately; he did it in the most affectionate terms that his full heart could dictate, deploring the unlucky chance which had prevented their meeting, but still with a duplicity which can only be excused by supposing it had its origin in his exquisite sense of propriety, he suppressed all description of the party he had met with at Bromley, merely saying that he had accompanied Fenton thither, and spent the day with some friends of his; and then stating the simple fact of what detained him in London and where he had slept.

It had been his intention to have either gone to town on the Sunday, or requested the company of Honeywood at Richmond, but he was now weary of rambling, and unfitted for society; his books could afford him no abstraction; even the

CHAPTER II.

THE party, having slept at Bradshaw-hall the preceding night, travelled leisurely, and arrived at Richmond about five in the afternoon. Stanhope, when the coach stopt, hastened out to assist the ladies in alighting; out of spirits as he still was, he yet felt a spark of interest or of curiosity lighted in his bosom, which prompted his animated eyes to wander in search of the highly-extolled Lady Bradshaw, but the figure of her mother which now presented itself in the act of descending from the carriage, effectually concealed her; with lofty condescension Mrs. Colbrook replied to his polite compliment of welcome, and honoured him with an inquiry after his health; a moment sufficed to reply, and Mrs. Colbrook being safe-

Mrs. Buller! with an ar
countenance she raised h
those of Stanhope, and r
astonishment which perva
she obviated its effects by
"Nous sommes étrange
brook was too busy talkin
to observe them; the Gen
to a servant, and Stanhop
ing the hint given him by h
ed his part so well, that w
sembled in the drawing-ro
brook introduced them t
form, it was impossible fo
jecture that they had ever
every mind possessing the

whole of this affair, did not tend to give Stanhope any very exalted opinion of either her principles or her delicacy; true, he was not exempt from vanity any more than his fellow-beings, but his understanding was too highly cultivated to permit vanity to cloud his judgment, and however he might feel that passion gratified by the attentions of the young, rich, and lovely widow, he could not help thinking that her having sought an introduction to him under a borrowed name, was both very strange and highly censurable, much more so when the recent death of her husband was taken into the question; and the result was, that, notwithstanding all the eulogiums he had heard lavished on Lady Bradshaw, he felt inclined to credit the assertion which Honeywood, on their first acquaintance, had made—that her ladyship's reputation were at least a doubtful one: and as time wore over, and Lady Bradshaw suffered it to elapse without either directly or indirectly reverting to their meeting at Bromley, he felt such a mortifying consciousness of that inferiority upon

ed by what she had heard of
accomplishments to seek that
terview with him ; howeve
portunity which he could finc
with Fenton alone, he gave
stand how much he disappro
he had acted in the affair, but
ed in his usual flighty manne
thing that Stanhope could
make the slightest impression

Lady Bradshaw and Auber
probably, felicitate themselve
rent certainty that their meet
remained a secret to every on
and Miss Darley (her ladyship

vant James attended his lady on that me-
rable day, and now waited on her at
hmond, and a negro, as Shylock says of
Jew, has "senses, affections, passions."
go, James had the sense of seeing; an af-
tion (and a powerful one it is) for relat-
; what he saw; and, in common with
ny a fairer child of Eve, the passion of
iosity; when he saw Stanhope at Rich-
nd he instantly recollected him, and
t he learned in what capacity he lived
re, he made no scruple of detailing to
s. Wilson all he knew concerning the day
ed at Bromley; with this, however,
housekeeper did not think proper to ac-
int her lady at present, though, in an-
er to her inquiries, she told her that Stan-
e had been absent from home one night,
l Mrs. Colbrook did not fail to give Au-
ry many a sly hint on the subject; and as
e were sometimes given in the presence
the fair widow, they created a degree of
barrassment which otherwise he certain-
would not have felt about the matter.

tle loss to explore those
guileless one of Stanhope
ductions of his muse with
praised them so delicate
that he could not feel oth
flattered; her taste in p
cided with his; she part
raptures when he recited
passages of his favourite t
sation of the wintry storm
ble in the garden, or the
fair arm rested on his, w
voice repeated some som
hour or the scene; and
would converse on subjec
terature, and of taste, wit
so much app

hints of Honeywood, could not prevail on himself to think her society irksome, or to wish for less of it.

For the period before mentioned, Mrs. Colbrook beheld this intercourse between her daughter and her son's tutor without having the lynx-eyed suspicion of her nature called into action; but when Lady Bradshaw, perhaps designedly, became more condescending; and Stanhope in the natural frankness of his excellent disposition more familiar and unreserved, she felt all her surmises, her fears, and her jealousies awakened; if they exchanged a glance she was alarmed, if a smile she felt indignant, and a whisper threw her into agonies; but her apprehensions had soon more substantial nourishment to feed on; the weather was remarkably fine for the season of the year, and Lady Bradshaw, no longer confining herself to the precincts of General Colbrook's house, frequently took long rides on horseback; and not deeming her black attendant a sufficient escort, she chose also to have the

ion of Stanhope, and without ei
al or Mrs. Colbrook being consul
fine horse which had belonged to
ed Sir Marmaduke was brought f
aw-hall for his use.

unreserved intercourse led to
ery of other talents in this obscure
less young man, for which her l
und such employment, as gave g
nce to the parental and prudential

rant of the regard with which the fair widow felt inclined to honour him, the thrilling melody and tender cadence which accompanied

" That faithful heart should truly tell
" The secret charm, the tender spell,
" That bound it first to thee,"

could not fail to enlighten his understanding; however if he was either really or wilfully blind, Mrs. Colbrook was neither; she very much disapproved of all that was going forward, and spoke in strong terms to her daughter on the subject, ridiculing with pointed satire her want of taste and spirit in selecting for the associate of her amusements the humble tutor of her brother; her ladyship retorted with warmth, loudly asserting her undoubted right to choose her own company, and praising Stanhope in a way so galling to the feelings of Mrs. Colbrook, that, unable to command her displeasure, and finding she could make no impression on her headstrong daughter, she appealed to the General: that gentleman, who was of a mild and peaceable character, declined

expected, took this oppor-
ing the spleen of her lady by
she had learned from the negr
lative to the meeting at Br
Colbrook heard this account
emotions of astonishment and
remembered the circumstance
shaw's having been absent one
their stay at Margate, under
siness with Fenton, which d
Bradshaw-hall, and she knew
daughter's disposition to co
was indeed the fact, that he
requested Fenton to bring
Bromley to meet her; to h
prise and mortification, wh
of having ac

cumstance, adding with the most provoking nonchalance, "and I must confess I never passed a more delightful day; Stanhope is unquestionably one of the finest young men I ever was acquainted with; however, as I can neither enjoy his society nor that of any other person without being watched and catechized like a baby, you will excuse me, Madam, if I quit you rather abruptly and set off to-morrow morning for Bath."

Lady Bradshaw, though she appeared to have formed this sudden determination in consequence of her mother's assuming a right to censure her actions, was in reality influenced by several additional reasons; she was tired of the dulness of Richmond, and of the chill uniformity of General Colbrook's dwelling; at Bath she should shine as a celestial star, and be surrounded, flattered, and worshipped by men of the first fashion; at Richmond she should indeed leave one who, in the deep recesses of her heart, she preferred to them all; but this preference,

sociated itself in the mind
hope; of course her va
piqued, and perhaps mista
for the suggestions of reas
she thought she was obe
of the latter by quitting t
father-in-law, and seeking,
of Bath, to erase from he
of a man so infinitely her

Mrs. Colbrook, though
approved of her daughte
quiesced in it for the best
sons—she could not help
surprised by her

tion of respect; had Mrs. Colbrook suffered the matter to rest here, she would have acted wisely, but she unfortunately possessed one of those exuberantly active tempers which must be busied about something, even if they be doing mischief; and though she affected to exonerate her daughter, and to throw the whole blame on the united presumption of Fenton and Stanhope, she talked so long and so often to Wilson on the subject, that the housekeeper having the affair thus retained in her memory, and not being one of Lady Bradshaw's very ardent admirers, whispered it about amongst her acquaintance, until the meeting at Bromley was magnified into an elopement, an intrigue, and even a private marriage; and some worthy persons in the spirit of curiosity, and others in that of malice, retailed these reports back again to Mrs. Colbrook and Stanhope in such hints and inuendoes, that it became evident neither party could long maintain the relations of peace and amity with each other, but that an open rupture must ensue; in fact, Stanhope was by

and sarcastic hints of Mrs
some time past been ne
and now that the acidity
increased by the reports
found, in circulation con
ter and Stanhope, she not
with invectives concerni
presumption, but accomp
ambiguous threats of with
and protection.

Little were such threat
midate Auberry; his loft
spirit rose against oppressi
conscious innocence, he in
"Then, Madam, allow
"best thanks for all your f

"patronage and protection, give me leave "immediately to resign both." With these words he bowed and quitted the room, to make preparations for his departure; of this Mrs. Colbrook had timely notice given her by Wilson, and no sooner was she assured that he seriously intended leaving the house, than a new fear seized her—lest he should join Lady Bradshaw at Bath; and, full of this terrible idea, she hastened to the General, and told him all that had passed, and the dread which occupied her mind: General Colbrook, though at all times too politely acquiescent to contradict his lady, was never more seriously chagrined by any of those acts of dominion which she was in the habit of exercising, than on the present occasion; for he not only really esteemed Auberry, and entirely acquitted him of those charges with which the illiberal suspicions of Mrs. Colbrook stigmatizes him, but found him too useful an auxiliary in the important business of newspaper reading, to be relinquished without regret. "Stanhope going to "leave us!" he reiterated, "I am truly

foolish action, she took
tify herself in having c
to leave the house, asse
was but too true, thoug
lowed that the fault rest
tor) that Sheridan had m
gress under his tuition.

While they were debat
study door gently opene
tered; advancing to Ge
said in a tone at once fi
though highly polite a
"have ventured to intru
"Sir, to return you my
"grateful thanks for the
"kindness you have sh

" piness ; I value your good opinion, Sir, " and cannot quit your house without so- " lemnly assuring you that I have never de- " served to lose it." " You have never lost " it for a moment, Mr. Stanhope," returned the General, taking the hand which Auberry frankly, yet respectfully, held out to him, " but why should you go ?" This half-invitation to remain was effectually prevented from being enforced on the one hand, and accepted on the other, by the cold and forbidding glances of Mrs. Colbrook, for though when she obliquely threatened to withdraw her protection from Stanhope, she never expected that he would act upon that threat; yet since he had chosen to do so, she was determined not to allow him any possibility of rescinding his resolution ; for even the remote fear of his following Lady Bradshaw to Bath vanished before the nearer one of his remaining her inmate, but that he resolved not to be even for another night. " Circumstances compel me to " go, Sir," said he, then respectfully pressing his hand he released it, and after bow-

him a handsome present
salary, Auberry positive
refused the favour now of
fusal which, he was wel
brook by no means reg
a formal courtesy was all
of him at parting.

From the study he pr
den, where he shook h
vant pupil, who never
on him as now, when
no more be compelled t
structions. He next t
Wilson, who, [illegible]

happiness, and promised to forward his trunks according to his directions; while the inferior servants, to whom his polished and gentle manners had endeared him, fervently invoked on him the blessing of Heaven; and thus, after a residence of upwards of thirteen months, Stanhope quitted the house of General Colbrook. He went to the Talbot inn, and after waiting there about an hour, threw himself into the stage, and proceeded to London, his heart expanding and glowing with those feelings which the blessing of liberty, when newly recovered, never fails to impart; and his ardent imagination sketching in the vivid colouring of hope and fancy, the picture of literary fame and of literary honours, the road to which he believed now lay open before him.

WHEN the Richmond
the Strand, Stanho
neywood's lodgings in Su
his friend at home, who
his wonted kindness, and
glad to see him; Stanho
ed his hand, "I knew I
"ship and sympathy, wit
these few words spoke
the glow of his cheek,
brilliant eyes, Honeyw
mind was unusually agita
an inquiry into the cause
"General Colbrook, Hon
home immediately

was but imperfectly acquainted with the events which had taken place there during that period, but he knew enough of both Mrs. Colbrook and her daughter to conjecture what might be the case; in reply to what Stanhope said, he inquired whether he had quarrelled with General Colbrook? "No, "not with General Colbrook," he replied, "he has ever treated me with uniform kind-"ness; but Mrs. Colbrook's suspicious tem-"per I cannot bear." "What, is she afraid "that you have fallen in love with the fair "widow, Auberry?" said Honeywood, with a smile. "If she is, she suspects me of a "presumption that never entered my brain," returned Stanhope, "no, no, I have no-"thing to do with love;" but the soft sigh which swelled the bosom of Stanhope as he spoke, convinced Honeywood that he had *something to do with love*, and tenderly anxious for his happiness, he feared Lady Bradshaw might be its object. "Nothing to do "with love!" he repeated, "why, you are "the first poet that ever said so, for they "all carry on a great traffic with Cupid; but

" serve a rigid judgme
smiling, " but you shall

He then frankly det
every circumstance of t
day passed at Bromley
ing to exonerate Fenton
affecting to believe tha
sole motive for assuming
was a desire to remain a
the recent death of hi
passed on to his late ar
sleeping at the Belle Sa
Richmond next morning
appointment that there
ing missed a meeti

a manner as he could the reports which were, he understood, in circulation concerning her ladyship and himself; and concluded by relating all that had passed immediately preceding his quitting the house of General Colbrook.

All Stanhope's glossing could not reconcile Honeywood to Fenton's conduct in having assisted in such a scheme of imprudent duplicity, and he expressed his determination to lecture him severely on the subject, a determination which Stanhope well knew he would keep; in fact, he had a specimen of his talents for reproof in the serious manner in which he censured him, first for breaking his word with Mrs. Colbrook, and staying in London all night; and secondly, if he was resolved to stay there, for not coming to him, and sharing his bed, "for I should be "glad to know, Auberry," said he, "when "the expenses of your supper and lodging, "and your journey home next morning "were defrayed, how much you saved by "your economical plan of not having a

" accompanied Lady Bra
" ther to Bradshaw-hall
" ther at London or Ric
" not, Auberry?" said
a penetrating look. "
" nothing to me, Sir,"
gravely; " I admire her
" an accomplished wom
" the presumption to thi

Honeywood relied rat
unembarrassed look of
the words themselves,
his sincerity in this declar
replied, " you see the w
" give you credit for
" terms with the

" busy with her ladyship's fame, with what " justice she knows best ; however, I think " you have acted perfectly right in resent- " ing Mrs. Colbrook's suspicions, and re- " moving yourself from her house, and I " hope and trust that some situation more " productive of both honour, profit, and " comfort will soon present itself to your ac- " ceptance." " I do not wish for a situa- " tion," returned Stanhope ; " I cannot " again submit to the contempt and the ca- " price I have endured of late.—I will follow " your path, dear Honeywood," he conti- nued, while the fire of genius flashed from his intelligent eyes, " I will devote myself to " literature ; its labours will afford me the " few requisites I want, and in its pursuits " I shall find all the happiness I ever hope to " know." " Alas ! my dear boy," said Ho- neywood, emphatically, " it is an unfruit- " ful path ; the soil of Parnassus is poor " and sterile, and, like all barren soils, it " produces weeds in abundance ; laurels " indeed grow there, but they are seldom " attainable, few flowers, and still less fruit

smoothest and the
" that ever led to rank a
" you suffer the laurel t
" brow, and the venera
" of legal dignity, to b
" stead? would you ba
" for that of your grace
" ther would you bov
" Apollo or of Plutus? ir

" Canst thou forego
" In each fine sense
" On the dull couch o

" My dear enthusiast,"
laughing, " if I were to
" this world

" you to answer from your soul, Honey-
" wood," resumed Stanhope, " would you,
" or would you not, exchange the pleasures
" and the pains, the honours and the evils
" of authorship, for any distinction which
" wealth or rank can bestow?" Honeywood remained abstracted a few moments; he then said, " Stanhope, I will be sincere with
" you; the judgment cannot always decide
" theoretically how it should act if called
" into practice; but, to the best of my belief,
" I would not barter my literary knowledge,
" and the name of Author, for any other
" earthly distinction, or any other worldly
" title." " Then estimate my feelings by
" your own, Honeywood," returned Stanhope, with mild solemnity; " I also am
" resolved to devote myself to literature; a
" very little will suffice for all my wants; I
" shall be independent, and I shall be hap-
" py." " My dear boy," returned Honeywood, " I have no right to oppose your in-
" clinations, particularly when I set you the
" example in my own person; but I cannot
" suffer you to embrace the profession of an

r, without warning you that there
ny evils attached to it besides those
already enumerated; and now while
e our tea I will offer a few observa-
concerning them; you shall share
d to-night, Auberry, and to-mor-
e will consider this matter further."
e expressed his gratitude for this
r: Honeywood rang for tea, which
n placed on the table; and while
ntered over it, he pursued the sub-
ad been discoursing upon, to the fol-

" patronage, Auberry, much oftener makes
" its way without genius, than genius with-
" out it, in not only the poetical walk, but
" in the clerical, the legal, the military,
" and in short, every department of life;
" but at the same time the disciple of
" literature has one great evil to struggle
" with, which those of the other lines I
" have enumerated in all probability have
" not—nature has invariably allied high po-
" etical talents with very strong feelings, and
" the neglect and contempt which the can-
" didate for literary fame is too often fated
" to endure from titled or purse-proud igno-
" rance, frequently breaks his spirit, re-
" presses the flights of his genius, and per-
" haps ruins his peace and his health. Now
" I would particularly caution you, Stan-
" hope, against suffering your mind to be
" enervated and sunk to despondency be-
" cause no mighty hand is stretched forth to
" guide you into the road to honour; rely
" on the powers of your own mind; let
" your fortitude be unshaken, and your di-
" ligence and perseverance unwearied, and

title-pages and deduc
" thus urge you to exer
" principle, be not offer
" friend, if I caution y
" consciousness of supe
" you arrogant and sel
" ber, Auberry, that no
" not to pamper human
" and to instruct our fel
" eminent mental quali
" us: little, alas! have
" best of us to pride our
" good and every perfe
" they are the talents
" intrusted to our ca
" them we possess, th
" the scrutiny

"There is another point, Stanhope, to "which I would call your attention; some "authors when they have established themselves in the public favour, take no pains "to deserve its continuance, but, insolently relying on the high reputation they have "acquired, and willing to grasp the profits "of authorship, though they no longer "exert the talents and the industry which "merits praise and emolument, they either "insult the world with productions so vile "that no person of sense can read them "with patience, or with patchwork performances, consisting of scraps from all the "old writers, and even old magazines and "newspapers which they can lay hands "on; you smile, Stanhope, but I do assure "you this meanest species of book-making "is practised by writers both male and female, who pass in the world for persons "of extensive wit, talent, and information; "and to prove the truth of my statement, I "will by-and-by shew you a modern and popular publication, the celebrated author of "which has copied his pages nearly *verbatim*

" images, the sentiments
" but even the very pag
" temporary writers, into
" publish to the world a
" member when I was l
" daughter shewed me, t
" them was the fictitio
" nobleman and his fam
" rebellion—the commo
" restoration; the othe
" map of Heaven knows
" cated (no doubt to
" public favour!) to his
" Duke of Y——, and t
" had stolen from the wo
" tioned, which

"as if the feathers of the peacock could con-
"ceal the jackdaw—but you know the
"old fable, Auberry. Miss Honeywood
"told me also that this despicable woman
"(whose name I think begins with the let-
"ter G) had taken the same dishonest li-
"berty with the work in question, by
"transferring several parts of it to a book
"which she published as her own, but
"which was in reality a translation from
"the French, for which plagiarism she was
"exposed, as she deserved, in one of the
"London newspapers. Now, Stanhope,
"you will meet with all this; when the
"fruit of talents such as yours shall be given
"to the world, many petty wretches, with
"a poverty of intellect and want of princi-
"ple similar to that I have just been de-
"scribing, will strive to cut a figure by pil-
"fering from you; but, whenever this shall
"happen, hold those literary thieves in the
"contempt they deserve, and remember it
"will also be your duty to expose them to
"the scorn of the world whoever they may
"be.

ar I fatigue you with this long lec-
Auberry, but there is yet one more
to which I must request your atten-
most literary characters deem it ab-
ly necessary to profess themselves of
party in religion, in politics, and
in matters of speculative opinion;
othing can be more detrimental to
and more prejudicial to free inqui-
in thisparty spirit; he who thus binds
lf to any sect, enters into a tacit
ement to support its errors—for er-

ed to his attention; the remainder of the evening was passed in literary conversation, and at rather an early hour they retired to rest.

During breakfast next morning, Stanhope expressed an intention of writing immediately to Dr. Ingleby, conceiving some apology due to him for having so abruptly quitted the situation to which he recommended him; this Honeywood approved, but added, "Yet indeed, Stanhope, I must say that Dr. "Ingleby has done little to merit your gra-"titude, considering the magnitude of the "obligation which I understand he owes "you." He then inquired minutely into the particulars of the almost miraculous rescue of Miss Ingleby; and Stanhope instantly gave him a brief and modest detail of the whole; his friend paid the tribute of admiration which his courage and presence of mind justly merited; "And is Miss Ingle-"by handsome, Stanhope?" he inquired: the question was a natural one, uttered in a careless tone, and Honeywood no doubt ex-

a corresponding answer; but a fal-
" Y-e-s," in a voice unlike that of Stan-
a voice broken by a sigh, recalled to
y the suspicion he had formed the
ing day that his young friend was not
her a stranger to love, and the height-
olour of Auberry's cheek left him no
at a loss to guess its object. " She
have admirers in plenty then," he re-
, with a smile; "a beautiful woman with
ge fortune is generally surrounded by

resumed his seat, swallowed the remainder of his coffee, and placed the spoon in the cup, but the toast remained unfinished, and volumes could not more clearly have explained to Honeywood all that passed in his bosom; "Yet," thought he mentally, "it is only a boyish passion, which, having "for its object a lady so much his superior, "and who is already engaged, will soon "wear out in a commerce with the world; "pity but it had been otherwise, for then, "probably, it might have preserved him "from those habits of dissipation into which "his own excellent understanding and my "admonitory cautions will not, I fear, alto- "gether prevent him from falling."

Honeywood having furnished his friend with writing materials went out on busi- ness of his own, promising to return in an hour to accompany him in search of a lodg- ing. Thus left to himself, Stanhope set about penning an epistle to Dr. Ingleby; this he did in the most respectful terms he could devise, candidly stating as his reason

tting General Colbrook, that Mr
ed him of a presumption he had
n guilty of ; and as his asseverat
ocence had failed to remove her
, a sense of what he owed to hir
not suffer him to remain any lo
her roof ; what this alledged
on was Stanhope modestly left
to find out, aware that it would
is ears in some shape or other
rbore to hint at his present pla

This letter Stanhope dated from Honeywood's lodgings in Surry-street, thinking that if the Rector of Kirkford chose to honour him with a line, it would come best to his hands directed thither.

His next task was to write to his friend George; this he did with far less of reserve, detailing to him all that he had the preceding day said to Honeywood, and protesting in much stronger terms than he had used to that gentleman that he had never for a moment harboured a thought or even a wish of aspiring to Lady Bradshaw; possibly Stanhope was urged to this vehement protestation by a lurking fear that Julia would credit the reports which were in circulation concerning him and her ladyship; be that as it might, he certainly took more pains to vindicate himself to George than to the whole world besides.

When Honeywood returned, he found Stanhope ready to accompany him to look at a lodging which he had mentioned the

and only accommodatec
neywood was induced
Stanhope, for he was
to preserve his morals f
nated by an indiscrim
such society as he migh
lodging house. Auberr
accustomed to the qu
country, disliked the
London, and would gl
some of the villages nea
wood well knew wou
with the plan of life he
himself, as the booksell
attendance which, in a
would find it

events was happy that his new abode would both be so near him, and within so short a walk of the parks, where he might, when he had leisure, breathe the blessing of fresh air. In Mrs. Spearman, Stanhope could discern little of that dignified good sense and graceful sweetness of manners which renders age respectable and pleasing to youth; however Honeywood's recommendation was sufficiently satisfactory to both, and all matters were speedily adjusted between them.

Auberry dined with Honeywood at the Chapter Coffee-house, where he introduced him to two literary gentlemen, his particular friends; and in the evening he took possession of his apartment, where, under the direction of Honeywood, with whom he passed part of every day, he sedulously applied himself to finish his works. He soon felt himself comfortable in his new home; Mrs. Spearman was, in the whole, attentive and obliging; and in an orphan niece of her deceased husband, who resided with her, an agreeable, though not remarkably handsome,

an answer from George
rallying him in his wont
conquest of Lady Brads
said, he would venture
would one day be unite
him success in his litera
dially renewed the offe
Kirkford of his best ser
in any shape, and at an
him ; Stanhope read thi
pleasure, and was truly
which, amidst all his grie
given him two such fri
and George Ingleby; as f
tor of Kirkford, he n
with a single line. and

this indubitable proof that he disclaimed all further interference in his affairs. The same post which conveyed Stanhope's letter to Dr. Ingleby, carried one to that gentleman from Mrs. Colbrook, for as she could not induce the General to write exactly what she chose to dictate, she took the task entirely on herself; she assured him, "that Mr. "Stanhope had behaved extremely ill; that "he devoted much more of his time to a ri-"diculous taste for scribbling than to the in-"struction of her son; and, finally, she told "her worthy friend, as a secret, which for "the universe she would not have mention-"ed farther, that his presumptuous arro-"gance had even aspired to Lady Bradshaw!"

IMMEDIATELY prece
the before-mentioned
Mrs. Brindley and her s
village to join some frien
of course they arrived n
Stanhope's rupture with
while the reports concer
Bradshaw were in hig
Thornton, Mrs. Brindle
eminent counsellor, wh
London; to him Fenton
and in circles to which
ness introduced him, he
question; and on Brindl
he retailed them

in that species of mischief which consists in telling people disagreeable truths or untruths —no matter which—to excite painful feelings, or in vulgar language to *plague* them; such a string of intelligence as he now received was an inestimable treasure to him, and he resolved to wear it threadbare before he let it drop; at Bath he was soon introduced to Lady Bradshaw, and one morning, when alone with her ladyship, he took an opportunity of saying somewhat abruptly, "Pray, "Lady Bradshaw, can you inform me where "Mr. Stanhope now resides?" Three weeks absence had not cicatrized the little wound which the brilliant eyes of Stanhope had made in her ladyship's heart; but too completely mistress of her countenance to suffer her feelings to be read there, she rapidly mentioned several men of rank and fortune of the name of Stanhope, and inquired which of them Mr. Brindley meant? "None of them, "Madam," he drily replied, "I mean Au- "berry Stanhope, who was your brother's "tutor, and who is an old and intimate ac- "quaintance of mine—I was very much sur-

yours when I heard
" mond, for I though
" situated ; but betv
" Brindley, I fear he h
" up with Mrs. Colbroo
" —Now," she contin
chanting smile, " don'
" severe on either my n
" but indeed I believe
" on some trivial mi
" which perhaps both pa
" ly sorry." Brindley
" lieve Stanhope is too p
" be easily piqued by a
" say ;—perhaps, indee
" may have heard of h
" thinking it a ha

Lady Bradshaw, in despite of her address and dissimulation, could not so far conquer her feelings as to prevent a rising blush from mantling her cheek, and some degree of confusion becoming visible in her manner; she had heard, though not to their full extent, the reports which were circulated concerning herself and Stanhope, and had no hesitation in believing that Brindley now alluded to them; but too well read in the Chesterfield school to put on a cap because it fit her, she replied, though in rather a faltering voice, "Attachment, Sir! I never "heard that Mr. Stanhope was attached to "any lady, indeed I cannot pretend to be ac- "quainted with his affairs." Yet though her ladyship was half offended with Brindley for thus openly alluding, as she believed he did, to what was said concerning her and Stanhope, she felt a thrill of the heart, nearly allied to joy, when she reflected that his words seemed to imply that Stanhope was *attached* to her, for this she thought he must have learned either by a letter from himself, or from the communication of some other friend

talk of the world; Sta
" young fellow; he has
" but if the lady has suf
" thing will be wanting
" she undoubtedly has a
" which may very poss
" tained; he is, as I sa
" quaintance of mine, a
" terfere with any of m
" candidate for the la
" say I wish him success!
Bradshaw was now st
whatever partiality she
Stanhope, she had neve
ously contemplated th
him; but now, conclud
words, that he

thom, she coldly replied, "Your friend is "obliged to you for your good wishes, Mr. "Brindley; but as you acknowledge that "what you say is only grounded on com- "mon report, you will give me leave to ob- "serve that it is very improbable any lady "possessing a fortune, and authorized to "expect a title, will bestow herself upon "Auberry Stanhope." "Improbabilities, "Madam, nevertheless come to pass some- "times, especially in love affairs; I am well "assured that a lady so circumstanced is in- "clined to bestow herself upon Auberry "Stanhope; some little obstacles indeed "may exist; parents do not always see those "matters in the same light with their chil- "dren; but I believe your ladyship will agree "with me that ladies should consult their "own inclinations in those cases." "Why," she replied, with a condescending smile, "parents are sometimes too fastidious in "those matters; but really, Mr. Brindley, "you are a zealous advocate in the cause of "your friend; few young gentlemen thus "interest themselves for others of their own

what gratitude she c
she was at a loss to in
sitation, she said, " I
" the lady to be under
" gation to Mr. Stanh
" tion, Madam !" reit
ous tormentor, with
" surely your ladyship
" that Stanhope saved

Here the secret was
disappointed Lady Bra
entirely conceal her m
vent the diverted Brind
enjoying his triumph ; "
faltered out, "

sion.

While such was
with Lady Bradsha
cating nearly the wh
best exertions of his
of those works, in th
he had employed the
that his residence
him; of these he soo
a volume of poems,
both of which receiv
of Honeywood; whi
he read them over, fe
of conscious genius
with all the modest

pected that the world would not only admire them, but would cherish and reward their author; yet not for a pecuniary reward did Stanhope sigh; of that the little that sufficed for his moderate expenses was all he desired; it was that passion which was inherent in his nature, that unquenchable thirst for literary fame, which in his earliest infancy Mrs. Stanhope had implanted in his very soul, which now required gratification, and in this frame of mind, with his manuscripts in his pocket, and accompanied by Honeywood, he set out for the shop of a celebrated bookseller in Paternoster-Row.

The prime minister of Apollo received them with politeness; Honeywood introduced his friend, and opened the business they came upon; Stanhope produced his MSS. Mr. —— looked into the work here and there, ran his finger over the pages as if counting the number of lines—muttered some calculations—and then said, with "really, gentlemen, poetry does not sell "now; it is a mere drug in the market.

"y is possible in th
" ture ; if I can be
" giarism—if those
" thought, one senti
" ed unacknowledge
" I forfeit all pretens
" thor." "Oh, I
" Sir, not in the le
" me, Sir, but this
" relished now-a-day
" nothing but politic
" present ; try you
" young gentleman,
" of the question, an
" cess." Stanhope
sides of the question
him ; this Ha

"not the natural growth of his brain, for I "know he has never made politics his study; "but I think, my good Sir, you might ven- "ture to publish one or both of those MSS "without incurring the hazard of losing by "them, I have no doubt of their success." Mr. ——— did not assert his own doubts in words, but it required little skill in physiognomy to read them in his countenance; however, he told Stanhope that if he would leave the MSS with him he would look them over, and in about three weeks' time should be enabled to give him a final answer; Auberry of course complied, and both gentlemen took the hint to retire for the present.

Poor Stanhope could not conceal his chagrin at this ill-omened commencement of his literary career; he was abstracted during their walk to Surry-street, and when they entered Honeywood's apartment, his dejected countenance and unusual silence plainly betrayed his feelings; Honeywood read him a lecture on fortitude, but took care not to

" best works in our lang
" first offered to the books
" ed by them;" and he e
of the last age, from Tho
Blair's Sermons, and Mrs.
" and," added he, smiling
" thors cannot live upo
" while the fate of your
" ing, procure you some
" ther the *book-making* m
" some of the periodical
" in the meantime I advi
" ligently with your m
" Third."

Stanhope thanked his f
ed to be guided b

and perseverance, contained in the letter of his ever-lamented aunt, exerted himself to overcome the disappointment which his literary ambition received; when, at the appointed time, his MSS were returned to him with an assurance, "That they would "not do;" by the recommendation of Honeywood, he was soon engaged to write for a periodical publication (not a review) for which he was paid at the rate of two guineas a sheet, and was also, in conjunction with the last mentioned gentleman, employed in the compilation of a history of Ireland; and though these occupations afforded him but a scanty stipend, yet, in addition to the small stock of money he possessed, it sufficed for his present wants; but little as he had hitherto been accustomed to reflect on pecuniary subjects, he could not but be sensible that unless fortune proved propitious in some shape or other, he must, ere any very long period elapsed, feel, in its full extent, that heir-loom of authorship—poverty; however, he had now too many claims on his attention to trouble himself much with

had occurred which gave
ed him to walk up stai
apartment; he complied,
they were alone, he said i
"are playing the fool w
"girl, Stanhope." "Wh
ed with inexpressible su
"you mean?" "Nay, d
"nant, but hear me out,
"mean that this famili
"tween you will end in
"one side, if not both;
"deed whether your affec
"ed, but I presume you
"of marrying, and still
"Phebe Spearman, the

suppress a laugh ; " Why," he exclaimed, " do you suppose any female breathing " would fall in love with such a poor poet " as I am ; believe me, Honeywood, you " never apprehended any thing that was " less likely to happen." " Well," he returned, " I only warn you to beware that no " conduct of yours shall destroy the peace " or injure the fame of an amiable girl. I " will go no further; I have given you a " hint, and shall drop the subject;" he then spoke of other matters, and soon took leave.

Stanhope, when left to his own reflections, felt that his friend was in the right ; and for the future, though he behaved to Phebe with every degree of friendship and politeness, he avoided, as much as possible, all particular conversation with her, unless her aunt were present. His life of Edward the Third was soon completed, and on this occasion, a literary friend of Mr. Honeywood's recommended him to another publisher, a gentleman who candidly acknowledged the merit of the work, and readily undertook its

conduct in forcing his dau
riage she abhorred; it oc
her incessant ruminations
that if her father could be
his promise to Lord Mellis
be absolved from that v
had extorted from her; a
and unconnected life would
joy and ecstacy, for then
a time, have her preserv
sex; but in this plan, in
she never took into the
ty of Stanhope's marrying
long before she could assu
dreaded father
when a letter

CHAPTER V.

DURING this long interval, the tender and susceptible heart of Julia Ingleby was alternately torn and agitated by the galling chain of duty which was fated to bind her to Lord Mellinghurst, and by the united bonds of love and gratitude, which were perpetually drawing her towards the preserver of her life; and so visible an effect did these struggles produce on both her person and character, that it was impossible for any one who knew her intimately, to avoid observing the change; a hundred times a day did she resolve never more to suffer her mind to dwell on the idea of Stanhope, and a thousand times a day did she break this resolution; the hours she had passed in his society were treasured in her memory as the choicest of

" some? is he not the rep
" ancient and noble family
" large and unincumbered
" property immense?—sp
" will not be trifled with
" this audacious manner."
more of composure, Julia r
" true, Sir; but there are
" to matrimonial happines
" rank, and wealth; I nev
" of my cousin as when
" and I find our sentiments
" that, as I said before, I s
" ble in —" here Julia wa
the Rector's ringing the be

on the spot where he raised her from the ground, she has knelt and invoked on him the blessing of Heaven; when she passed the cottage, once the residence of his aunt, but now occupied by other inhabitants, a sweet yet painful feeling of mingled tenderness and regret thrilled to her soul; every field, every lane in the environs of the village, brought back to memory those happy days, when, resting on the arm of Stanhope, she listened to that melodious voice which drew such enchanting, such fascinating pictures of domestic happiness and peace; and when she returned to the drawing-room at the Rectory, every object recalled that ever-memorable evening when the interruption of her father's entrance severed the unfinished vow which hovered on the lips of Stanhope, to love her to the latest hour of his existence.

The frequent abstraction of Julia's manner, and that depression of spirits which she could not always conceal, Dr. Ingleby and Miss Maitland sagaciously attributed to the absence of her intended spouse whenever

" to live unmarried, if my
" far consult my happiness
Miss Maitland was about t
Rector prevented her, by
voice, " Julia, I will not b
" this ridiculous way; all
" nonsense about sentimen
" ships is nothing but a sub
" subterfuge; I am well co
" much more at the bottom
" after having been for year
" Earl of Mellinghurst; afte
" ly promised your mother
" wife—now to ask me to
" of honour which I have
" nephew, is a pr

forced expressions of regard which had at once pained and disgusted his daughter; when he offered some trifling observation on the letter, she said, in a voice almost stifled by emotion, "I fear, my father, I "shall never be happy with Lord Melling-"hurst, nor make him so; there is some-"thing dreadful to me in the very thought "of marrying so near a relative." No power of language can convey an idea of the astonishment with which Dr. Ingleby heard this declaration. "What!" he exclaimed, in a tone of blended surprise and anger, "the thought of marrying Lord Mellinghurst "dreadful to you—what is it you mean, "Julia? explain your meaning this moment, "I command you." Poor Julia, though nearly ready to sink to the earth, resolved to go through with this painful business; and with all the fortitude she could assume, she said, though in accents scarcely articulate, "My dearest father, suffer me to im-"plore you, as you love me and value my "happiness, to retract the consent you have "given to my union with my cousin; in-

" men, or *another man*, you
" before Lord Mellinghurst
" but it happens that I prefer
" hurst before all men as a husl
" and as you appear to dislike
" relationship which already su
" you and his Lordship, I sha
" for a new one by making
" and, sister, I call upon you t
" I solemnly pledge myself to
" union immediately on my ne
" in England."

Here the Rector stalked ou
without deigning to bestow
upon his suffering victim. who

apartment with a countenance of the most deadly rage.

Miss Maitland obeyed the summons, and the Rector, after leading her to a chair, and closing the door, said, "I am sorry, sister, "to trouble you on so ridiculous a business, "but I think it is fit you should witness "your niece's folly; Miss Inglebly chooses "to declare that she shall be wretched if she "marries Lord Mellinghurst:" Miss Maitland's surprise now equalled that of her brother-in-law; "Wretched if she marries Lord "Mellinghurst!" she vociferated in her turn; "what do you mean, Julia? what is "to make you wretched?" "A union with "a man whose sentiments and modes of "thinking are entirely different from my "own, Madam," she replied; "besides, I "think the relationship of first cousins is "too near a one for the parties to marry." "Well! I never heard such stuff in my days "before! when did you find all this out? "one would think you had never known "till to-day that Lord Mellinghurst and you

by the wisdom and experi
friends.

In this state were matters
when the letters of Mrs. Coll
hope were put into Dr. In
the worthy Doctor had
Stanhope; in recommending
Colbrook he had, he conce
thrown off that mantle of c
neither sat easily nor gracefu
and now to have dishonou
recommendation, was a spe
which merited not benefit o
all the asperities of his nat
action against the audacious

reading near one of the windows, "Here," he exclaimed as he entered, "is an epistle "from Mrs. Colbrook about Mr. Stanley," he pronounced the name with tremendous emphasis, and it acted like electricity on the ears of Julia, the book fell on her lap, and she raised her eyes to her father, who proceeded, "he has had the presumption— "could you have believed it, sister—he has "had the presumption to aspire to—Lady "Bradshaw!" The deadly paleness of the grave stole over Julia's lovely face, but an instinctive feeling prompted her to raise up her book, which her trembling fingers could scarcely hold: "What," cried Miss Maitland, her eyes and mouth widely extending with surprise, "aspire to Lady Bradshaw, the rich young widow—an impudent "puppy—Julia, what is the matter, Julia?" Poor Julia vainly tried to express her emotion, but unable to accomplish the task, she threw down the novel she held, and, turning into tears, covered her face with her handkerchief, and rushed out of the room.

ere! Brother!" cried Miss Maitland, agacious nod of the head, "now is for you;—I told you so." "Why, " cried the Doctor, as if ignorant neaning, which, by the way, he did oose immediately to comprehend, can be the matter with her?" "In English, brother, the matter is this; daughter likes her *preserver*, as she him, far better than her cousin Mellinghurst, and so the news you

towards her, and while she perused
ıe traversed the apartment with a
ance, if possible, more furious than
had worn when Julia first declared
ıgnance to a union with her titled
. "Presumption you have never
ıuilty of!" exclaimed Miss Maitland,
e had read Stanhope's epistle, "it ap-
to me that you have the presump-
o try your chance with every lady
come beside." "An impertinent
drel!" cried the Rector, proceeding
k his vengeance on the poor letters,
e first crumpled together in his hand,
committed to the flames.

e solitude of her own apartment
ely indulged her tears; "Oh, Au-
she sighed, "have you so soon for-
ı me, so soon offered your vows to
er!—yet did not I reject him, did
forbid him to love me, and shall I re-
ecause the preserver of my life will
py; but is it happiness which Stan-
now seeks? is it not rank and wealth

h he wooes? ah, no, no," she sighed,
fresh tide of tenderness and grief
to her heart, "his noble nature
d never bow to either rank or wealth;
ves Lady Bradshaw, or never would
ek her alliance:" she then vainly re-
that she had not so far controlled
lings as to have perused Mrs. Col-
s letter, for as to the other letter
she had seen in her father's hand, she

her aunt, with a satirical smile. "I—I really "don't know," she falteringly replied, "I "suddenly felt myself very unwell." "You "don't know—but I know—it was because "you heard of your *preserver's* attachment "to Lady Bradshaw!" If Julia could have replied, which in fact she could not, time was not allowed her, for the door opened, and the Rector made his entrance, advancing to his daughter with a sternness of aspect which he had never worn before, stern as he had ever been, he said in a voice of thunder, "Answer me instantly, I command "you, Julia, what caused those tears in "which you left the room after dinner?" As well might the Doctor have invoked a reply from the portrait of Bishop Stillingfleet, which hung opposite to him, as from Julia, who could scarcely support herself from falling to the floor. "You need not inquire, "brother," said Miss Maitland, with ironical composure, "I told you the cause of Miss "Ingleby's tears, and I have now explained "it to herself." In a voice hollow with rage, the Rector replied, "If I were assured that

not choose immediatel
" what can be the matte
" plain English, brother,
" your daughter likes h
" styles him, far bette
" Lord Mellinghurst, an
" came in with has sent
" lady out of the room i
" sible!" vociferated th
" daughter degrade hers
" a thought on a fellow v
" has no rank, no for
" tion in society; a m
" placed in a situation
" not behave himself; if
" ble of such meanness
" from me." " It is ev
lady " Miss B

narried." "And that," vociferated the ctor, "that I have sworn she shall be, mmediately on Lord Mellinghurst's arri-al in England, and I here renew my ath; and for you, infamous girl, I com-mand you on your duty and obedience ever again to mention the name of Stan-hope in my presence." Here the matter ted for the present, nor was it again re-ted to, except in Dr. Ingleby's satirical ers and Miss Maitland's coarse invec-s, until the return of the Brindleys from th.

" tions; not from your fa
" and neither your mothe
" ever formed such mean, s
" ments." There is a poin
beyond which the meekest
submit to be urged; Julia f
indignant, and with all the
she could assume, she said,
" heard me express any rega
" hope, beyond what I owe
" saved my life, when I mi
" ed for any exertion my
" save me; he possesses my f
" and sincere good wishes,
" crime to cherish those sen
" crime which I shall

"old age, brought on by a long residence "in this climate; he is a second time a wi- "dower; his two sons both hold commis- "sions in the company's army, in which "the eldest has already attained the rank of "captain, and, if report speaks true, is so "attached to every species of expense that "he is very likely to dissipate the large for- "tune which the old gentleman unquestion- "ably possesses." This intelligence made little impression on Stanhope, though Mr. Auberry was his nearest surviving relative; the cruel treatment his parents had received from him, had steeled his heart to every filial feeling; for his maternal uncles, whom he had never seen, and probably never should see, he could not be supposed to feel any regard; himself was interdicted from ever visiting India, and as to his grandfather's wealth he cared not to whom it should descend, or by whom it might be squandered.

The first volume of Mrs. Stanhope's manuscript was now completed, and Auberry

ed, he had the mortifica
milar refusal, which chag
more than the rejection of
own could have done; at
seller by whom he was e
for the magazine, offered
Stanhope closed with his t
casion he acted rather aga
of Honeywood, who woul
wait until he received an e
a person of greater respe
natural impatience of yout
and he too readily resign
the hands of a person of w
integrity he could know w
was a man of insinuating a
fair promises, and the uns

that any one would take advantage of him. Honeywood knew mankind better, and warned Stanhope to be on his guard; "I "am acquainted with a person," he said, "who once put some manuscripts into the "hands of a provincial bookseller, who "faithfully promised to divide the profits, "and submit all the accounts to the author's "inspection, but when the works had been "published several years he had recourse to "a thousand shuffling ways to evade a set-"tling, and I do not know whether my "friend has yet obtained one." Stanhope felt some uneasiness at this depressing intelligence, but he still thought so well of human nature as to be under little apprehension that the person to whom he had given up his aunt's manuscript would act thus by it.

The time at length arrived when his Life of Edward the Third was announced to the world: Stanhope felt all the trembling anxieties of a young author, but alas! the tone of his nerves was not fated to be destroyed

Stanhope, now freed fr
bour, except that which
allotted him, turned his t
writing a novel, a task for
imagination, and the purity
principles, eminently fitte
wood, when he first menti
to him, laughed and said,
" ed and a beaten track,
" scarcely be possible to ke
" view, neither perhaps if it
" would originality be reli
" that only two kinds of n
" able at present, namely
" mers, autumns, and spri
" at Bath or at Brighto

" rade, at which a mysterious figure wrapt in
" a long cloak must haunt your hero or
" heroine like their shadow, and after whis-
" pering some portentous warning in their
" ear, vanish without being seen by any
" other person; and be sure you do not
" forget to grace the entertainment with
" the presence of a royal personage, and to
" illuminate the scene with innumerable va-
" riegated lamps most elegantly and taste-
" fully disposed. If you choose the more
" sublime regions of Romance, it will be
" proper to conduct your heroine, with a
" lamp in her hand, down a tottering stair-
" case, and through a range of damp vaults
" to a chapel, where the form of her mother,
" habited in white, is kneeling before an al-
" tar; and beyond all, do not fail to repeat
" the words *Inexplicable Mysteries* at least
" ten times in every page!"

We will not so far insult the judgment of Stanhope as to suppose he did not profit by those valuable instructions; be that as it might, the novel was soon finished, and of-

Stanhope's feelings was no
wear off, and, inured to disa
bore it much more magnanii
had done at the commencen
rary career; not discouragec
cess of his first application
cond in another quarter, bu
with "Sir, we make it a ru
"lish novels, unless to oblige
"ticular friend;" a third an
were equally unsuccessful, an
compelled to give up the poi
though, author-like, he was o
ning to build castles in the a
cipate the pleasure he should
offspring of his brain sh

he saw his Life of Edward the Third reviewed in the ****** ****** where it was treated with unmerited contempt, and finally pronounced to be "One of those works "which have little to censure, and as little "to commend."

Poor Stanhope was absolutely in the vapours for several days about this terrible business, but Honeywood only laughed at him, telling him that anonymous critics were not worth minding, and bidding him remember what Dr. Johnson said when he expected his Lives of the Poets to be criticised, "I had rather be attacked than unnoticed. "For the worst thing you can do to an au"thor is to be silent as to his works." Honeywood was indeed a most valuable friend to Stanhope; he was the guide and the monitor of his inexperienced youth, and Stanhope had generally the good sense to submit to his directions; Auberry had insensibly become so much attached to the study of metaphysics, that he would sit whole days in his own room, occupied, abstracted, and,

" nope," he said, " I positive
" study of metaphysics until y
" pleted your fortieth year; a
" have seen enough of life ar
" to value faith and hope a
" blessings; but the early stu
" lacious science too often
" precious lights of the soul,
" to wander in unprofitable
" one whose faith is confirme
" sics, one hundred are made
" or visionaries; and I hav
" known any person whose
" reasoning faculties were im
" a use of them."

Stanhope, though conv

metaphysical works except now and then as a source of amusement. Little of moment now occurred to Stanhope for some time, excepting that his lodging became less pleasant than it had been, in consequence of Mrs. Spearman's marriage with a man of the name of Lawson. This person had lived in the capacity of butler in the family of Sir Marmaduke and Lady Bradshaw, and had been a confidential servant of the latter. Lawson, like many persons in his station, and in fact in all stations of life, was fawning and pliant to his superiors, and insolent even to oppression towards those over whom he could with impunity exert power; Stanhope, from the commencement of their acquaintance, disliked him, but it was rather from his general character and conduct, than from any marked incivility in his behaviour to himself.

THE first visit which Bri
return to Kirkford was
house ; without any appe
he sought an opportunity
aside, and after the inter
sentences, said, somewhat a
" Miss Ingleby, have you h
" fortune of your old fri
Prepared as Julia was to b
hope had formed an attac
Bradshaw, she did not doul
ed to it, but not choosin
knowledge of the matter, sh
in rather a faltering voice,
" not heard of any particula

wickedly-mischievous tormentor, "for Au-
"berry is either actually married, or on the
"very point of being so, to the beautiful
"and accomplished Lady Bradshaw; you
"know she is her own mistress, of course
"there can be no control, and her fortune
"I am well informed is not less than seven
"thousand a year." The paleness of Julia's cheek could scarcely be exceeded by that which overspread it at the moment Stanhope preserved her life; she could not so far dissemble, as to express a pleasure she was at an infinite distance from feeling, but compelled to say something, she stammered out an inquiry whether Brindley saw Stanhope when he were in the south? "Not
"I," he replied, "my engagements were
"so numerous, and his so important, that
"we never met; I'll leave you to judge,
"Miss Ingleby," he added, lowering his voice, and looking serious, "I'll leave you
"to judge how important they are, when
"I assure you on my word of honour,
"that he and the fair widow were away
"together somewhere all night, about six

he might have waited
receiving one from M
" you know Lady Bra
was the next question.
fort to articulate a faint
ley rejoined, " She is t
" Stanhope, I never saw
" alike; you will have to
" gratulation when you
" Ingleby; I find the br
" which ever she may be
" mire you, for she aske
" fair intended of the Ear
" I saw she longed to h
" courage and intrepidity
" and so you may be sure

"ance to aspire to Lady Bradshaw?" "Oh "no, no, my dear Sir," interposed Brindley, as if anxious to correct a mistake, "Stanhope never aspired to Lady Bradshaw, but Lady Bradshaw would most "willingly have descended to Stanhope; "yet, strange to tell, he has rejected all her "advances, but for what cause is best "known to himself; there must be a very "sufficient reason I should suppose." "You "are mistaken, Mr. Brindley, palpably mistaken indeed," interrupted the Rector, "can you imagine that Lady Bradshaw "would bestow a thought on such a fellow "as Stanhope?" "Nay, my good Sir, I "cannot only imagine it, but I am certain "that it is so, for I have conversed with "Lady Bradshaw herself on the subject; "but it is not that her Ladyship fell in love "with Stanhope that I wonder, for he is a "handsome fellow, and since your chimneys "fell down, Doctor, the ladies have all been "dying for him; but I wonder, and wonder much, why he rejected such a woman "and such a fortune; but indeed I suspect-

gout generally compelled hi
the immediate precincts of
ing; they conversed on
agricultural subjects, until
their perambulations they
tage once the residence of
and her nephew, when B
exclaimed, "Pray, Doctor,
"me what is become of
"hope?" "Not I, indeed,
replied the Rector in a p
dignant that he should be s
of giving any information a
ficant a being; and yet ea
spleen against the absent
"haved very ill, very ill
"very respectable and

up the images of Stanhope and Julia, a post-chaise and Gretna-Green, hastened to his privy-counsellor, Miss Maitland, to consult on the best means of preventing so dreadful an evil as a union between a daughter of their august house, and a poor poet.

In this state were matters when the close of summer brought George Ingleby to Kirkford; the Rector, as may be imagined, resolved to lose no time in acquainting his son with Stanhope's misdemeanors; accordingly, the morning after his arrival he said, as they sat at breakfast, "Well, George, have "you heard how that insolent fellow, that "Stanhope has behaved in the situation to "which my goodness recommended him?" With the warmth of true friendship George instantly replied, "If any one has accused "him to you, Sir, of misbehaviour, be as-"sured they have done him injustice, for he "acquits himself on all occasions, and in "every situation, with the strictest propri-"ety." "Propriety!" repeated the Doctor with a strong sneer, "You are ignorant then

" person to her family."
" It is indeed to be lamen
" convinced they have use
" ill ; and as to the presum
" him of, I can assure you
" except in the jealous su
" Colbrook ; Stanhope no
" Lady Bradshaw as a l
" who never saw her in my
telligence conjured up a fres
etude in the mind of the
it seemed to corroborate
had told him, that the attac
on the side of the lady ; bu
knowledged himself to be
he persisted in asserting th
in reality sought to aggrandi
alliance with the

father's pertinacity and callousness to conviction, flew up stairs, and returning with the letter which Stanhope had written to him on the subject, read it aloud.

Strong and violent were the emotions of Julia, while her brother was reading the epistle; she clearly saw that Bradshaw had imposed upon her a string of falsehood concerning Lady Bradshaw and Stanhope, for she was now convinced in her own mind that the whole affair had no other origin than the suspicions of Mr. [illegible] Auberry's absence from [illegible] was accounted for, and [illegible] derstand from many parts of [illegible] his letter, that his heart had [illegible] ed from her; but she [illegible] newed her engagement with [illegible] hurst, for she had [illegible] and ceased to make [illegible] intended union. She [illegible] was separated from [illegible] past circumstances [illegible] brance rushed to her [illegible]

contrary effect on her father
it contained augmented h
his terrors, that Julia and S
ciprocally attached to each
she left the room, unable to
he exclaimed, not exactly
coming his profession, "
"the fellow! I always hate
"ter my doors; and now,
"see the consequence of h
"him here, he has ruined
"sister, she has the mea
"the wickedness—and a v
"ness it is—to be attache
"tune-hunter, when she is
"engagement to the Earl

each other beyond esteem, had never once occurred, was absolutely mute with surprise; yet a few moments devoted to the recollection of past circumstances, convinced him that his father's assertion was not altogether without foundation, and the conviction gave him considerable pain; had it depended on himself to have bestowed Julia on Stanhope, and to have given them a competency, an hour would not have gone by until he had done so: but Julia, he well knew, could never become the wife of Stanhope, even though the insurmountable bar of his poverty and obscure situation did not exist, for her engagement with her cousin he was aware would never be cancelled; in reply to his father, he strenuously vindicated Stanhope from the accusation of having endeavoured to gain the affections of Julia, but for the future he forbore to speak to her of Stanhope, lest it should nourish an attachment, which, under existing circumstances, it was a folly to indulge: however, he continued to correspond with Auberry, nor

faithful attendant, was abo
ed to a young man, to who
long engaged, and removed
the neighbourhood of L.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHILE these transactions were taking place at Kirkford, Lady Bradshaw had returned from Bath, and settled herself in an elegant villa in the vicinity of Kensington, where, it was soon intimated to Stanhope, he would at all times be a welcome guest; yet not from Lady Bradshaw herself did this intimation appear to come; Fenton was frequently asking him in a way between jest and earnest, to accompany him on a visit to her ladyship; and Lawson was perpetually wondering that he did not look in to inquire after her health, since her arrival in the neighbourhood of town, as the high terms of respect and esteem in which she always mentioned Mr. Stanhope, certainly demanded such a return of politeness from him; so

rambles, he either did not,
to see any reason why Lady
ing fixed herself in their vi
clude him from visiting
haunts.

One evening, towards th
ber, a season in which the
was ever alive to soft an
sions, he strolled towards
when the distant sound of
his ear, he turned to retra
wards, for he had been
cold during the day, and
what chilling; he was pa
of the fields behind Holl

from whence the sound proceeded, that he might fly to the assistance of the sufferer: the shriek was repeated, and as it evidently came from the adjoining meadow, Stanhope leapt the fence, and hastened to the spot; the moon, which in the early part of the evening had shone with vivid brilliancy, was now much clouded, but still its light was sufficient to enable him to distinguish a lady struggling in the grasp of a ruffian, who was in the act of tearing her bracelets from her arms; "Desist, infamous villain!" exclaimed Stanhope, as he rushed forwards to seize him; with the cowardice usually allied to guilt, the robber started from his prey and fled; Auberry pursued, but the ruffian had the advantage of ground, and before he could come up with him, he cleared the fence, and ran with velocity down the turnpike. Stanhope was about to pursue him, but was prevented by the lady, who exclaimed with vivid emotion, while she pressed his hand and clung to his arm, "Oh, "have I indeed the felicity to find my deli- "verer in Mr. Stanhope?" The voice dis-

that of Lady Bradshaw ; felicitated himself on this ly as her ladyship did, car ed, but he possessed too politeness, and humanity, t doing any thing that migh mate her spirits and assure tection ; a considerable tim she either was, or chose t recovered as to proceed assistance of his arm toward which was upwards of a distant from the spot, whe tunately come to her res their walk she was too m account for having been

" owe you! how, how shall I ever repay it?" expressions which were repelled on the part of Stanhope by energetically disclaiming all merit, and all title to thanks; but thanks she persisted in paying him, and accompanied them with many a glance of grateful tenderness, which beamed with resistless fascination from her beautiful eyes.

When they reached the dwelling of Lady Bradshaw, Auberry would have bade her good night, but she urged him to walk in with such irresistible sweetness, that he could find no words of denial. " You would " be surprised to see me alone, Mr. Stan- " hope," said her ladyship, after they were seated; " Miss Darley left me last night on " a short visit to a relation in Berkshire, " and to-day having dined without compa- " ny, I was tempted by the beauty of the " evening to stroll through the fields as far " as Sir John Stanley's; James attended me, " but on my return I sent him a little out " of the way to the cottage of a poor woman " who is ill;" here the becoming sigh of

ty swelled her ladyship's lovely bo-
I had no apprehensions," she resum-
ıd was walking leisurely along, some-
abstracted in thought, when the
h from whom you rescued me, burst
gh an opening in the fence, and pe-
:orily demanded my money; terrifi-
yond expression, I mechanically held
ıy purse; the robber snatched it, and
ng so, I suppose my bracelet caught
:ention; he was proceeding to tear

"at this your first visit? but why," she added in a still softer accent, "why is it the "first, why have you never called to in-"quire after my health?" Auberry stammered out an apology, which was only admitted on his promising to be more sociable in future, and they took their seats at table, when Stanhope, though far from well in health, and having little inclination to eat, could not refuse the fowl and ham which the fair hand of Lady Bradshaw presented; nor avoid drinking her health in the claret which crowned her hospitable board; as the hours wore over, conversation became less restrained; all the easy familiarity of their former intercourse, when dwelling under the same roof at Richmond, was restored, and Stanhope felt less and less inclined to wish himself away, or to break up this tête-a-tête party; the fair widow, now in second mourning, never looked more strikingly beautiful, and Stanhope was too young, and too susceptible, to behold a form so lovely, and listen to a wit so brilliant without feeling some sentiment of admiration; well

y Bradshaw know how to lead such
rsation as accorded with the refined
ıer guest, and so much did they both
say on every subject, that it was
he morning when Stanhope rose to
ve ; her ladyship could not then
stay, but she said, while a gentle
ke her regret at parting, " Mr. Stan-
I am going to beg a very great fa-
but I know your goodness so well,
flatter myself you will excuse the
I take—my library here has never

ship by one o'clock, that they might devote the morning to their literary labour, and then took leave, firmly, though politely, declining the earnest solicitation of Lady Bradshaw that he would use her carriage to convey him home.

All that was pleasant and healthful of the evening was gone, and the chill dew of the night was augmented by a heavy autumnal fog; by the time he got to Piccadilly, he felt that his clothes were damp, and conscious that he already laboured under a severe cold, he quickened his pace as much as possible, and reached his lodgings soon after two o'clock; his knock was answered by Lawson himself, who seemed very much out of humour at being disturbed; Stanhope apologized, but was too much hurt by his petulance, to explain where and why he had been detained; on entering his apartment, the first object he saw was a parcel of papers, together with a letter from Honeywood; by this he learned that he had been to seek him twice in the course of the evening, the last

three hours, but he was t
exhausted to enter on s
resolved on going imme
rising early in the mornin
task, but he could find n
was racked with an agoniz
frame glowed with a he
rest was only a feverish sl
he started in wild horror,
idea that he heard the voi
aunt calling on him; he
curtain, but all was dark
the partial wandering of hi
soon dissipated, and all t
the preceding evening rus
he recollected his engage
Bradshaw, and the literar

he continued so, it would not be in his power to either attend her ladyship, or fulfil the task Honeywood had assigned to him; rest he thought might restore him, and endeavoured to compose himself to sleep; but sleep had fled his pillow, and from four o'clock till six, all he could obtain was a few moments of transient broken slumber; at six he quitted his bed; his temples throbbed with pain, and his pulse was high and feverish, but ill as he was he sat down to his writing-desk, and persevered until he finished his work, though not entirely to his own satisfaction; he then dispatched it to the printer by a boy who he often sent on such messages; and as he felt himself totally unable to make the exertion of arranging Lady Bradshaw's library, he charged the youth to return to him when he had delivered the papers, intending to dispatch him to Kensington with a note of apology to her ladyship.

Phebe Spearman now brought him his breakfast, but Stanhope had no appetite to

and, seriously alarmed fo
ly besought him to hav
smiled at her fears, and
to have a medical perso
"will you suffer my a
"your?" questioned Ph
"sure," he replied.

Mrs. Lawson, on Ph
case, paid him a speedy
him to return to bed, a
water, which she would
him; "You were too
"Mr. Stanhope," said
"are very hurtful." A
cated himself by saying,
ed by an unavoidable

shaw; assigning the true cause—indisposition—for not keeping his appointment, and expressing his intention to take the earliest opportunity to attend her ladyship; but in thus engaging himself he felt a pang of conscience added to his other sufferings, for aware as he was of Lady Bradshaw's partiality for him, her numerous attractions, and dubious character, he could not but be sensible that in thus courting her society he was indulging a vanity which might end in a passion for an object he could not esteem, however highly he might admire her.

Having sealed his note, he waited in anxious expectation of the boy's return, but half after eleven came without bringing him back; there was no further time to lose, and Stanhope was compelled to go in search of Lawson, to explain to him shortly that he was to have dined with Lady Bradshaw, but was prevented by illness from keeping his appointment, and to request that he would procure some person to go to Kensington with a card of excuse; Lawson,

few scruples about giving
he knew that he was fre
Bradshaw's, and might n
another errand there bei
which he commissioned t
him the note, and having
might be denied to every
neywood, he retired to
could find no repose; nei
cautions, nor Mrs. Lawsc
of any avail, and with his
rather increased than din
about five o'clock, and se
Phebe would make him so
brought it up he detained
it; he thought it ref-

"Sir," said he, and before Auberry could recover from his astonishment, the lovely widow was at his side; while Lawson, beckoning his niece from the room, retired and closed the door. "Oh, Mr. Stanhope!" exclaimed her ladyship, while she gracefully laid her left hand on his arm, and placed the other on her heart, "how can I express the "concern I felt when your note informed "me that you were ill; I fear you caught "cold last night in walking home so late; "oh, Auberry!" she added, in a voice of softened tenderness, "to you I owe perhaps the preservation of my life, but dear"ly will it be purchased if it be at the price "of your health." It will not be supposed that Stanhope, not yet twenty-one, heard himself thus addressed, and met the soul-seducing glance of Lady Bradshaw's beautiful eyes, without feeling some thrill of the heart; the cautions of Honeywood, the voice of prudence, and even the image of Julia Ingleby faded before the impulse of the moment, and softly taking the fair hand which rested on his arm, he was beginning to reply

cheek, and his brilliant
gleam of more than us
neywood started with su
ing his self-collection in
ed to the middle of the
both parties involunta
his stern glance; the
flushed a deeper crimson
impulse of the momen
quished the hand he he
tures of Lady Bradshav
pression of winning so
ing on Honeywood a
tempt, she said to Auber
perfect composure of v
" Good night, Mr. Stanh
" sincere wishes for you
" rejoice to see you

with a haughty step out of the room: "I "shall embrace the first opportunity of at- "tending your ladyship," replied Stanhope, as he followed her out; he took her hand to lead her down stairs; she resigned it with a smile of mingled tenderness and sweetness, but in the next moment, as if then first noticing the burning heat of his, she started convulsively and exclaimed, "Oh, "Auberry, you are very ill, for my sake "have advice; oh, Stanhope, mine is not "the first life you have preserved, but no "heart ever owned the obligation like "mine!" she then hastily withdrew her hand and hurried along the passage, drooping her head, as if the darkness of the evening were not sufficient to conceal her confusion, and as if conscious she had said too much; she had indeed said too much; skilled as she was in the workings of the human heart, she could not appreciate the refinement of that which beat in the bosom of Auberry Stanhope; in thus calling up the idea of Julia Ingleby, her ladyship overshot her mark; Stanhope's vivid imagination

balance it. They had r
and Stanhope again to
visitant to lead her to
she would not permit;
"ture into the air,"
"in I charge you, and
"good night, good ni
"to-morrow;" she p
released it, and, sprin
was gone in a moment.

CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Stanhope returned to his apartment, he found Honeywood walking up and down in it with hurried steps, and with a countenance on which a considerable degree of concern was depicted; Stanhope saw his suspicions, yet, proud in conscious innocence, he would not stoop to deprecate them, but sitting silently down by the fire, he leaned his throbbing head against the mantle-piece, and with a firm unshrinking aspect raised his eyes to meet the stern glance of his friend, the silence continued unbroken for some minutes; Honeywood then stopped on his walk, and said in a serious and impressive tone of voice, "Oh, Au-"berry, how grieved am I to see this!" "To "see what, Sir?" questioned Stanhope. "To

" tion," retorted Honey
changing to angry contem
" tion with that abandone
" so?" Stanhope calmly
" you bring an accusatio
" against any one, Sir, yo
" have some shadow of pro
" Proof, Sir!" reiterated
" not her appearance alone
" bed-chamber proof suffi
" Sir, it is no proof at all
" have chosen to alledge it
" to both Lady Bradshaw
" my own, to declare that
" five minutes in the room
" ed it." " Then y

was tempted to reply in the same strain, but the reflection that it was Honeywood's real regard for him which prompted this rigid scrutiny into his actions, calmed his resentment, and in accents of indifference he replied, "Lady Bradshaw did not take her "tea with me, Sir; I had a friend with me "when her ladyship came in." "And why "did she come in, pray?" questioned Honeywood. Stanhope could no longer maintain his gravity; "Upon my word, I suffer "myself to be finely catechised," he laughingly exclaimed; "why, Sir, if you must "know, a trifling incident, which I shall pro- "bably relate to you when we are more at "leisure, led me into company with Lady "Bradshaw yesterday evening; she then "asked me to assist her in the arrangement "of some books; I certainly could not re- "fuse so trifling a request, and was to have "been with her this morning for that pur- "pose, but feeling myself too unwell to ven- "ture out, I sent Lawson to apologize, and, "on his representation of the matter I sup- "pose, she did me the unmerited, and to

" I fear you are not to
" a seductive siren as I
" not conceive that it
" choice of books, Aub
" hold her hand in both
" her with a countena
" if I may use the exp
" vanity are dangerous
" Stanhope; your only
" in retreat, for I propo
" sist in often seeing L
" end in—" "Prithee
" have done with the s
Stanhope, "I am ill t
" bear lecturing—what
" hand?" he added, pu
Honeywood, who retu

Stanhope replied, "that he was indisposed
"yesterday, but believed he was now more
"seriously indisposed than he had at first
"apprehended;" his friend was about to in-
sist on his having advice, when Lawson en-
tered to inform Honeywood that a young
woman was below stairs who requested to
speak to him immediately; he followed him
down, and found that it was the maid-ser-
vant of the house where he lodged, who
told him that a person from Ireland was wait-
ing to see him on business of the highest mo-
ment: the heart of the parent instantly
caught the alarm, and dreading that some
accident had befallen his daughter, he flew
up stairs for his hat, stopping only to ask
Stanhope why and whither he was going,
to caution him to take care of himself, and
to promise that he would return in the
course of the evening: he then hastened
home, and Stanhope, obeying his injunc-
tions, sought his pillow, but could find no
repose.

In about an hour he received a note from

having taken fright; th
ed on the spot, and M
her right arm fracture
ed that he was that mo
companied by his broth
head, on their way to
ed as were his feelings c
count, he yet could bre
er of sincere friendship
very, and write him an
care of himself; but th
ed to observe this charg
of no avail; he could n
and when Lawson visit
morning, he found him
raving wildly about his

the gate of death; on the eighth day his physician, a true disciple of Hippocrates, pronounced that the following one would be the crisis of his disorder, and from the present symptoms, he apprehended that he could only prognosticate a fatal termination; Lady Bradshaw heard this sentence with more of real anguish than she had ever before experienced; her ladyship's vulnerable heart had been many times pierced, but the present wound was the deepest it had ever received, and she felt that existence, when Stanhope had quitted it, would be a cheerless blank. Doctor H. was mistaken in his prognostic, for the ninth day passed over, and no alteration for either better or worse had taken place in his patient; but about nine o'clock the following morning he fell into a doze, which the physician, when he paid his visit, considered a favourable symptom, and gave strict orders that he should on no account be disturbed; about noon he awoke, free from fever, but so much exhausted, that for a long time he was only sensible to the excessive weakness of his frame;

ees his recollection, which had never
rfectly clear since the first attack of
n, was restored; he remembered the
; when he parted from Honeywood,
ither that gentleman was gone; he
nvinced that he had been ill ever
ut for how long a period he could
jecture; the nurse, who now ascer-
that he was awake, gently opened
rtain, and asked him how he did;
pe replied that he believed he was

erwards he was incapable of motion, and lmost of thought; Doctor H. returned bout three o'clock, and pronounced his patient convalescent; Stanhope, who knew him personally, though they had no previous acquaintance with each other, made his acknowledgments for the skill which had restored him; the physician enjoined him to keep himself perfectly tranquil and quiet, gave some general orders and departed.

Auberry now naturally fell into a train of reflection on the expensive arrangements which had been made for him during his illness; the advice of two of the most eminent medical practitioners in London, and the attendance of a nurse had been procured, and he saw himself surrounded by whatever could contribute to his comfort, or accelerate his recovery; how was this enormous expense to be defrayed? he had only a small sum of money either by him, or due to him from his bookseller, and was already owing some trifling sums, to discharge which would require nearly the whole of it; he at

turned from Ireland ;
inquiry of his nurse, b
to Honeywood, and h
name in the ravings of
was apprehensive that l
into that state ; this he
was not the case ; but
etude now arose to dist
him infinitely more aff
heavy debt to his medica
he now believed himself
miniature of Miss Ingle
in a gold case, he had c
pended by a ribbon rou
longer there ; he hoped,
ed himself that either
had taken it off this a

ıer to request Lawson's company for a few ninutes; Lawson was not in the house, and ıis wife was engaged with a particular cus-:omer in her shop, but the kind and gentle Phebe, apprehensive lest any circumstance vhich might contribute to his comfort or re-)ose, should be omitted, hastened up stairs, ınd telling him that her uncle was out, re-ıuested to know if it were in her power to :xecute his commands; Stanhope could not :xplain himself openly before the nurse, nei-her in his present weak state was he very vell able to converse in a foreign language; ıut, anxiously uneasy about his valued trea-ure, he contrived to acquaint Phebe in 'rench with the loss he had sustained; to his ınspeakable surprise, he saw her counte-ıance change, and her colour vary; she he-itated some time, and then stammered out n broken French, "I am certain my aunt ' knows nothing about it, or she would ' have told me; when you are well enough ' to look about, you will most probably find ' your picture again—at all events," she dded, with peculiar earnestness, "do not

ner of Phebe which w
impress him with an
what was become of the
he had so much confide
and integrity, that he
ment believe she would
mation which it were i
him about an article he
dropped the subject, bu
mind to make a strict s
as soon as he should be
next inquiry was "wh
"which had been taken
"illness, Lawson had act
"of his own judgment,
"with some other friend
without hesitation replied
"had been done by

not hear this intelligence without considerable emotion; the first rapid feeling which shot through his heart was that of gratitude to her ladyship, and certainly he could not have cherished any so favourable to her views. To this of course succeeded a transient glow of vanity; for who, situated as Stanhope was, could have found himself an object of attention to a woman of Lady Bradshaw's beauty, rank, and fortune, without feeling some degree of self-complacency? but gratitude and vanity, and every other feeling, were quickly chased by that heavy sense of obligation which is at all times so oppressive to a delicate mind. "Obligations "incurred by benefits and favours received," says the celebrated author of Don Quixote, "are fetters which hamper the free-born "soul," and Stanhope was doomed to find them so. One inquiry remained to be made, which was, whether any letters had arrived for him during his illness? Phebe replied by putting two into his hands; and sweet was the balm to his harassed spirit, when he saw that the superscriptions were those

thousand pounds, and
ther would remain sor
their friends in Ireland.
himself sincerely pleas
gence, but he felt th
juncture, he should on
Honeywood's protract
then bade him an affe
and left him at liberty t

He had just heard a
Honeywoods, and for
he persuaded himself it
—he passed by that gen
prior date, and opened
gleby; it was written
preceding week, and, a
ready been informed, C

Stanhope, he took care not to nourish that attachment by mentioning Julia, except in a very slight and apparently casual manner; yet this part of the letter, though comprised in a few words, Stanhope read twenty times over before he sought repose; but the loss of his portrait, and his reflections on the measures which had been pursued during his illness, banished rest from his pillow: the first cause of uneasiness he saw no means of removing; the miniature had vanished mysteriously, and he could discover no clue to guide him in his search for it; and as to the second, he came to a resolution not to owe pecuniary obligations to Lady Bradshaw, or any one else, but to take his debts entirely on himself, and to pursue the most speedy and effectual means of lessening them.

CHAPTER X.

HOPE, though unrefreshed by a sleep-
night, and reduced to the extremity
ness by the severe illness he had sus-

Vain was his search for the miniature of Miss Ingleby, he could discover no trace of it, and was compelled to yield it up as lost; yet to no one but Phebe did he ever mention that loss; no other article of his property was missing; his little stock of money he found untouched; and when he came to converse with Lawson about his affairs, he discovered that the active kindness of Lady Bradshaw had not been confined to the physician, but that the arrears of his lodging, and other expenses which had been incurred, were all discharged. Stanhope, without hesitation, declared his concern at finding himself under such a heavy debt of obligation to her ladyship, and he did this in such a manner that Lawson, who possessed a large share of that faculty, which in a man of his turn of mind may rather be termed sagacity than penetration, easily perceived that he felt more than he expressed; and aware of the high degree of favour in which Stanhope now stood with Lady Bradshaw, he was so fawning, so pliant, and so complaisant, that his behaviour alone would

mighty as ever; and
on his conquest of the
mingled raillery, iron
the imposing seriousn
awe him into a simi
"You are a lucky f
and confirmed it w
"lovely Eliza is rea
"arms, and I suppos
"ready to open your
"if she were to see
"you now are, I th
"best chance of the
"ladyship has any t
"you, Stanhope, I ca
"perhaps she may c
"with ma

"luxury, indeed, but will never have any "control over either herself or her fortune, let "me tell you that, for she has spirit enough "to act as she pleases, and sense enough to "have every shilling of her property secur- "ed to herself, and that I know from her "own lips she is determined to do, if ever "she forms another matrimonial connec- "tion." Whatever conclusions Stanhope might draw from this intelligence, he kept to himself, and passed it off as if he understood it to be mere badinage, with which his friend was trying to amuse his languid spirits: he at length took his departure and Stanhope felt his absence a relief; one irksome task still remained for him to perform, which was to write to Lady Bradshaw, and pay his acknowledgments for her kindness, and—what was most galling and humiliating—to solicit her indulgence for some time longer for the repayment of the debt; he made the effort, but his trembling fingers refused to trace the lines, and he was compelled to postpone his intention to a future opportunity.

ther day wore over in this manner, and
pe's recovery made no progress; Law-
v that the agitation of his mind retard-
amendment of his health, and made
ort accordingly to her ladyship, who
sequence took such measures as she
l proper: the next morning, Stanhope
on his breakfast-table a sealed paper,
ribed "Mr. Stanhope," in the hand-
of Lady Bradshaw: a faint hectic

"My dear Stanhope,

Under any other circumstances I should feel myself at a loss how to extenuate the liberty I have taken, but owing, as I do, my life, perhaps more than my life, to your humanity, I feel that you are entitled to every recompense in my power to make; while you were in danger, Stanhope, existence had no charms for me; but now that I am blessed with the hope of your recovery, I cannot express my rapture. I visited you when you were unconscious of my presence, but now Dr. H. absolutely forbids me to approach your dwelling; oh! how ardently I wish to see you, but you must not yet venture abroad; let me then have the consolation of receiving a single line from you, if you can write without too much fatiguing yourself. Adieu, dear Stanhope, for my sake take care of your health, and believe me to be

Your gratefully and
sincerely attached,
Eliza Bradshaw."

l Stanhope, after reading this letter, re-
l any longer in doubt that Lady Brad-
ıad selected him from all mankind as
›ject of her tenderest preference, he
ıave been destitute of not only vanity
scernment, but even of common sense;
as, he had enough of all three to ena-
ı to see clearly that her ladyship was
all imaginable pains to encourage him
it her hand.

ion, gratitude, interest, and vanity,

to model his own wedded life, should he ever enter the Hymeneal state; and now as he repeated the well-known and cherished lines, he compared them with his opening prospects, and where reason told him those prospects were defective, felt but too much inclined to gloss them over with sophistry.

"Happy they! the happiest of their kind!
"Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
"Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend."

And could he, unfriended and unportioned as he was, unite his fate with that of Lady Bradshaw? would not the world in that case arraign him as the meanest, the most interested of mankind? but would he deserve to be thus arraigned? could he not love the fair Eliza for herself alone? yes, not, for the universe would he possess himself of her property; Fenton had said that she was determined to have it settled entirely on herself; and if even she had not made such

lution he would, should she honour
ith her hand, take effectual measures
e it so settled, and by devoting him-
one of the learned professions, earn a
tency by his own talents.

ect esteem, enliven'd by desire
able and sympathy of soul ;
ught meeting thought, and will pre-
venting will,
n boundless confidence."

hold them sacred, should he doom himself to celibacy, and waste his youth in the useless, the criminal indulgence of a passion for the wife of another? no; he would let Miss Ingleby see that a lady not less lovely and accomplished, and not less highly gifted with rank and with fortune than herself, was willing to unite her fate with his; goaded on thus by jealousy and wounded pride, he seized the pen to address Lady Bradshaw, to pay her the adoration of a lover, and to offer her those vows from which honour would never afterwards permit him to recede.

All his talents for authorship were not sufficient to inspire him on this occasion with terms which he thought sufficiently appropriate; he repeatedly made the effort, but unable to please himself, consigned his half-finished epistles to the flames; weak, and incapable of long-continued attention, he sought to relieve his ideas by again exchanging them for the page of Thomson; Stanhope had been too early and too strictly habituated to exercise his reasoning faculties

a precipice flashed on h
mentally exclaimed,
" can I ever hope to
" shaw ?" and as he
faithful memory pour
all that passed ther
" nour !—", the wretch
wood rang in his ear;
that the reputation of
doubtful one? and had
neywood make an a
strongest reasons on w
had styled her an aba
should he resign his
of one who did not re
" harmony" could h

self to look at the prospect in its darkest, its most dreadful point of view; he saw himself the husband, the dishonoured, the deserted husband of Lady Bradshaw, the object at once of unfeeling satire and contemptuous pity; appealing to both the laws of his country, and the dictates of custom, misnamed honour; his domestic misfortune blazoned abroad; his sword stained with the gore of his wife's seducer, or his own life-blood welling out a sacrifice to her crime. Again he glanced his eye on the close of "Spring," and again averted it in frenzied horror, for, oh! soul-distracting thought! he beheld a

"Smiling offspring rising round."

But how in the moments of agony, which their mother's shame would create, could he turn to them for consolation, when there existed a possibility that their claims on his paternal regard were not certain and immutable. "No," he exclaimed, "if ever I "marry, my wife, like Cæsar's, must be "free even from suspicion. But," and keen was the pang which accompanied the thought,

tions had been conferre
revolt from all thoughts
woman capable of infring
in the manner Lady B.
ing Dr. H. Mr. C. Fento
vy to the pecuniary aid
him; by visiting him as
peatedly; and by writin
as that which he now hel
could he avoid reflecting
he could place on the veh
of regard made him by
could not venture to appr
lest she should breathe
sphere: the longer he revo
his mind, the more gallin

"her ladyship may choose to honour you "with many favours without fettering ei- "ther herself or you;" he felt the imputation so repugnant to his feelings, to the principles in which he had been educated, and to the independence of his spirit, that determined at once to put an end to all intercourse with Lady Bradshaw, he sent for a stamp, on which he executed a promissory note, payable on demand, for the whole sum he owed her, and then wrote the following lines:

"Dear Madam,

Impressed with the highest sense of the very great obligations I owe to the generous friendship of your ladyship, I beg you to accept my sincerest thanks; and to believe my assurance that I shall retain the most heartfelt sense of your kindness to the latest hour of my life. May I further presume to trespass on your ladyship's goodness for the indulgence of some little time, until I can make arrangements for cancelling the inclosed note? I shall settle the account with Mr,

as soon as possible, but my debt of
le can never be cancelled: for that
ever remain your ladyship's debtor.
the honour to subscribe myself,
, with the highest respect and esteem,
Your ladyship's most obliged
and devoted servant,
Auberry Stanhope."

ng sealed and dispatched this letter,
ɔe proceeded to take such other mea-
s he deemed requisite; he was well

count which was between them; thanked her for the care and attention she had shown him during his illness, and assured her of his best wishes; astonishment is scarcely an adequate word to express what she felt at this sudden removal, of which she did not hesitate to ask him plainly the cause; but Stanhope, as may be supposed, declined satisfying her curiosity, only saying that he believed he should go into the country.

He then took an affectionate leave of Phebe, who, not less astonished, and infinitely more concerned, than her aunt, had scarcely power to bid him adieu. Having ordered a hackney-coach, he proceeded to Honeywood's late lodgings, where for the present he took up his abode; so exhausted by the exertions he had made, that he was scarcely capable of either thought or motion; and upwards of a week elapsed before he was able to leave his bed for more than an hour or two in the day. During this period Fenton called once, but Stanhope was too ill to see him.

CHAPTER XI.

air of Surry-street was by no means
brious enough to promote the reco-
an invalid; and Stanhope, in addi-

it is a common observation that misfortunes usually come in a host, and Stanhope was fated to prove its truth; to his very great surprise—because he was conscious he had never merited such treatment—he found the manners of Mr. —— totally changed towards him; with little of either feeling or ceremony, he told him that during his illness he had been obliged to employ another person to execute that department of the ——— Magazine for which he usually wrote, and that he had not at present any other work on hand in which he could employ him. Stanhope, disdaining to remonstrate, bowed and turned away; but aware that he must attribute the loss of the bookseller's patronage to some other cause than the accidental one of his having been prevented by indisposition from executing his usual task, he was compelled to admit the painful conviction that Lady Bradshaw was now pursuing him to ruin, for he knew that Mr. —— was in habits of frequent intercourse with her ladyship, Fenton, and Lawson, and was under considerable obligations

" MS—why really, Sir, to
" I fear it won't go down;
" terest themselves about
" —I am sorry to be unde
" declining any share in
" whither would you choo
" sent, Sir?" Stanhope ag
discover any chagrin, coo
might be sent to him in
instantly left the shop.

It seemed as if mortif
day fated to rain down u
was so fatigued with his
he reached Temple-bar he
pelled to go into George
rest himself; he took poss
box, where h

them was reading from a newspaper the following advertisement, "This day is published, "ed, in two volumes octavo, price one "pound four shillings in boards, A History "of the Reign of King Edward the Third, "by Aubery Stanhope." "Aubery Stan-"hope! upon my word!" exclaimed a second, "that fellow, that Robertson has set "them all on." "Aye, aye," rejoined the other in a significant tone, "but it is not "the production of Mr. Stanhope's pen, take "my word for it; it is Honeywood's work, "he is a clever man, and it is just like his "character." "Clever!" reiterated a third, "I am no judge then, for I think it does neither "of them any credit; R—— the bookseller persuaded me to buy one of them, but "I would sell it again to any body for two-"pence." Ill and dejected as Stanhope was, he could not forbear laughing at this curious criticism, of which he would gladly have heard more, but the critics changed their subject, and reverted to an article in another part of the paper.

:n Auberry reached his lodgings, he
'enton there waiting his return; "I am
to see you abroad again, Stanhope,"
d, extending his hand, "I think I
ıt have expected that you would have
your first visit to my chambers; but
aps you thought it your duty to offer
rifice to the Muses on your recove-
. The keen and satirical glance which
panied these words, left Stanhope in
ıbt that Fenton was aware of the dis-
tment which awaited him at the book-

" might have done with truth, that you are " also out of your senses, or you would ne- " ver have treated Lady Bradshaw in the " manner you have done; what the devil " possessed you, Stanhope, to act as you did?" with quick severity, Stanhope replied, " Mr. " Fenton, I do not hold myself accountable to " any one for my actions—my reasons were " conclusive to myself; but if you think that " I have been blind to my own interest, the " field is open for you;—try your own for- " tune with the lady." " I am afraid, Sir," retorted Fenton, ironically, " that if I were " to make the trial, fortune would not be " quite so conveniently propitious to me as " she has been to you; Lady Bradshaw I " apprehend would not do me the favour to " return me such a note as this," taking from his pocket-book the one which Stanhope had transmitted to Lady B. " and," added he, " she charged me when I gave it " into your hands, to say, that she desired " your name may never be mentioned to " her again; do not be offended with me, " Stanhope, for delivering this message;

know I cannot disobey her com-
ls." Without deigning to notice
's taunting apology, Stanhope repli-
Mr. Fenton, I am very sensible of
Bradshaw's kindness, but while
en permits me the use of my faculties,
never owe an obligation of this nature
y person breathing; you will oblige
y retaining this note for the present,
you may rely on my settling it as soon
is in my power to do so." "I must
o be excused retaining it, Sir," repli-

" disobeying her orders in a matter of such " importance as retaining a note which she " charged me to deliver up," and with these words he placed the note on the table on which Stanhope was leaning. " Mr. Fen- " ton," said Auberry, with calm seriousness, " I am extremely sorry that I cannot " prevail on you to retain this note, how- " ever, you will take notice, that I pledge " myself to restore the whole sum to Lady " Bradshaw; had Mr. Honeywood been at " home, I should have requested him to " wait on her ladyship and acquaint her with " my determination." " Indeed, Sir," retorted Fenton, with sneering irony, " I dare " say if Mr. Honeywood *had* been at home, " you might have saved both yourself and " him any such trouble; Lady Bradshaw, I be- " lieve, does not trouble her head about your " determinations; the money is no object to " her, and you may rest assured that she " will never oppress you with any more such " terrible obligations. Perhaps you may " think to awe me into a compliance with " your request, by mentioning Mr. Honey-

, but, as you said just now, *I do not myself accountable to any one for my s.* However, I have discharged my and have nothing further to do with siness; good morning, Sir;" with these and a countenance which Stan- uld not help thinking had in it an ex- of triumphant malignity, he slight- d, and quitted the room.

uld Stanhope's feelings brook the hu-

that she had fabricated some tale to his disadvantage: she had also deprived him of the bookseller's patronage; and if any lingering remnant of tenderness for Lady Bradshaw lurked in the heart of Stanhope, these proofs of the malignity and duplicity of her disposition effectually rooted it out.

That afternoon brought him an affectionate epistle from Honeywood, which concluded with an earnest request to hear from him; he could not, however, resolve to write him a narrative of the transactions which had taken place since his departure for Ireland, for he neither wished to commit an affair of such delicacy to the slight guard of a letter, nor to distress his friend on his account; he therefore in his answer only informed him in general terms that he was now in Surry-street—mentioned that he had much to impart to him when they should meet, and represented the state of his health as being much better than it really was. Still less did he feel inclined to make George Ingleby his confidant in his present situa-

George until some fa
affairs should enable hi
of spirit and pleasure t
sent muster up: indeed
vexations, and disappo
exhaustible; his little s
soon spent out, and he h
different booksellers fo
continue in his presen
circumstances were imp
up his mind to leave tow
scure lodging at some
villages, where the air
to him, and where he
most rigid rules of econ
wood should return, w
would again chalk out a
to pursue [illegible]

last resource he compelled his mind to bend to the drudgery of writing a political pamphlet, without feeling one spark of interest in, or attachment to, the subject: this, when finished, he carried to the gentleman who published his Life of Edward the Third: though he had, at the commencement of his literary career, been assured, that only political writings would go down, he was now told, "That they were a mere drug "in the market;" however, Mr. —— expressed his readiness to publish the present work, and to share the profits with Stanhope, should any profit accrue from the sale; but this proposal Auberry could not close with, for the prospect of a future remuneration would not yield him the present means of existence; and he felt himself compelled to the humiliating task of hinting that it would suit him better to sell the copyright; the bookseller, who possessed sense to appreciate his talents, discernment to conjecture his situation, and humanity to feel for it, told him that he would, then, take the publication entirely on himself; he then

aware that this money wa
to his genius, than a cc
wants.

In passing through the
was attracted by some
which lay on the counter
them, but had his eyes e
he could scarcely have be
it was an account of
without the alteration
from the manuscript of
which he had put into
seller, and which had
a few days before
lication; the title-page
it was published by the

that it was sent to them on sale or return. His first impulse was to go instantly and accuse him of the infamous theft he had committed, and to hold him up to public scorn; but reflection told him, that poor and unfriended as he was, he could neither hope to have his assertion believed, nor maintain an action at law, (if the affair would admit of one) against a man possessed of property and influence, and supported by Lady Bradshaw, and many other powerful friends; in this case then also he must wait the return of Honeywood, who he remembered had warned him not to trust the MS. out of his own hands, and he now regretted that he had not followed his advice.

Pensive and dejected he returned to Surry-street; the evening was wet and uncomfortable, and Stanhope employed himself in selecting such of his books as he chose to take with him into the country, whither, if his health should permit him to make the exertion, he intended to remove the following day.

d hastened to exonerate herself from
picion of impertinent curiosity, by
"My motive for the inquiry is this,
I knew Mr. Ingleby to be the intimate
l of Mr. Stanhope, and I guessed that
r had the pleasure of addressing him:
have no concealment with you on
ubject, because I conceive Mr. Stan-
to have been extremely ill treated."
hat way, Miss Spearman?" question-
rge, with visible solicitude: she repli-
Mr. Stanhope was indebted to the

visible interest. "Lady Bradshaw," she continued, "visited Mr. Stanhope several "times during his illness, and, as I said be- "fore, obtained for him every requisite ad- "vice and assistance; of this he was uncon- "scious at the time, for his fever was attend- "ed with a high delirium; but when he re- "covered, though ever good and grateful, "he could not reconcile himself to the idea "of owing such an obligation to any lady; "what passed between him and Lady Brad- "shaw on the subject, I cannot say, but her "ladyship resented some part of his conduct, "and is now as active in injuring, as before "she was in serving him; she has success- "fully exerted her influence to deprive him "of the employment he used to obtain from "the booksellers; and she speaks of him "every where as vicious, dissipated, and "presumptuous in the extreme; a character "he by no means deserves, for a more wor- "thy young man does not exist." "You "do him no more than justice, Miss Spear- "man," rejoined Ingleby, with the warmth of genuine friendship; "but," added he,

" addresses to Mr. St
smiling in her turn ;
ed, " Mr. Stanhope
" for being thus ex
" but knowing, as I
" and her agents ar
" mischief, I could
" conscience to have
" friends ; but I mak
" you see him, he wi
" than I am at liberty
" certain, Mr. Ingl
" that I may rely on
" that of Mr. Stanh
" my name in the a
" knows, if my uncle
" suspect me of havi
" spectful wor

their secresy, thanked her for her communications, purchased some trifling articles, and said he should now hasten to Stanhope; Phebe requested to be remembered to him, which he promised to do, and bade her a good evening; he then stepped into a hackney-coach, and proceeded to Surry-street.

It was now the comfortless month of November; the air was piercingly cold, and a heavy falling mist enveloped the atmosphere; Stanhope, fatigued with the exertions he had been making, was sitting pensive and dejected by the fire; his spirits were low, and to his sickening fancy every object seemed odious, every sound discordant, all without was chilling and dismal, and his ear was wearied with the solemn monotony of a funeral knell from St. Mary's steeple, the unharmonious responses of hawkers in the street, and the brain-rending harshness of carts and drays as they passed and repassed to and from the Thames: such was Stanhope's situation, and such were his feelings, when the maid of the house opened the door

apartment, and saying, " A gentle-
Sir," ushered in a stranger : if no
t could please, no note could charm
e heretofore, that was the case no
when the form of George Ingleby
eye, and the voice of George Ingle-
on his ear, for the first time since
rted at Kirkford. " Stanhope, my
ellow, how are you?" cried Ingleby,
My dear Ingleby, how rejoiced am I
e you!" exclaimed Stanhope, while
ency of sincere friendship nerved the

"indisposed, and for that very reason would "neither commission any one to write, nor "answer your last kind letter myself since "I have been able, until I could send you "a better account of my health: how long "have you been in town?" he added. "Not more than three hours; I only re- "turned to Cambridge last week, and yes- "terday I received a letter from my uncle "commissioning me to transact some busi- "ness for him in London, so I came up in "the stage to-day, and dined at the Golden- "Cross, I afterwards took a hackney-coach "to Sir John's banker in Fenchurch-street, "and from thence back to the Haymarket, "impatient to see your authorship, but they "told me you left them a month since." While Ingleby was speaking, Stanhope rang the bell, and requested the girl to bring in tea; when his friend paused, he said, "I am "sorry now that I did not write, because "you have had such unnecessary trouble on "my account:" he then added, "I hope "all friends at Kirkford were well when you "left them." George replied, "The Rec-

s had an attack of the gout lately, now better; Miss Maitland and Julia uch as usual. My fair intended, Maria Ingleby, is now at Kirkford," eeded, "she is blooming as Hebe, vild as the mountain roe; but, oh, l! I fear I have lost all chance there, ery sigh of her gentle heart is breath- Bob Brindley, not for me; you see, ope, she is no Constantia Neville, e prefers Tony Lumpkin to Hast-

his face. "That Mr. Stanhope has captivat-
"ed a rich and lovely widow," said George.
Stanhope shook his head, "My powers of
"captivation are very limited," said he,
"for I cannot captivate the public, much
"less the ladies." "Perhaps your modesty
"misleads you in the first point," returned
Ingleby, "and as to the last; I was told at
"Kirkford, that you were about to lead
"Lady Bradshaw to the altar, and since I
"come to London this day, I have heard
"that her ladyship was lately very desirous
"of leading you there: now, Auberry,
"what do you say to all this?" For a mo-
ment the heart of Stanhope was on his lips,
but still his feelings revolted against disclos-
ing the situation in which he stood with
Lady Bradshaw; after a short hesitation, he
replied, "You know, Ingleby, I wrote you
"the truth of the matter when I left Gene-
"ral Colbrook's house." "The truth, but
"not the whole truth, Stanhope," replied
George, "you have not told me what has
"passed between you and Lady Bradshaw
"since you rescued her from the robber?"

exclaimed Stanhope, "Lawson's
have been telling you this; come
let me know what they said, and I
ll you how far it is true." "My
Stanhope," said George, in a tone of
rance, "why this concealment with
believe me I have never merited this
e; I certainly have no right to—"
e, though by no means one of those
rs whose hearts perpetually overflow
eyes, felt something very like a tear
to his ; and he now interrupted

for it only confirmed what he had before strongly suspected, that Lady Bradshaw had represented him in a very bad light wherever she thought proper to mention him; he expressed himself grateful for the kind intentions of Phebe; and, though he felt it a painful task, candidly told George all that had passed between Lady Bradshaw and himself, showing him her ladyship's letter, and the copy of his answer; yet there was one point on which he could not bring himself to be perfectly sincere; the female character he had ever held sacred, and little as Lady Bradshaw deserved mercy at his hands, he would not brand hers with indelible infamy by assigning, even to George Ingleby, the true cause which impelled him to reject a union with her, but attributed his conduct solely to his dread that the world, and perhaps the lady herself when she took time for reflection, should accuse him of having been governed by interested motives. George very probably thought that the passion which he had been told Stanhope cherished for his sister, had full as

remonstrance, " w
" me ? believe me
" reserve ; I certai
Stanhope, though
characters whose h
at their eyes, fell s
starting to his ; s
the half-finished ser
claiming, " Oh ! h
" miseries, by sup
" your friendship
" I will give you th
" tell me in what li
" presented matters

George immedia
passed betw

ıfluence in prompting his rejection of
er which had been so unequivocally
him; be that as it may, Auberry
have spared himself the trouble of
ıg Lady Bradshaw's reputation, for
ıe concluded his narrative, George
ıth a smile, "It appears to me, Stan-
that if you had any scruples about
ng Lady Bradshaw your wife, she
l have had few about being your
ess, if you had made her the propo-
ıowever, I had much rather give you

" had not now been in existence, and can
" that obligation ever be repaid ? oh, never,
" never ; pardon me, Stanhope, for this
" once reverting to a subject on which you
" have so often imposed silence, but is it
" not the duty of our family—" " Only
" hear me, George," interrupted Stanhope,
who had made several unsuccessful efforts to
obtain a hearing, " believe me I am truly
" grateful for—" " I will believe every
" thing you please, on condition you will
" let me do every thing I please, which is
" this, I shall write instantly to Sir John
" Maitland for an order on his banker ; I
" know he will not refuse me, and I shall
" stay in this house until the order arrive ;
" I shall then do myself the honour, and
" Lady Bradshaw the pleasure—or dis-
" pleasure, whichever she pleases to consi-
" der it, of paying her ladyship a morning
" visit, and as she is a forsaken nymph, and
" I a forsaken swain, who knows but two
" negatives may make an affirmative ; so do
" me the favour to ring, that the table may
" be cleared, and furnish me with writing

rials." "My dear Ingleby—" Stan-
egan, in a tone of remonstrance.
another word, I charge you, Stan-
; I am determined, and the whole
d should not turn me from my pur-
"

nhope was most deeply oppressed by
dness of his friend, but circumstanc-
e was, he felt that he would rather
bted to George Ingleby than to Lady
aw: perhaps too the anticipation of

"ders for a bed to be prepared for me, if "they can make it convenient, for I do "not wish to leave you; and then, if you "are not afraid of the evening air, we will "step to Exeter-change, and put my letter "into the receiving office, after which we "will return, and enjoy ourselves by the "fire-side."

Stanhope accorded to the wishes of his friend, and George wrote a few lines to his uncle, stating the simple fact that he had found young Stanhope, the man who saved his sister's life, labouring under pecuniary difficulties, and soliciting an order for the sum which he named in his letter; considering it, he said, a debt due from their family to the preserver of Julia; and hinting that the parsimony of his father precluded any application to him, a plea which he was aware Sir John would very readily admit, for George well knew that his uncle despised the avaricious meanness of the Rector of Kirkford. Having finished this epistle he summoned Stanhope, who accompanied him

post-office; they then returned to
treet, and passed the evening in all
nfidential intercourse of friendship
nhope's concealed passion for Julia,
leby's secret knowledge of that pas-
ould allow: but either Stanhope felt
ed it would seem strange to be thus
vith the brother of Julia, and never
1 her name, or else he could not re-
temptation of doing so; for when
tle had been twice exchanged, he fill-

"verses, your sonnets, and your odes will "be inscribed to her; for if she inherit her "father's poetical taste, she will be a help-"mate meet for thee." Stanhope smiled and shook his head, but this mention of Honeywood bringing to his mind the folio manuscript, and the manner in which the bookseller had served him concerning it, he poured that grievance also into George's ear, who both felt and expressed himself deeply indignant at the treachery of this man; nor did he stop there, for the very next morning he went to his shop, and taxed him with the plagiarism he had committed; he would gladly have pleaded not guilty, but neither his cunning nor his effrontery availed him against so able an accuser as George; he pointed out every page, every sentence which had been pilfered from the manuscript of Mrs. Stanhope, and finally left it to his choice either to call in all of the impression that remained unsold, and deliver it into Mr. Stanhope's hands, or stand the issue of a prosecution; the mortified bookseller finding evasion vain, chose the former alter-

and Ingleby returned in triumph to
ulate his friend Stanhope on this dis-
le business being settled in the best
it would now admit of. Auberry
l him with true and fervent grati-
ut deep was his heartfelt regret that
only thanks with which to repay
ıcere and active friendship.

return of the post brought George
ver from his uncle, inclosing the so-
rder: for this he obtained cash as

a few seconds George found himself in the elegant boudoir of Lady Bradshaw.

. . . . . .

Whether her ladyship, when the name of Ingleby was announced, guessed his errand and wished him a thousand miles off; whether she felt some curiosity to see the brother of Julia; or whether she gave herself no concern about the affair, were matters best known to herself; but George, when he beheld this fascinating siren, habited in all that elegant simplicity which renders a graceful form and a beautiful face so attractive, could not help saying to himself, "Stan- "hope must surely be either a stoic or a "saint." However, as George himself was by no means one of those combustible characters which are set in a blaze by every pair of bright eyes they encounter, he soon negatived all thrill of the heart, and regarded her attractions only as he would have done those of a highly-finished painting, or a perfect piece of sculpture; when the first compliments were exchanged, he came to the point at once, by saying, "I have taken the

y of intruding thus on your lady-
it the request of my friend, Mr. Stan-
who has commissioned me to settle
count which he begs your ladyship's
e for not having done sooner, and
ats you to accept his most grateful
owledgments;" at the same time pro-
the promissory note so often men-
and taking from his pocket-book
uisite sum. Never in her lifetime

"in my power; for, alas, Mr. Ingleby, our "best exertions in that respect are far, far "short of our duty; I should not indeed "have been so liberal to every person in "distress as I was to Stanhope; but I con- "ceived myself to be, and certainly was, un- "der an obligation to him;" here she re- counted the robber-story, and added, "had "the sum been ten times larger I should "have thought myself bound in gratitude "to discharge it; it is a pity, for his own "sake, that he should have made the mat- "ter public, for he might have rested in per- "fect assurance that it never should have "been mentioned by me; however, I make "no doubt that I shall meet with many ob- "jects who will not be inclined to miscon- "strue my motives for relieving them, as "it appears to me the young person in ques- "tion has done." Perhaps George thought that both Stanhope's conceptions and her ladyship's motives were too clear for miscon- struction; however, he only replied by a bow, and Lady Bradshaw changed the dis- course to those minute inquiries after the

generosity and kin
not help feeling a
he reflected on the
tained over Lady I

Ingleby did not
til he had seen Stan
able lodging at Har
parted, George div
tents of his purse; I
was a true gentlem
he would not wou
refusing to receive
ment for the whole
indebted to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

AT Hampstead Stanhope rapidly recovered his health and spirits; and, devoting himself in his rural retirement entirely to the muses, he soon completed a volume of poems; his friend, Mr. R. promised to undertake the publication, and by the time Mr. and Miss Honeywood arrived in England, it was ready for the press. The two friends met with sincere delight; Stanhope fulfilled the promise he had made to Honeywood in writing, and disclosed to him the events that had occurred during his absence; concealing, however, as much as possible the part which Fenton took in injuring and insulting him; but Honeywood was too well acquainted with his brother's malignant disposition, and with his servile devotion to the

:w family, not to conjecture exactly
s conduct had been; he listened with
ıl interest to Stanhope's narrative;
ample justice to the exalted friend-
George Ingleby; and he felt that his
ion of Auberry's conduct through-
whole affair with Lady Bradshaw,
ity of principle, the self-denial, the
:stedness he had displayed, and his
s forbearance towards Fenton, drew
›re closely than ever to his heart;
: and unfriended as Stanhope was, he

wit, a lively genius, and an excellent heart; her understanding was improved by the culture bestowed upon it by her father, and by a diligent perusal of the best English and French authors; she played and sung with taste and judgment, and danced with grace and spirit; with spirit indeed she acted on most occasions, and had been so much habituated to tender indulgence, that she seldom submitted her actions to the control of any one.

The Honeywoods fixed their residence in a small neat house in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, and Stanhope, at the earnest request of his friend, took up his abode with them; Auberry and Fanny were soon on those terms of easy and familiar intimacy which subsist between the nearest relatives; but neither of them appeared to have formed a wish that this sentiment should ever be exchanged for one more tender. The publication of the poems went on rapidly; Honeywood and Stanhope exerted the utmost efforts of their genius and attention to render the edition as correct as possible; and Auberry, now em-

ployed by another bookseller, would have felt himself happier than he had been at any period since the death of his aunt, if the recollection of his debt to George Ingleby had not sometimes obtruded to distress him.

He had resided with Honeywood about a month, when one day as he was standing by the window of a print-shop on Cornhill, he heard himself addressed by name; he turned round, and to his equal surprise and pleasure beheld Selway, the young man with whom he passed an evening at the Belle-Sauvage, on his return from the ever-memorable excursion to Bromley; the young gen-

Fanny in the parlour; "Here is an epistle "for you, Auberry," said the former, pointing to the piano, from whence Stanhope took a sealed paper directed to himself; "it "was charged double postage," continued Honeywood, smiling, "therefore I conclude "it contains a treasure." Stanhope examined the superscription, which was minute and particular, and written in a female hand to which he was totally a stranger; "A "hoax, I guess," said he, as he broke the seal; but in what form of language shall his feelings be described, when he beheld—the first miniature of Miss Ingleby; no longer enshrined in its gold case, but not less welcome to the enraptured eyes of Stanhope, than if it had been encircled with diamonds; the scrutinizing gaze of both the Honeywoods was fixed on him as he held the portrait in his hand; "May one ask what fair "counsel has been thus condescendingly "read, Auberry?" said his friend, with a sneer. Stanhope, somewhat vexed that the Honeywoods had witnessed his emotions on viewing his treasure, replied, "No fair

sel, Sir; this picture was in my pos-
on long ago, indeed it is my own
e; I lost it by some means during my
ss, and the finder has had the good-
to restore it, an act of friendship for
h I feel myself very much obliged to
whoever he may be, for I deeply re-
ed its loss;" with these words he
towards the door; "May I not beg
favour of a peep, Stanhope?" said

"is no danger, Sir," she replied: "as a "friend, I esteem and value Stanhope, but I "should be afraid to love a man whose soul "speaks perpetually in his eyes, and on his "cheek, as Stanhope's does." "Ah! that "is precisely his merit," returned her father; "that ingenuous nature, and that "uncorrupted heart can never be disguised; "yet I blame him very much for not exerting his strength of mind and conquering "an attachment which is hopeless, and may "hereafter be criminal."

How often Stanhope pressed his recovered treasure to his heart, and to his lips, cannot be ascertained, and must be left to conjecture; but the contemplation of those lovely features renewed his passion for Julia in all its original force; every past circumstance was recalled to memory, and he was for ever sighing with his favourite Shenstone,

"When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
"What anguish I felt at my heart!
"Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
"'Twas with pain that she saw me depart."

often would he consecrate the efforts
use to those loved recollections, and
the gloom of his spirit in such effu-
the following

Sonnet to Kirkford and Julia.

on earth a lov'd, a cherish'd spot,
hich—when cares and sorrows gloom
ny way,
thering clouds enshroud my way

Oh, Julia! when my ashes press the bier,
Say shall thy lovely eyes embalm them
with a tear!

The spring was considerably advanced when Stanhope's new publication made its appearance; again he experienced all the hopes, the fears, the tremors, and the anxieties of authorship; but the time was now arrived when his transcendent genius was destined to break through every obstacle, and shine with all its native lustre: the reception the poems met from the public was ardent and enthusiastic; and in despite of the snarling envy of hireling critics, and the sneers of disappointed booksellers, three editions were rapidly sold; his society was now courted by men of genius and learning; he was introduced to the first literary assemblies, and was soon high in the good graces of many ladies of rank and fashion: Stanhope was now happy; that desire of poetical celebrity which was so early implanted in his nature, had obtained its gratification, and the applause he received stimulated

his genius to further exertions: of "That "most delicious music, the praise of one-"self," he heard enough; Honeywood, Selway, and Fenton, who had the assurance to be as polite and familiar with him as if he had never injured him in thought, word, or deed—were for ever repeating to him the comments they heard on his publication; and George Ingleby, to whom he sent the first copy of his work that was printed off, wrote thus, "Your poems, Stanhope, are "the admiration of the whole University; "Professor S—— declares, 'that it is the "'duty of every person to encourage geni-"'us such as yours;' and Dr. P—— order-

"lege; you must not therefore expect, "Stanhope, that I can either write to or "converse with you in the gay and easy style "I used, for ever since my Lord Bishop "laid his hands on my head, it has been at "least ten pounds heavier; however, as it "is now my duty both to practise and to "preach good actions, you may command "my best services whenever you and Miss "Honeywood are ready for a matrimonial "expedition, a road I intend travelling my-"self, as I have subscribed with all my heart "to that just and reasonable article of the "Church, which ordains it lawful for the "clergy to marry at their own discretion."

Not only did Stanhope feel the vanity, the laudable vanity of genius gratified, by the publication of his poems, but a few months produced him such a sum from their sale, as enabled him to transmit to George Ingleby the money he had so generously paid for him, with every expression of thanks that the most heartfelt gratitude could dictate; this letter he directed to George at his un-

as George was in
correspondent ; a
just mentioned, w
with the Honeyw
surprise and pleas
enter the room,
wearing on his co
of goodness, which
coming ornament
than the most rigid
they met with thei
ty, and Ingleby, w
lated his friend on
had acquired, expre
plete restoration to
ance evinced ; " Fo
added, while a
passed

"I was very much afraid of you when we "parted last." Ingleby needed little introduction to the Honeywoods; his uniform friendship for Stanhope was a sufficient recommendation to the father, and his sportive wit and lively temper well accorded with those of Fanny; to the natural question of, "When did you come to town?" he replied, "Last night;" and after the pause of a moment, added, "my father "and sister came up with me." Not in the first dawn of his passion did Stanhope feel his heart beat with higher tumult, or the blood rush more rapidly to his face; Julia in London! ah, the sound was ecstasy, and the first moments in which he heard it, were some of those blissful ones which give to the soul a transitory idea of a state of happiness superior to any we can enjoy on earth.

When these emotions had in some degree subsided, Stanhope inquired after the healths of Dr. and Miss Ingleby; George replied that they were well, and then related some

ces which had taken place on their
up to town; after chatting about a
of an hour, Miss Honeywood left the
nd was soon followed by her father:
a charming girl!" cried George;
is amiable as she is lovely," rejoin-
rry. "Amiable and lovely!" re-
is friend, "ah! Stanhope!" "None
ır 'ah, Stanhopes,' George, I tell
here is no occasion for them."
come, Auberry, no evasion,

"ther left her's in Ireland, nor given it to "some such sonnet-spinner as thee, I have no "objection to give and receive." Stanhope laughed at his lively friend, and the subject dropped. "Has Dr. Ingleby come up "to town for any length of time?" he inquired, with as much unconcern of voice and manner as he could muster; "I think "he will probably stay till after Christmas," returned George; and then added, while his generous heart felt for the pain he knew he was giving Stanhope, "Lord Mellinghurst "is expected in England in a very short "time." All of happiness, and all of hope, that had dawned on the soul of Stanhope, withered like the early blossom of spring before the keen northern blast. "Then "Julia is for ever lost to me," he sighed mentally: yet, as is generally the case with minds like his, he acquired firmness from the certainty of irremediable misfortune, and with more of calmness in look and accent than he might have been supposed to have assumed, he said, "Then Miss Ingle-"by will become Lady Mellinghurst soon af-

his lordship's arrival." "I be
will," his friend replied, and
lt strengthened by despair. Ge
d, "My cousin was expected in
some weeks ago, but could not
a passage; on that account
ey to London has been put off
to time, and that is the reason
not answer your letter; for as I
most daily expectation of seeing
uld not write; but my dear

" in reality nothing to Sir John Maitland;
" poor man," he continued, " one cannot
" contradict him at present upon any sub-
" ject, for he is suffering so dreadfully from
" the gout, that my aunt could not leave
" him to accompany us to London. Now,"
he added, putting into Stanhope's hands the promissory note he had received from him, " recollect that you have not to com-
" plain of me for oppressing you with this
" ponderous obligation, for that part of
" the mighty sum which properly belong-
" ed to me, I have retained." " Oh, Ingle-
" by!" exclaimed Stanhope, " how sensi-
" bly do I feel your kindness!" for well could he appreciate the delicacy with which George had acted throughout this whole affair: here the entrance of Honeywood, who came to request Ingleby to stay dinner with them, broke off the conversation; George needed little entreaty to join a party so agreeable, and having dispatched a messenger to B—'s hotel in Jermyn-street, where his father and sister then were, to say he should not dine at home, he passed the day with his friends,

weeks; Honeywo
ly pressed him to
and George as fr
much of his time
Fanny,

" So sweetly she
" He thought th

Dr. Ingleby, he
a house in Dover
ready for their re
but Aubery could
George never once
there; perfectly d
heart of his friend, n
ed that had he been
his own.

and that alone, avoided bringing them together; Dr. Ingleby, he was sensible, had never liked him, but he knew also that George never consulted his father's likings and dislikings in those respects, so far as to hinder himself from having what society he pleased about him; with Julia herself then, he concluded, must have originated this prohibition to approach her dwelling; "Ah!" thought he, "when now on the point of "blessing my happy rival, surely she needed "not to have withdrawn all friendship, all "recollection from me—but no matter." How do we suffer ourselves to be misled by appearances; or rather how ingenious are we in warping appearances so as to mislead us! Julia, so far from forbidding Stanhope to approach her residence, did not even know that he was in London; George, as was said before, had long ceased to talk of Stanhope to her, but since the publication of his poems, they were so frequently the theme of conversation that she felt it would seem particular in herself not to mention him; one day, while at L—, she took an

nity when alone with her brother,
him whether he ever heard from Stan-
George, aware as he was of the state
heart, read her emotion in the glow
cheek, and the tremor of her voice,
ecking that energetic praise of his
l friend, which would have been to
) pleasing a theme, he only replied,
lately ; his poems do him infinite
t—I have no doubt that he will soon
steemed one of the first poets of the
' he then changed the discourse to ano-

CHAPTER XIV.

THE young woman who, on the recommendation of Miss Maitland, Miss Ingleby had taken to supply the place of Emma, was one in whom she could never place that confidence, nor of whom she could by no means entertain that good opinion she wished; in mind she was uninformed, and in manners pert and flippant, but her figure was good, and her face what might be called rather handsome; to such a girl, London was a residence replete with temptations, which neither her principles nor understanding were calculated to resist; nearly opposite the house Dr. Ingleby inhabited, was the temporary residence of an Irish peer, whose only son, possessing more of liberty than grace, and perhaps more of mo-

neither be surprise
gret her loss any fi
self without an att
servants they had
two house-maids,
who was fit for no
the table; of cours
ply immediately for
could produce a r
tion; but Miss Ing
with any person i
could make the inq
success, for the Rec
considering that the
ter would lead him i
pense; and that afte
place he should be
world, both

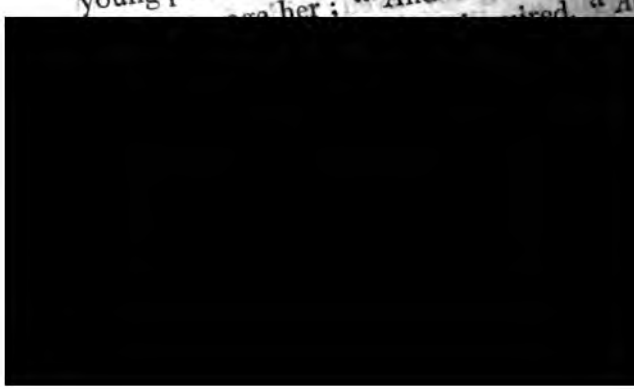
ing visits, or giving entertainments of any kind for the present, by remaining perfectly incog. and not announcing his arrival in town to any of his friends excepting Lady Bridget Townsend, the maternal aunt of the Earl of Mellinghurst, a maiden lady of very large fortune, which was a sufficient reason for Dr. Ingleby to pay her at all times the most profound respect; with this aunt, Lady Maria Ingleby, the sister of Lord Mellinghurst, resided, but as they were now at Lady Bridget's country seat near Windsor, Julia could only enjoy their society when they came to town purposely to pass the day, or a day or two with her, which Lady Bridget would not always condescend to do; for she was so rigid a disciple of fashion, that she deemed it little less than a crime to be in the metropolis at a season of the year when it was deserted by almost every person who was not detained there by indispensible business, a circumstance very agreeable to Dr. Ingleby, who devoutly prayed that they might stay out of town until Julia were married, when his pride would proba-

the better of his avarice, and induce
wish to see the Countess of Melling-
resented at court, and shining in the
'cles.

r Bridget advised Julia to advertise
servant, and her father of course re-
nded the same mode; accordingly, ad-
ments were sent to the Daily Adver-
ıd Morning Post, which soon produc-

regarded the little services in which it would be requisite to employ her, the answers were satisfactory; to the natural questions of "Who she had lived with?" she replied, "That she had only been in the service of one "lady—Lady Bradshaw." A faint bloom tinged the cheek of Julia; well did she remember all that Brindley had said, and all that Mrs. Colbrook had written, concerning Lady Bradshaw and Stanhope; to those reports she attached no credit; but Stanhope had resided in the same house with Lady B. and if this girl then lived with her he was doubtless known to her; but this idea was quickly destroyed, for to the question of "How long she lived with Lady Brad-"shaw?" she replied, "About five "months." Julia was aware that the question usually asked in rotation is, "Why did "you leave your place?" but she reflected, that if it were for any fault originating with herself, she would rather frame a falsehood than disclose the truth; and if with the lady, it was only putting her upon exposing the failings of her employer, she therefore only inquired, "Whether Lady Bradshaw

" would give her a character ?" to her equal surprise and concern—because she wished to think well of this young person—she saw her colour vary, while she replied with some degree of hesitation, " Yes, Madam; " I believe—I make no doubt but she will," then after the pause of a moment, she replied, in a more collected tone of voice, while she raised her eyes to those of Miss Ingleby, " her ladyship never had any other reason " from me." Though Julia was aware that there was some degree of ambiguity in this, she yet felt so much prepossessed by the apparent artlessness and ingenuousness of this young person, that she could not help wish-



make a personal inquiry into the character of this girl; and as Dr. Ingleby did not choose that she should either receive or return visits herself, she had no alternative but to write to her ladyship; accordingly she dispatched a servant in the morning with the following note:

"Miss Ingleby takes the liberty of addressing Lady Bradshaw, to request that her ladyship will favour her with the character of a young woman who was lately her attendant, and who says her name is Phebe Spearman.

Miss I. relies on Lady B.'s goodness to pardon this freedom, as she is prevented by indisposition from having the honour of paying her personal respects to her ladyship.

Dover-street, Wednesday Morning."

The man returned, and informed Miss Ingleby that the note would be delivered to Lady Bradshaw; but both morning and afternoon elapsed without any answer being re-

; it was near eight in the evening,
ady Bradshaw's barouche stopped at
or; "Miss Ingleby?" said the foot-
when his knock was answered; the
as usual, had "Not at home" on
, when her ladyship beckoned him
er parasol, and said, with that insi-
g smile which is so well calculated to
an inferior, and warp them to any
e, "Now I see you are going to tell
le fib; but unless Miss Ingleby is real-
ot in the house, do pray send to in-

her ladyship, as she tripped from her carriage; a footman showed the way to the drawing-room, and then carried her name to his lady.

Julia, though she reprimanded the servants for having disobeyed her father's orders, was not sorry that Lady Bradshaw had been admitted, for exclusive of the inquiry she wished to make of her, she felt some curiosity to see a person who had been so highly extolled; and as it was no part of her creed of courtesy to let her visitants wear their patience out in waiting for her, she joined her ladyship immediately: the moment the door opened, Lady Bradshaw started from her seat, and, advancing to meet Julia, held out her hand with the freedom of an old acquaintance, "My dear Miss In-"gleby," she said, "I implore your excuse "for having tempted your servants to dis-"obey orders; but exclusive of the in-"formation I wished to give you on the sub-"ject mentioned in the note you favoured "me with, I have long felt a very great de-

character, replied
" indebted to her
" should esteem he
" ranked amongs
" friends ;" she ac
" father's ill healtl
" clude themselves
" was her intention
" arrival to Lady
" brook." Particu
respective families
Bradshaw, with sp
tained her auditor
—with the history
cursions—and with
had formed for th
hausted these topics,
then resume

"to inform you,—because I know the difficulty of meeting with a servant who will "answer one's expectations—that the girl "will not suit." Julia was sorry to hear this, but as she saw Lady Bradshaw about to continue her discourse, she would not interrupt her by saying so—her ladyship proceeded, "She can perform any service one "requires of her extremely well, and is very "dexterous with her needle; she can also be "wonderfully obliging when she pleases, "but she can also be extremely pert when "she pleases; now, Miss Ingleby, I am not "one of those unreasonable people who ex-"pect that a servant, in subjecting himself "to the will of his employer, must also give "up his opinion and his feelings—I wish my "domestics to regard me as their mistress, "but not their tyrant; if they deem my "orders unreasonable, I would have them "at liberty to remonstrate, but certainly not "in a tone of insolence." Julia could not but acquiesce in sentiments so just, and her visitor went on, "Yet even her pertness I "should have passed by as beneath my no-

but she has faults I could not over-
: I am sorry to say, Miss Ingleby,
I fear her morals and principles are
bad ; she has an aunt, or aunt-in-
–I do not exactly understand the de-
of their relationship—who married an
nd valuable servant of mine, it was at
equest I took a trial of this girl, for he
me he was afraid if she remained with
ı she would be utterly ruined ; she
formed an acquaintance, I am afraid
st say a connexion with a young

and helped—at least she hoped it helped—to conceal her confusion. "Auberry Stan-
"hope!" re-echoed Lady Bradshaw, "the
"same; and a sad dissipated fellow he is."
"He was not dissipated when I knew him,"
said Julia, "oh, far, far from it;" and while she spoke she was but too conscious that her voice betrayed her emotion. "Your feel-
"ings do you honour, my dear Miss Ingle-
"by," returned her crafty tormentor, "it
"is a hard, a painful task to be compelled
"to give up the good opinion we cherish of
"those we knew in early life; alas! it has
"been my lot to do so in many instances,
"both of my male and female friends; oh,
"true, I had forgot that Stanhope came
"from your neighbourhood in the north;
"you know he is a good figure, and un-
"questionably possesses talents; such a man
"would easily captivate a poor simple girl
"like Phebe Spearman, I fear she fell an
"easy prey; when I took her into my ser-
"vice, I certainly did not know so much
"of the affair as I have since discovered; I
"surprised them together the other day,

" person they w
" family; yet, on
" must esteem for
" to Sir Marmad
" wish the matter
" ther." Julia co
and after politely
she assured her th
should never be a
" will speak of it
" other, my love,
" ject," said this c
man, well aware o
poisoned the chara
woman of Julia's
done all the misch
took leave, giving
reality she detest

herself of it; Julia, like all who conversed with Lady Bradshaw, without being acquainted with the depravity of her heart, was captivated by the graces of her person and manners, and resolved to cultivate her acquaintance when circumstances should allow her to do so; at present, however, she was glad of her departure, for she sighed to be alone.

The moment her visitor was gone, she gave orders that if Phebe Spearman called the following day, she should be told she would by no means suit her: when she joined her father at supper, she found him very much out of temper because Lady Bradshaw had been admitted, apprehensive, no doubt, that such a circumstance might ultimately tend to destroy his plan of economy; Julia, glad to be spared any questions concerning the purport of her ladyship's visit, retired early to her apartment; the idea of Stanhope, no longer good and amiable as she had known him, but vicious, depraved, and abandoned, haunted her pillow; she con-

his conduct, as it had been pai
ly Bradshaw, with those image
he had drawn in his works, and
en wept to think they were
and had not their prototype i
f their author; and in the next
hat indignant contempt of vice w
rent in a virtuous heart would
ate, and make her banish the id
pe as unworthy to occupy a s
it; it was near one in the mor
her transient slumber was banishe

Ingleby's advertisement was inserted, and thinking the situation mentioned in it a desirable one, went immediately to make a personal application for it; the servant who opened the door to her, mindful of the orders he had received the preceding night, and not knowing Phebe Spearman, concluded he now beheld her, and, telling her, "she would by no means suit Miss Ingleby," positively refused to hear her solicitation that he would admit her to speak to the lady herself. Not an hour after this, Phebe made her appearance, and the man, never once dreaming that he could possibly have been in the wrong, and having previously received directions to introduce all the young women who came on this business, ushered her into the room where Miss Ingleby was sitting. Was it the swell of indignant virtue, or the sting of disappointed affection—of jealousy—which now roused into action an asperity such as never before agitated her gentle nature; the servant had closed the door and retired, she could not, then, address herself to him, and ask why

ing, " My people ha
" that you will on
" servant." Poor I
Lady Bradshaw was
possible mischief, an
out a suspicion of wl
to Miss Ingleby, triec
tears ; she was just b
earnest declaration, t
attached any error to
her the most cruel in
opened, and George
room ; never in his lif
prised than when he
ing an aspect of deep
Spearman in tears, sta
but he did not long lo
for if consolation

to notice her emotion, inquired with the kindness and freedom of an old acquaintance after her health; and forgetting in the feelings of the moment his wonted caution in Julia's presence, he proceeded to say, "I "parted from our friend Stanhope not "half an hour ago—" more, no doubt, he added, but more Julia did not stay to hear; this mention of Stanhope not only carried conviction to her already biassed mind of the truth of Lady Bradshaw's assertion, but seemed a convincing proof that her brother was not only acquainted with the licentious pursuits of his friend, but was also the companion of his excesses; for how else should he be on such terms of familiar intimacy with a girl, who, she had been led to believe, was Stanhope's mistress; rising from her seat, and passing George and Phebe, with a glance of angry contempt, she quitted the room. George then led Phebe to a chair, and soothed her with friendly attention; without hesitation or reserve, she told him the errand which had brought her thither, and proceeded to say, "A short

" time after I had last the pleasure of con-
" versing with you, Sir, my uncle and aunt
" insisted on my going to live with Lady
" Bradshaw; I was very much averse to it,
" but had no alternative; her temper is ca-
" pricious, and the sort of company who vi-
" sit at her house render it, on many ac-
" counts, very uncomfortable for a young
" woman; at length her ladyship took it
" into her head that I carried on a corre-
" spondence with Mr. Stanhope, though I
" had never seen him since he left my aunt's
" until one day last week I met him acci-
" dentally in Piccadilly; we were sincerely
" glad to see each other, and stood convers-

"malice; I found my uncle and aunt very "ready to believe her ladyship and to cen- "sure me, but that was no more than I ex- "pected:" she added, "when I read the "advertisement, Sir, I did not know that "the lady who wanted an attendant was "your sister; but I should have been very "happy to do all in my power to serve and "oblige Miss Ingleby, and am sincerely "grieved that Lady Bradshaw's wicked mis- "representations should have prejudiced "her against me, as I plainly see they have "done." "I will soon set that to rights, "Miss Spearman," said he; "Miss Ingleby "does not know Lady Bradshaw so well as "you and I do."

He then went to his sister's apartment, who he found sitting in a pensive attitude, with her head reclined on her hand; "Julia, "my love," he said, with his wonted gen- tle kindness, "what objection have you to "receive the young woman below as an at- "tendant?" Julia forgot her promise to Lady Bradshaw, never to mention the affair,

who told you th
tioned George. "
"able authority," s
"sorry to see that
"discourage vice,
"intimacy with its
no longer support
gladly have teazed
her want of confid
he felt for the suspe
was sitting; "Tha
"monition, Julia,"
"I must put the su
"ever, as you have
"ed my associates t
"quity, I hope you
"me with the name
"who has drav
"dis

" disclose the name of my informant, who " could not have any motive for giving me " such information but to guard me against " receiving a person of bad character into my " service." " Then, sister," said George, with serious earnestness, a manner which Julia was aware he never used but on very particular occasions, " let this be a warning " to you hereafter not to receive a person " of light character into your confidence; " you had your information from Lady " Bradshaw, but you are not aware that " her ladyship's reputation is *gone long* " *since;* she chose to fall most violently in " love with Stanhope some time ago, if that " can be called love, which such a woman " feels for almost every handsome fellow " who comes in her way; she visited him " several times at his lodgings, when he " lodged with Phebe Spearman's aunt; she " would gladly have married him; and that " she is not at this time either his wife or " his mistress, is Auberry's fault, or Auber- " ry's merit if you please, not hers. You

v enough of Stanhope, Julia, to be
e that he is not a man to sell himself
vealth, though he does not hesitate to
that he admires her person."

last sentence was spoken in the spirit of
ndness, for in the vivid flashes of Julia's
it eyes, he read but too plainly the
h which she heard the character of
pe cleared from the stain Lady Brad-
iad cast on it; and conscious how
ing how imprudent and how cen-

she replied, "I must say I was pleased with "her appearance from the first."

Perhaps Julia was not the less pleased now to hear that she was the friend of Stanhope; be that as it may, George could not help reflecting, as he led her to the room where they had left Phebe, that he was giving her a confidant who could, if she pleased, talk to her of Stanhope all day long, but that he could not now remedy. When an amiable mind feels it has injured any one, it is ever disposed to make all possible concession and atonement: Julia, approaching Phebe, said, in a tone of sweetness and affability, "You "would think I spoke very harshly to you "just now, but my brother assures me "your character has been very much mis-"represented; I am convinced it is so— "and if you are still disposed to come and "live with me, I shall now be happy to en-"gage you." Phebe made a respectful reply; and all matters being soon adjusted, she only returned for her clothes, and took

n of her new post, nor was any lady
:er satisfied with an attendant, or
ndant with a lady, than Julia and
ere with each other.

CHAPTER XV.

MISS Ingleby soon found that in Phebe Spearman she had indeed a treasure; she could place the firmest reliance on her probity and fidelity; and her mind and manners were so well cultivated, and so unassuming, that she could converse with her on any subject, except those connected with Stanhope, him neither party ever mentioned, for reasons conclusive to themselves; matters had gone on in this way nearly a month, when one day Phebe happened to be reading to her mistress the Poems of Miss Seward from a volume of her own; being called out of the room about some domestic business, she laid the volume on the table; Julia mechanically took it up, and, turning to the title-page, beheld written

ing before he quitte
derness she had eve
her heart ; and whe
room, she found he
hand, and her eyes
Julia saw that her
and felt that she mu
an expression of fe
for a smile, but wh
it could scarcely be
" see this has been
" —do you know,
" doubt you do—t
" life ?" Phebe repli
" did not know it
tenance expressed th

"been in existence;" she then minutely explained the circumstances of her rescue. Phebe listened in respectful silence, uttering only an ejaculation of admiration, or of wonder, as she was alternately struck by the intrepidity of Stanhope, and the danger Miss Ingleby had escaped; when Julia paused, she said, "I never heard Mr. Stanhope mention "the circumstance; I have frequently heard "him speak of Mr. Ingleby as his particular "friend, but I did not know that he had a "sister;" she then added, with a smile half-timid, and half-playful, "if I had your "permission, Madam, I could tell you "something—" "Now, Phebe," said Miss Ingleby, smiling, "I doubt you are going "to disclose a secret, and intend to make "me a party in the treachery;" she replied, "It is not treachery, Madam, for I betray "no confidence." Then after the pause of a moment, she added, "You have heard, "I believe, Madam, that Mr. Stanhope lodged for some time with my aunt; but perhaps you do not know that he was ill there "of a very severe fever." Julia replied in

gative, and her countenance express-
interest she took in the communica-
Phebe then proceeded to relate the
istances of Stanhope's illness, and as
of the affair between him and Lady
aw as had come to her knowledge;
n added, "During his illness, I saw
he wore the miniature of a lady sus-
ed by a ribbon round his neck, and the
moment I beheld you, Madam, I knew
be yours:" Julia had listened with
ul interest to the whole of this detail.

" To my sad heart each dawn has seen
thee prest!
" Each night has laid thee pillow'd on my
breast!
" Force shall not tear thee from thy faithful
shrine,
" Thou ne'er wert his, and shalt be ever
mine!"

and beheld the lines marked with a pencil; affected almost to tears by these unquestionable proofs of Stanhope's faithful attachment, she placed the book on the table and bent over it; " And yet," she mentally sighed, " yet George said, that he owns his " admiration of Lady Bradshaw;" and ever since George did say so, the idea had scarcely been a moment absent from Julia's mind; absorbed in reverie, she lost the thread of Phebe's narrative, until her attention was roused by these words; " Lawson, my " aunt's husband—I hate to call him uncle " —had the baseness to take the picture " from his neck when he was insensible of " its loss—" Julia started, and requested a repetition of what she had been saying;

obeyed, and then proceeded thus; ow not whether he was tempted to scandalous action by his avarice, or by pposition that Lady Bradshaw would to become possessed of the portrait— : probably by both; my aunt has a l parlour behind the shop, with a cur- and a glass door: once, when Lady lshaw had been visiting Mr. Stanhope, nd Lawson came into this parlour; I

"it, for there was no one else about Mr.
"Stanhope who would have been guilty of
"such an action. Lady Bradshaw put the
"picture in her purse, and I was scarcely
"ever more distressed than when Mr. Stan-
"hope, who missed it the first day he re-
"covered his senses, spoke to me about it;
"I did not dare to accuse Lawson for two
"reasons; I dreaded what his fury might
"inflict upon myself, for he is a perfect
"madman when provoked; and I feared to
"irritate Mr. Stanhope, as in his weak
"state the consequence might have been fa-
"tal; so all I could do, was to persuade him
"that when he were able to look about he
"would probably find it again, though I had
"not then the least hope he ever would do
"so; but I had not been long with Lady
"Bradshaw, when I found the picture in
"one of her ladyship's drawers, I cer-
"tainly thought it no robbery to take it
"from thence, and restore it to its right
"owner; I knew where to direct to him,
"for I heard, from Mr. Fenton, that Mr.
"Stanhope now resides with Mr. Honey-
"wood in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square."

Miss Ingleby naturally inquired who
enton and Mr. Honeywood were;
explained as well as she was able, and
roceeded; "I dreaded lest he should
gnize my hand-writing, for I was
e he knew it well; and if he believed
picture to have been in my possession,
t motive could he suppose had induced
o conceal it, and what could he think
become of the case: to prevent disco-
, therefore, I made a plea of a slight
I had got in my hand, and requested

"ship, with a significant look, that what
"the girl directed for me was not a letter,
"but an envelope, enclosing an article which
"Mr. Stanhope had lost, and which he va-
"lued highly: Lady Bradshaw had too
"much self-command to fly into a passion,
"and charge me with having taken the pic-
"ture; she said, with a sneer, that I was
"mighty kind to Mr. Stanhope, but that if
"she ever again heard of my sending him
"either letters or envelopes, I should go to
"him altogether. From that time her lady-
"ship treated me very unkindly, and I had
"resolved on quitting her as soon as I could
"meet with a more eligible situation; when,
"one day as I was returning up Piccadil-
"ly, having been at my aunt's, I met Mr.
"Stanhope just by the corner of Bond-
"street; I was sincerely glad to see him,
"and I believe he was equally so to see me;
"I told him where I lived, and, with
"scarcely the hesitation of a moment, he
"said, taking my hand, 'Then, dear Phebe,
"'I know I am indebted to you for restor-
"'ing me a treasure; believe me, dear girl,

" 'I shall never forget the obligation.' I
" saw he suspected the picture to have been
" in Lady Bradshaw's possession, and I be-
" lieve I should have told him the whole
" truth, but before I had time to reply Lady
" Bradshaw's carriage passed us, and her
" ladyship darted on us both such a look of
" anger and contempt, as one would not
" suppose her beautiful features could put
" on; Mr. Stanhope, with more of good-
" nature and politeness than she merited,
" made her a graceful bow, just at that mo-
" ment Mr. Honeywood joined him, and I
" wished them a good morning, and hasten-
" ed home; Lady Bradshaw's rage exceeded

mournful and faltering voice, she said, "Oh, "why, why did you restore him the pic- "ture? you ought to have destroyed it, "dear girl, indeed you ought!" Phebe, who possessed sufficient discernment to see the source of this emotion; maintained a respectful silence; Julia rose from her seat, and quitted the room; and Phebe, who was apprized of Miss Ingleby's approaching union with Lord Mellinghurst, did not again venture to mention Stanhope to her.

A short time after Phebe had made these communications, Lady Maria Ingleby came to pass a few days with her cousin; the morning after her arrival, she said, laughingly, "Pray, Julia, what is the best proof we can "give our friends of our regard for them?" "To do them all the service in our power, "I suppose," was the reply; "Pshaw, "child, you are a greenhorn," returned Lady Maria; "I understand logic and me- "taphysics much better than you; we are "always most interested about what we "love best; we love ourselves better than

o others—ergo, we are most inte
bout ourselves; now the conclu
w from all this deep reasoning is,
an prize nothing more highly
lo secrets which concern our
s; and that when we commun
secrets to our friends, we give then
st possible proof of the esteem
we have for them; now, my
oken of regard I am about to
n overflowing abundance, and t

" to send him, out of pure pity, a resem-
" blance of my beautiful self; now, Julia,
" to tell you the grand secret at once, I call-
" ed yesterday at B—'s in —street, Soho,
" and sat for the outlines of my miniature;
" as I wish to have it a perfect piece, with-
" out any blunders in drapery or colouring,
" I told B— I should attend him again this
" morning, for if I had ordered the man to
" come here, your father would have deem-
" ed me guilty of little less than treason; so
" now, dear Julia, in return for this unlimit-
" ed confidence, will you go with me to
" B—'s? we will put on large bonnets and
" veils, and then our angelships won't be-
" recognized, nor my ringlets deranged, and
" if my uncle inquires where we have been,
" we can say, walking in the park."

This unequivocal declaration of Lady Maria, that she not only never meant to ratify the intentions of her uncle with regard to George, but that she was resolved to give her hand to Brindley, did not in the least surprise Julia; she had long seen that the

of relationship was the only one subsisted between her brother and and with such sentiments, a union n them could not promote the felicity er: Brindley, indeed, was by no means with whom Miss Ingleby could have appy, but that was no reason why ht not render another lady so; he st come into possession of a large un- bered estate; his family was highly able, though not noble; and as Lady had no parents to control her choice

gard to herself and Lord Mellinghurst, she could not but applaud the spirit and resolution with which her youthful cousin seemed disposed to resist a union which her heart could not assent to. "I shall readily ac-"company you to B—'s, my love," she said, with a smile; "but why should we tell "my father we have been walking in the "park? it will be sufficient to say we were "about a little purchase you wish to make, "I believe he will not inquire very minutely "what the article is." "Now, Julia," said Lady Maria, laughing, "do you not per-"ceive that you are only patching our con-"sciences, and misleading my uncle as effec-"tually as if we were to tell him we had "been walking in the park? he will only "suppose I have been ordering a new hat or "or cloak—my miniature will be the last "thing which enters his brain."

Julia smiled at her lively cousin, and they set out on their walk; they found Mr. B— employed in finishing the miniature of a gentleman, which Lady Maria, after bidding

the artist good morning, caught up. "Now," she exclaimed, "let us see if the likeness be "so striking that I can find it out—" then after the pause of a moment, she added, "Stanhope, the Poet—is it not?" "Your "ladyship is right," returned Mr. B— with a smile of pleasure at this proof of the correctness of the portrait he had taken. That feeling so exquisite, so powerful, which Julia now experienced, that convulsive motion with which the heart vibrates to the sound of a name connected with the finest chords of memory, the best hopes, the best wishes of existence, has been felt by every soul of sensibility, but can never be describ-

ome man?" resumed Lady Maria, ad-
ssing her cousin; it is dubious whether
s Ingleby found voice sufficient to arti-
ate, "Yes;" but Lady Maria, without
nding to her reply, if she made any, con-
ued her discourse, "I do not think you
ave had occasion to flatter him, Mr.
3—; for me, I own myself one of Stan-
ope's most ardent admirers—yet don't
uspect me of loving the poems for the au-
hor—I positively declare that I love the
uthor for the poems; the first time he
vas pointed out to me was at the play;
i lady in my aunt's box told me who he
vas; 'Only observe,' said she, 'how
his very soul seems to enter into the bu-
siness of the stage!' in short, Mr. B—,
was so occupied with watching the poet-
ike emotions of his countenance, that I
ost all Cook's fine acting in Richard; you
nay think how much I was abstracted,
vhen I declare that I started at the slight
ioise which the breviary made against the
ide scene, when Cooke throws it from
iim so contemptuously after his hypocriti-
:al interview with the Lord-mayor."

Julia, while her cousin was speaking, had time in some degree to tranquillize her spirits; B— smiled at Lady Maria's vivacity, and putting into her hands another miniature, said, "I cannot have the "advantage of your ladyship's opinion of "the merit of this performance, for I be- "lieve you do not know the lady—she is, "if report speaks true, Mr. Stanhope's in- "tended bride;" it was no longer the flutter of pleasure, but an emotion far more sad and heavy that now agitated Julia's heart; "Oh, pray who is she?" exclaimed Lady Maria, "if it is not such a secret as may "not be told." "It is a Miss Honeywood

" intended no doubt for an exchange of love
" tokens?" said Lady Maria; "I should
" think it probable, Madam," returned Mr.
B— with a smile.

While the artist was giving the finishing strokes to the portrait of Lady Maria, Julia sat with her eyes fixed on those of Stanhope and Miss Honeywood; "There was a time," she mentally sighed, "there was a time " when my resemblance was the inmate of ' Stanhope's bosom." "And would you," whispered reason, "when on the point of marriage with Lord Mellinghurst, would you wish it to be so still?" Julia was not nscious of harbouring any improper wishes; e was certain she wished Stanhope all pos- le felicity—but why should he marry Miss neywood? When her cousin's picture finished, and submitted to her inspec- , she praised the performance, and pro- nced the likeness to be striking; at a e period she doubtless informed herself accurately concerning its merits; but h she expressed herself thus satisfied

iem, and though it was in fact ex-
y well executed, she was so much ab-
d just then, that it might, for any
she knew to the contrary, have re-
d that celebrated personage of anti-
the man in the moon.

hey walked back to Dover-street, Julia
' You do not recollect, Maria, that
hope, whose works you admire so
ly, is the man who saved my life
the chimneys of Kirkford Rectory.

"conquer this weakness," she mentally exclaimed; "yes, when I am married—when "Stanhope is married, I shall wish him all "possible felicity, and speak of him—think "of him—only as an old friend:" however, it appeared that she could not all at once attain this enviable state of internal tranquillity, for she took the precaution of warning her cousin not to speak of Stanhope to Dr. Ingleby; "I believe," she proceeded, "my "father took a dislike to the young man "because he quitted General Colbrook, to "whom he had recommended him as a pre-"ceptor for his son, he cannot bear to hear "his name mentioned." "Oh, then I will "mention him on purpose to teaze my good "uncle," exclaimed Lady Maria; "You "will oblige me by not doing so," said Julia, earnestly; "the gratitude I owe "Stanhope, renders it extremely painful to "me to hear him inveighed against in the "manner I am certain my father would "do:" then, compelling her features to assume a smile, she said, "but you do not "know, Maria, that Stanhope is an inti-

friend of Mr. Brindley." "Oh,
ning!" exclaimed her lively cousin;
I must and will be introduced to
you may, without the slightest im-
iety, presume on your former ac-
tance, and the obligation you owe
to call on his bride on her marriage,
as one of the august family indebted
n for your precious preservation, and
to your spouse elect, am privileged
:ompany you." This was too much for
ia: she could only reply by a negative

CHAPTER XVI.

MISS Ingleby was glad to escape any further discourse on a painful subject, by the termination of their walk, but she little thought what a trial awaited her in Dover-street; they observed an unusual bustle amongst the servants, and the porter wore a face full of intelligence, which Lady Maria soon gave him an opportunity of communicating; "Your brother is come, my lady," was the reply to her inquiry; she uttered an exclamation of joy, and flew up stairs, followed by the trembling Julia, whose agitation would scarcely permit her to ascend the first flight by the time her cousin reached the top; "Dear Julia, be more composed," said Lady Maria, stepping back, and offering her arm; "I declare," she added, in a

tone between jest and earnest, " I am grate-
" ful to Heaven that it has not created me
" with feelings such as yours, you feel so
" acutely on every occasion." Julia gasped out, " Oh! let me go to my own room to
" compose myself!" but Lady Maria forcibly drew her to the drawing-room, and Julia sunk into the arms of Lord Mellinghurst, not absolutely without sense or motion, but with so little of either, that she must have fallen to the ground had she not been thus supported on the bosom of her betrothed husband; but far from her were the feelings of the happy female who hopes to find there a protecting home—she shuddered and

soon enabled her to regain at least the appearance of composure and tranquillity; her doom was irrevocable, and she determined to submit to it with magnanimity; but she found the manners of Lord Mellinghurst foreign to her heart; he was so much self-satisfied, so thoroughly imbued with a sense of his own importance, and so much habituated to look down on all beneath him as slaves, or rather mere animals, created to be subservient to his will, that her heart recoiled from a disposition so selfish; and the intercourse of a few more days enabled her to see with yet deeper regret, that he had left none of his bad qualities abroad; that he was parsimonious where he ought to be generous, and prodigal where economy would have been a virtue; and that when vice and folly became fashionable, they ceased to be vice and folly with him; yet Julia tried to overlook these faults, to think well of the Earl, and not at all of Stanhope; but conscious that she did not altogether succeed in any of these points, she was compelled to shut her mind to the state

heart, and to lose the conscious
own thoughts in the bustle of
ns for her marriage, which Dr.
vas hurrying on with a precipit
the Earl seemed extremely read
imself of, though Julia most ear
onstrated against such haste, and
hurt by the little deference w
mirer paid to her wishes on this

no exertion of fortitude was sufficient to conquer it entirely; though she sighed to herself a hundred times a day the lines of Campbell,

"Ah, even this name I have worshipp'd in vain,
"Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again!
"To bear is to conquer our fate!"

Three days only had now to intervene before the one appointed for her marriage; it was late in the month of September, and those lovely evenings, so frequent at that season, had all the additional charms of an unclouded atmosphere and a full moon; Lord Mellinghurst dined in Dover-street, and in the evening proposed to Julia a walk in the Green Park; Dr. Ingleby was offering his afternoon sacrifice to Morpheus; Lady Maria was at Windsor; George was not yet come up from L— to be present at the nuptials; and the two lovers, or rather the lover and his victim, accompanied only by each other, crossed Piccadilly, and, entering the park,

e, were all that their respective parties
stinguish; they walked aside, heed-
the presence of each other, and re-
of all the world besides; the lapse
moments brought Julia back to re-
n, she stopped, and said, though
ce somewhat tremulous and agitat-
hope you have enjoyed good health
, Mr. Stanhope." As little conscious
t he replied, as Julia of what she
and not more fluent nor eloquent in
is language or mode of expression, he

ke, she ventured to steal a glance at Miss neywood, who was, or at least Julia fan- d she was, regarding her with scrutinising riosity; she now withdrew her hand, ich Stanhope had continued to hold; he tained it for a moment, pressed it with a essure so soft that it was scarcely percepti- , and released it with a sigh. Julia saw e eyes of Stanhope directed towards Lord llinghurst, which probably reminded her, the first time, that they could not stand us for ever—"I wish you a good evening, Mr. Stanhope," she said in a tone the most eet, most gentle, and most friendly that e could modulate her voice to; Stanhope, th a graceful and respectful bow, returned e parting compliment; she resumed the n of Lord Mellinghurst, and he joined e Honeywoods.

"That gentleman appears to be a particu- ar friend, Julia," said his lordship, with a utinizing glance. "He is so, my Lord," replied, with spirit; "the person to whom one owes the preservation of life,

deed a particular friend." Lord Mel-
rst looked at her for a moment with
pression of surprise; Julia remained
but the recollection at length struck
" Oh," he exclaimed, " is that the
ıg fellow who was of so much ser-
when the Rectory-house was un-
ed? 'pon my soul, he is not a bad fi-
," he added, turning his head to look
ıtanhope, " he has got a smart girl
him—pray who is she?" Julia replied,

saint Honeywood, when Auberry again joined them. "It is, Sir," he replied. "She is an elegant woman," observed Fanny; Stanhope assented to the observation with his lips—and still more forcibly with his heart; they respected his feelings too much to mention Lord Mellinghurst; but Auberry was a pensive companion for the remainder of their walk.

The following morning, as Stanhope was returning from the shop of Mr. R. in Paternoster-row, he met Phebe Spearman in Fleet-street; Auberry was always glad to see an old friend, still more when that friend could talk to him of Miss Ingleby, which he was aware Phebe could do, for George had told him that she was now his sister's attendant; he offered his arm to escort her through the city, and they walked together to Charing-cross; she had been, she told him, to a glass-warehouse near the bottom of Fleet-street; this mention of her errand naturally led to a discourse on the approaching nuptials of Miss Ingleby, and the prepa-

rations which were making for that event; and Phebe, who could not keep the secret from Stanhope, told him that the marriage was to take place on the following Tuesday, at seven in the evening; that the Bishop of L. was to perform the ceremony by special licence, at the Earl of Mellinghurst's house, from whence the bridal party was to set out immediately for Windsor, and from thence proceed to Maitland-hall; she added, that Lady Bridget Townsend, and Lady Maria Ingleby were expected that evening, and George Ingleby that, or the following day —the ladies were to reside in Cavendish-square to receive the bride elect: Phebe

gleby, whose ostentation would only permit his daughter to be married in the metropolis, and by a prelate; and whose avarice debarred him from having such a town residence as the rank of the parties demanded. He was prepared to expect the speedy marriage of Miss Ingleby, but he did not know it was to be so *very* soon.

He returned to Charlotte-street pensive, dejected, and unhappy; but Stanhope was not a man to yield to despair for every passing evil of life; he possessed most exquisite feelings, but his fortitude and strength of mind were strong in the same proportion; he was not long in deciding what should be the plan of his future life; he thought he loved Julia infinitely too well ever to marry another woman; but should he, on that account, devote his days to useless inactivity? no; his passion for poetry was a sentiment not less powerful in his soul than his passion for Miss Ingleby; to the Muses then he resolved to dedicate himself entirely; and time, he doubted not, would restore his

peace of mind; but he could not at present remain in London, where the marriage of Lady Mellinghurst would be the theme of every tongue, her equipage pass him at every turn, and her reception at court meet his eye in every newspaper; the peaceful retirement of the country he had always loved, and he now formed the romantic resolution of secluding himself in some cottage on the borders of one of the lakes in Cumberland or Westmoreland, where his Muse, cradled in the recesses of the mountains, might wing her flights amongst the sublime and awful scenes of nature; yet though Stanhope, like all who possess refinement of mind and sen-

tain solitude he was yet undetermined; it were a plan which he had vaguely formed in his mind some weeks before; but as he had not supposed Miss Ingleby's marriage to be so near, he felt that it would be some days before he could wind up his affairs so as to leave London; but like most persons who are about to commit a foolish action, he was ashamed to confess it, and aware that the affectionate friendship of Honeywood would oppose his temporary seclusion, he determined not to declare his intention until he had arranged matters for his departure. He naturally expected that George Ingleby would call upon him on his arrival in town, but much as he loved his society, he felt that at this juncture his presence would be painful; however, the two days wore over, and the one appointed for Julia's marriage arrived without bringing him to Charlotte-street: how inconsistent is human nature! though this was exactly what Stanhope had wished, he felt mortified, chagrined, and disposed to accuse even his beloved George Ingleby of neglect and indifference; he had not now

the most distant glimmering of hope; even the kind cordiality with which Julia addressed him a few evenings before, could be ascribed only to friendship; and in those moments when pride came to his aid, he flattered himself that the only feeling he should ever again experience on her account, was a friendly solicitude for her happiness; but the wounds of the heart are not easily healed, and that of Stanhope too frequently bled afresh.

Memoirs

OF

AN AUTHOR.

By *JANE HARVEY*,

AUTHOR OF ETHELIA, TYNEMOUTH CASTLE,

GOVERNOR OF BELLEVILLE, WAKEFIELD CASTLE, &c. &c.

" Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
" The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar:
" Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
" Has felt the influence of malignant star,
" And wag'd with fortune an eternal war;
" Check'd by the scoff of pride, by envy's frown,
" By poverty's unconquerable bar,
" In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
" Then....."

BEATTIE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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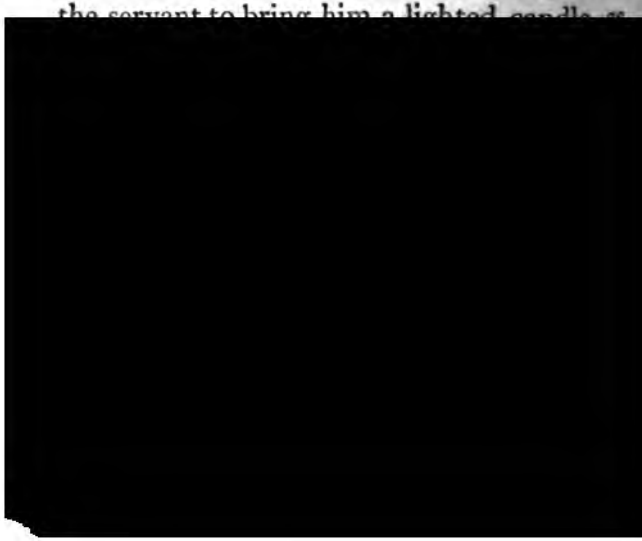
MEMOIRS OF AN AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN Stanhope, on the day appointed for Miss Ingleby's nuptials, quitted a sleepless pillow, he found all nature in union with his feelings; a heavy rain was descending, and the atmosphere was so dense that no cheering sun-beam could penetrate it; he had a painful sacrifice to make this morning, but it was a sacrifice which reason and duty demanded, and he determined not to shrink from the task; he drew the portrait of Julia from his bosom, never more to return to that asylum which would have shed its dearest blood in defence of the be-

loved original;—he gazed on it with mournful tenderness, and pressed it to his lips, and to his heart; he remembered those days of hope and of happiness when, blessed with the society of Julia, he drew such fair, *such* flattering pictures of domestic harmony and rural peace; "Oh why," he sighed, "why, "when our hopes and our wishes are inno- "cent, does fate place an everlasting barri- "er to their accomplishment!" He remained absorbed in these reflections, until the voice of Honeywood in the parlour reminded him that he would soon be summoned to breakfast; he rang the bell, and requested



sacrifice he had made, he descended to the parlour, where he found his friends; with a dejected air he paid them the compliments of the morning, and drew a seat near Miss Honeywood. The friendly anxiety of Honeywood was alarmed by the paleness of his countenance, and the wild abstraction of his manner; he had, for some days past, observed Stanhope's increasing melancholy, and now guessing the truth, that this were the day of Miss Ingleby's marriage, he asked him in a voice of affectionate solicitude, "if "he were well?" "Very far from it," he replied, "I have got a most excruciating "head-ach." "A heart-ach, Stanhope," said Fanny, giddily: her father checked her by a glance, and recommended coffee as a specific in complaints of the head; Auberry compelled himself to smile a reply to Miss Honeywood, and, to oblige his friend, drank one cup, but could eat nothing: when breakfast was over, he retired to his own room, and endeavoured to occupy himself with reading, but the page before him seemed only a confused heap of words without

ttached to them, and he thought on-
ılia, and how little such a man as he
eard Lord Mellinghurst represented
was calculated to render her happy :
hese distressing thoughts he endea-
to abstract his mind, and took out
nuscript of an epic poem, on which
now employed ; but after labouring
ours and a half, he obliterated the
nes he had composed, sighing to him-
these must never meet the public

but ill qualified: they had finished tea; Fanny was singing one of Ross's plaintive ballads, and accompanying herself on the piano; her father was sitting by her; and Stanhope leaning on the instrument, his soul at one moment soothed to a pensive melancholy by the charms of music, and in the next wrung to agony by the recollection that it were now the hour which was to give Julia for ever to his rival, when the door opened, and Fenton entered the room; Stanhope was by no means in a frame of mind to be amused with his flighty rattle, and though as the brother of Honeywood he always met him with cordiality, he wished him at this juncture a hundred miles off.

Fenton, who was really fond of his niece, and admired her musical talents, requested her to repeat the song she was singing when he entered; she obeyed, and Stanhope again felt his pensive spirit soothed by the mournful lay. "Do you hear any news, Jack?" questioned Honeywood, when the tones of the instrument ceased to vibrate. Fenton

related a political report which was afloat in the city, and then addressing himself to Auberry, said, with a smile, " Your friend " Miss Ingleby, was married this morning, " Stanhope." His auditors doubtless supposed that Fenton, in saying this, was merely detailing the news of the day, without any intention of wounding the feelings of the person he addressed himself to; far from it; Lady Bradshaw had long since told him the various reasons she had for supposing that a reciprocal attachment subsisted between Julia and Stanhope, and he was now administering that species of torture which many persons who style themselves friends

had he suspected that Dr. Ingleby, George, and Miss Maitland—Honeywood, Fenton, and Fanny—Lady Bradshaw, Phebe Spearman, and Bridgley, were all in possession of this secret of his age. Aubrey was a poor dissembler, and the pretended unconcern with which he replied to Fenton, "Aye, "this is the day they were to be married," could not pass for real indifference with any one present. His tormentor resumed, "I "crossed Cavendish-square, in my way from "Kensington about an hour since, having "some business in Edward-street; and just "as I passed Lord Mellinghurst's house, the "bishop of L—— alighted from his car-"riage to perform the ceremony; the whole "house was in a blaze of light, and I think "there could scarcely have been more bustle "if it had been a royal wedding: how hap-"pened you to slip her through your hands, "Stanhope? you saved her life, and conse-"quently had the best right to her." "No "more right than he could have had to the "wife of another man, who he had happen-"ed to save from death," said Honeywood:

"I understand Miss Ingleby has been en-
"gaged for years to her cousin, has she not,
"Stanhope?" In a voice which a violent effort rendered firm, he replied, "she has,
"sir;" but the ashy paleness of his cheek betrayed his internal feelings, which the light in which these pointed words of Honeywood placed his passion for Julia, did not tend to tranquillize. "You are very
"serious to-night, Stanhope," said Fenton, after a pause; Auberry replied, "that he
"had been far from well all day:" Fenton
"heard him with a "Hum," expressed in a sneering tone; then after a short pause he said, laughing, "A whimsical idea has struck

joining him, though she had really pitied the evident unhappiness of Stanhope, during the whole day; but she soon checked her mirth, for she saw by the augmented gravity of her father, that he considered his brother's raillery as ill-timed: Honeywood changed the discourse to another subject, Fenton staid supper, and glad was Stanhope when his departure left him at liberty to seek the solitude of his own apartment, though he could not there find repose, for he passed a restless night. He rose, however, with the resolution of combating an attachment which it were now both a crime and a folly to indulge; and having nearly completed his arrangements for leaving London, he determined in the course of the day to acquaint Honeywood with his intention; when he descended to breakfast, the maid put into his hands a note, which she told him was brought by a porter a few minutes before; it was from his friend Selway, requesting to see him at eleven o'clock at the India-house, on particular business; Stanhope felt greatly surprised at this summons,

which he believed must have for its object some communication of a very extraordinary nature; for had Selway wanted to consult him on any little affair which required the advice of a confidential friend, he would, he was aware, have either called in Charlotte-street, or requested his presence in Finsbury-square; depressed in spirits, and habituated to view every event on the gloomy side, he formed the distressing apprehension that some afflicting news concerning his friend, Charles Norton, had reached the India-house, and that Selway had sent for him that he might communicate it to his family; he showed the note to Honeywood, who ad-

had breakfasted and changed his dress, that he might either finish his business with Mr. R——, if he were at leisure, or put it off till another day. When he reached the India-house, one of the porters showed him into an apartment, where, in about ten minutes, he was joined by Selway, accompanied by a gentleman, apparently about fifty; his person was emaciated, and his complexion sallow, but his figure and his features wore the remains of grace and beauty, and Stanhope was at no loss to conjecture that his constitution was shattered by a long residence in Asia; Selway introduced them to each other by name; Mr. Campbell—so the strange gentleman was called—shook Stanhope cordially by the hand, and regarded him with an earnestness which is not usual, nor altogether decorous in a stranger: Stanhope looked anxiously in the countenance of Selway, to read whether his apprehensions were well founded; but it wore an expression of cheerfulness and of animation, which removed all fears of that sort. After the pause of a few moments, Mr. Campbell, said, "Pray, Mr.

" Stanhope, had you any relations in Ben-
" gal?" Stanhope replied in the affirmative.
" If," he added, " they can be called rela-
" tions, who never showed me any tender-
" ness or regard." The stranger resumed,
" May I request to know the names of your
" relations, and the degree of their consan-
" guinity to you." Stanhope answered, that the name of his grandfather was Auberry, and mentioned the post which he formerly held under the East-India Company: " And
" what situation did your father hold?" questioned his auditor. " You will think it
" strange," he added, " that I should trou-
" ble you with these questions, but I trust

"his three sons, Sir;—I have been informed "that he had two sons by a subsequent "marriage, but as I was brought to Europe "in my fourth year, and as none of my re- "lations have ever corresponded with, or "noticed me, I am entirely unacquainted "with the family concerns." "They have "now atoned for their neglect, Sir," replied Mr. Campbell, with much solemnity of voice and manner; "it only remains for me to in- "quire, whether you are in possession of any "documents of your mother's marriage, and "your own birth?" Aubrey mentioned the letters which had been inclosed in the posthumous one of his aunt; Mr. Campbell then said, in a solemn tone of voice, "Mr. "Stanhope, your grandfather and both your "uncles have paid the debt of nature; the "eldest of the two young gentlemen was "killed in a duel with a brother officer, "and the youngest, who had been some "time in a declining state, died in less than "a fortnight after; Mr. Aubrey, who had "long lingered on the brink of the grave, "could not support this accumulated misery,

" and survived his youngest son only three " weeks." He paused, and Stanhope experienced a feeling which no description can convey an idea of; he could not, as Mr. Campbell afterwards told him, be supposed to deplore relations whom he had never seen, and who had treated him and his parents with unfeeling cruelty; but there was something indescribably awful in being thus told of the deaths of his nearest—indeed his only relations, for the Nortons were related to him in a remote degree, and there was no one else with whom he could claim affinity. Mr. Campbell resumed, " Your grandfather, " Mr. Stanhope, quitted the world with sin-

"land, to give you his paternal blessing." Auberry, who had never known what it was to receive the blessing of a parent, was deeply affected by these few words; he tried to read the instrument in his hand, but his agitation was so great that he could not connect a single sentence, and with the tear, which he could not suppress, trembling in his eye, he rose and turned to a window. When his emotion had in some degree subsided, Mr. Campbell informed him that the fortune thus bequeathed to him, when every claim upon it was answered, would not be less than an hundred and twenty thousand pounds: this gentleman, who for the last ten years had been Mr. Auberry's intimate friend, was sole executor to the will, and, in the event of Stanhope's being already dead, or of his afterwards dying without issue, two-thirds of the property was to devolve on him or his heirs; his disinterestedness and generosity, in having thus sedulously sought Stanhope out, were therefore the more conspicuous: Selway left them together, and they had a long conference.

Stanhope found Campbell a man of solid understanding and extensive information; he told him many particulars concerning his deceased relatives, with which, hitherto, he had been unacquainted; he informed him also that this was only the fourth day since his arrival in England; that Mr. Selway, the uncle of the young man who had just left them, was his particular friend previous to his going to India, and when he landed at Deal his first visit was to him; his plan was, as soon as he should be a little recovered from the fatigue of his voyage, and had settled his immediate business with the East-India directors, in whose service he had long

poems, and the name of Auberry seemed a convincing proof that he was indeed the grandson of Mr. Campbell's deceased friend: Mr. Selway was totally unacquainted with Stanhope's history, but as he knew him to be on intimate terms with his nephew, who frequently mentioned him in his letters, he referred Mr. Campbell to him; on his arrival in London he made the inquiry, and the result has been already related; but Mr. C—. told Stanhope, that had he seen himself in the first instance, he should have needed no other proof of his identity than his extreme resemblance to the deceased Captain Aubetry, who was only a few months the junior of his nephew. Stanhope was so deeply affected by the intelligence he had thus unexpectedly received, that he could not in the present tumult of his mind analyze his own feelings; to learn, in the same moment, that his three nearest relatives were no more, was inexpressibly awful; and to find himself at once elevated from very limited circumstances to an affluent, if not a splendid, fortune, was a change which he

had never anticipated, and was totally unprepared for; but there did not exist any danger that affluence would have that fatal effect upon Stanhope that a weaker head and a heart more frail might have experienced from so sudden a change; it has already been seen that the powerful influence of female beauty, the united impulses of gratitude and vanity, and the participation of an income still larger than that he should now possess, could not tempt him to unite himself to Lady Bradshaw, when the voice of prudence warned him against such a union; the same virtuous and noble principles which had, when poor, withheld him from

against the admission of that empty pride which feels itself puffed and swelled into imaginary importance by the unexpected acquisition of rank or wealth; yet let it not be understood that he had in him so little of the weakness of human nature as not to feel some thrill of self-consequence on this occasion; neither was he insensible of the many rational advantages which such an income would enable him to obtain for himself, and to bestow on others; but while these were the feelings of one moment, in the next he sighed, "Yet, alas! of what "avail is fortune to me, since Julia is for "ever lost!" Little more passed at present; Mr. Campbell appointed Stanhope to meet him the next day at eleven o'clock at George's Coffee-house, that they might hold a conference with an eminent lawyer on the proper measures to be pursued with regard to Mr. Auberry's will, and putting his heir into possession of his fortune, the chief part of which was in the hands of the East-India Company; of course it would be necessary to lay the letters of Captain Stanhope before

the directors, a meeting of whom Mr. Campbell intended to request for the purpose of urging Stanhope's claims: all these matters being agreed on, Auberry took leave of his new friend for the present, after engaging him and Selway to dine with him the following day in Charlotte-Street.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Stanhope got home, which was about three o'clock, he found his friend alone in the parlour: in the glow of his cheek, and the mingled animation and abstraction of his manner, Honeywood read his emotion, and said with a gay smile, "Well, Stanhope, you have heard the news "I perceive." There was something in the tone in which these words were spoken, and the look which accompanied them, which did not accord with Stanhope's feelings on this occasion; there was a levity in them unlike the manner of Honeywood; for though it is usual for a person's friends to compliment them on the acquisition of fortune, there was something inexpressibly awful, not to say shocking, in the circumstances

which had brought such an acquisition to Stanhope ;—" I certainly have heard very " unexpected intelligence," he replied, " but " how did you hear it, Mr. Honeywood? " you cannot have received a letter from " Charles Norton." " From Charles Nor- " ton !" repeated Honeywood, as if in surprise ; then recollecting himself, he added, in a voice and manner totally different from what he had used before, " Then you have " received intelligence from India, Stanhope; " of what nature, pray?" " Why, I thought " you had heard," replied Stanhope, in his turn betraying astonishment. " No, I have " heard nothing from India," replied Ho-

ed, "My dear Stanhope, I cannot express "how truly, how very much I rejoice in your "accession to a fortune which your under- "standing, talents, and person are eminent- "ly qualified to adorn." Auberry could not forbear laughing; "My dear Honeywood," he exclaimed, "I have frequently been told "that men of fortune are always surrounded "by flatterers, but I little expected to hear "the first effusion from your lips." He re- plied, "I do not mean to flatter you; nei- "ther, as you well know, am I in the habit 'of paying very high compliments, but I 'am really and sincerely delighted that I 'shall see you raised to that rank in society which nature has fitted you to shine in; and," added he, with increasing vivacity, I shall soon have to congratulate you on nother point;—you will now, Auberry, e looking about for a wife." "No, never, ever," replied Stanhope, with a mournful e of the head; "you have often heard e declare that I never will marry, and ow repeat the asseveration more." "Do t make any such asseverations," cried

wood, hastily interrupting him, "I heard you say as much above two since, and yet it is not one year since had a violent struggle with yourself, her or not to marry Lady Bradshaw; if you gave me a faithful picture of heart, it was not the resolution you taken not to marry, but a fear that night not make you a good wife, h determined you to reject a union her ladyship." Stanhope blushed a rimson at this pointed observation

not for a moment be at a loss to know that Honeywood meant Miss Ingleby, and he felt wounded to the soul by this, as he thought it unfeeling cruelty in a bosom friend: in a voice wherein the firmness of conscious integrity struggled with powerful emotion, he replied, "I must say this is cruel, Mr. Honeywood;—that I have passionately loved "Miss Ingleby, I do not deny; but I hope "I am neither so weak nor so vicious as "to nourish an attachment for the wife "of another man." "Nay, Stanhope," returned the other, "you are very unjust to "accuse me of cruelty, for as you never "made me the confident of your passion "for Miss Ingleby, I could only be rallying "you from my own conjectures and observations, which, I do not scruple to own, have long led me to suspect that you loved the lady in question, and—" "Well," terrupted Stanhope, "I only implore you to let the subject drop, for, upon my soul, cannot bear it." "But I do not intend o let it drop yet," cried his tormentor; want to know whether you would be

" quite as ready to give yourself to Miss " Ingleby, when rich, as you would have " been to take her, when poor." This cruel persecution was so unlike the calm, sedate, friendly manner of Honeywood, so different from his usual line of conduct on such occasions, that Stanhope was tempted to think he had taken leave of his senses. If he were guilty of a voluntary weakness, in loving the lady in question, ought the flame to be fanned by such conversations as these? And if his fault were involuntary, surely it were the province of a friend to pity and sooth, not tear and irritate the wound; if he had been so long acquainted with the

mory ideas which morality demanded should now fade from it; surely it could not be Honeywood, or Honeywood were not himself; but when he raised his reproachful eyes to him, he saw that it were Honeywood in perfect collection, and more irritated than he had ever been with him before, he replied, "I thought you had known "me better, Mr. Honeywood, than to sup- "pose that any alteration in my circum- "stances could change my heart; if my re- "gards were thus light and variable, it "would be a pity that they should ever be "returned." "I admire your constancy, "Stanhope," returned his friend; "it is "because I know you to be capable of a fer- "vent and lasting attachment, that I wish "to see your affections placed on one who "can reward them; and I think it is in my "power to recommend a lady to you, whose "attractions are not in the least inferior to "those of Miss Ingleby; and who has the "advantage of being entirely free from any "engagement." Stanhope felt more and more at a loss what to conclude was meant

by all this; one moment he imagined that his friend was thus probing his heart to root out at once, and for ever, all seeds of a hopeless passion; and in the next he fancied that he wished him to attach himself to Fanny Honeywood; he coldly replied, "I have never yet seen any lady whose at-"tractions equalled those of Miss Ingleby in "my eyes." Honeywood seemed to pause a moment; he then said with a smile, "Well, Stanhope, what reward do I deserve, "or rather what will you bestow on me, "for to reward me adequately is impossi-"ble, if I assure you that Miss Ingleby is "not, nor ever will be the wife of Lord

" lemnly assure you, she was not," he replied. " And, why?" questioned the agitated and impetuous Stanhope, " dear Ho-
" neywood, do not keep me in suspense—
" what prevented it? who had you your
" information from? Honeywood, felt for the evident perturbation of his friend; the blood alternately rushed to his face, and receded from it; his eyes flashed lightning, and his whole frame trembled. " Be calm,
" dear Stanhope," he said, " and I shall tell
" you every thing." " I will," he replied,
" but this is so unexpected." " George In-
" gleby was here this morning." " George
" Ingleby!" repeated Stanhope, with joy visibly marked on his features. Honeywood resumed, " He came in just after you left
" us; I was much surprised to see him, as I
" understood him to be at Windsor, still
" more to read in his countenance a very
" powerful degree of emotion: I was certain
" that some very extraordinary event had
" occurred; however, I restrained my curi-
" osity, and requested him to be seated;
" but he rested his arm on the back of Fan-

" ny's chair, and asked for you ; I told him
" that Selway had sent for you on business;
" he paused a few moments, and then said,
" ' I suppose you have heard what a fine
" ' piece of work we had in Cavendish-square
" ' last night?' I was at a loss what to say,
" and therefore only replied, that I knew
" Miss Ingleby was to be married last night.
" ' And have you heard nothing further?'
" he inquired; I assured him I had not.
" ' Nor you, Miss Honeywood?' he pursued,
" turning to Fanny ; she answered in the
" negative, and he rejoined, ' then you do
" ' not know that Lord Mellinghurst is one
" ' of the greatest villains that ever lived.'

" ' scribing a scene which I recollect with
" ' horror and indignation: the Bishop of
" ' L——, attended by one of his chaplains,
" ' came about seven o'clock, and as all
" ' matters were previously arranged, and
" ' the whole party (which my sister had
" ' earnestly requested might consist only
" ' of our own family) assembled, the cere-
" ' mony was begun in about half an hour;
" ' Julia turned exceedingly pale when Mel-
" ' linghurst led her towards the Bishop,
" ' which I did not wonder at, for I always
" ' considered it rather a match of obedience
" ' than inclination on her part:—my fa-
" ' ther looked in raptures, for his heart
" ' was very much set on this union; and
" ' the countenance of the bridegroom ex-
" ' hibited symptoms of perturbation, which
" ' I own surprised me very much, as I did
" ' not think him possessed of sensibility
" ' enough to be properly impressed with
" ' the solemnity of the occasion; and I
" ' knew no other cause to which I could
" ' attribute his emotion, but I was quick-
" ' ly enlightened; the ceremony began, but

" ' the Bishop had proceeded no further
" ' than to declare matrimony an honour-
" ' able estate, when the drawing-room door
" ' flew open, and a young woman rushing
" ' in, threw herself between Mellinghurst
" ' and my sister, and, in broken English,
" ' uttered in a voice of wild agitation, im-
" ' plored the Bishop to stop—pointing to
" ' the earl, and emphatically pronouncing,
" ' " My husband!" Julia and Maria shriek-
" ' ed; my father was pale with dismay,
" ' and Mellinghurst looked like a guilty
" ' scoundrel as he is: I was standing close
" ' to him, and resolved not to give him
" ' time to recover himself and frame a

" ' terms on which I confess she resided with
" ' me authorize her to call me so, but—
" ' " Some youthful folly, I perceive," said
" ' my father. " I am sorry, nephew, very
" ' sorry indeed, to see that you have
" ' been guilty of any such:—retire, young
" ' woman; take her away," he added,
" ' waving his hand to the servants, several
" ' of whom were standing without the
" ' door, spectators of this extraordinary
" ' scene: one of them was advancing to
" ' obey Dr. Ingleby, when the fair foreign-
" ' er, whose youth, beauty, innocent coun-
" ' tenance, and apparent distress, might
" ' have interested a savage, grasped Mel-
" ' linghurst's arm, and exclaimed, " You
" ' know me your wife, Frederic! you not
" ' marry another!" He whispered some-
" ' thing in her ear, and attempted to lead
" ' her himself to the door; but my sister,
" ' with a firmness which can never be
" ' sufficiently praised, stepped forward, and
" ' taking her hand, said, " I conjure you,
" ' in the name of Heaven, to speak the
" ' truth, my good girl;—are you, indeed,

"'married to this gentleman?"—"My "'Julia! my angel!" said this infernal "'fiend, "why will you question this "'poor simple girl? she scarcely knows "'what a marriage ceremony means." "Be "'under no apprehensions, my Lord," re-"'plied Julia, with calm severity; "truth "'may always be trusted to itself; if you "'are innocent, doubt not that it will ap-"'pear; but I am deeply interested in this "'affair, and am determined to examine it "'thoroughly."—Amazed and confound-"'ed as I was, Mr. Honeywood, continu-"'ed George, I yet had the presence of "'mind to glance my eye on the counte-

" ' sonified ;—Julia alone was calm and col-
" ' lected ; she soothed the poor sufferer with
" ' gentle kindness, and repeated the ques-
" ' tion which Mellinghurst had prevented
" ' her from answering before. " Oh yes, me
" ' married at Upsal," she replied—" me
" ' would not be a vile woman." Julia, with-
" ' out allowing Mellinghurst time to frame
" ' another falsehood, proceeded to interro-
" ' gate the young Lady, from whom we
" ' learned that she was the orphan daughter
" ' of a respectable merchant at Upsal, left
" ' under the care of an uncle ; Mellinghurst
" ' saw, and fell in love with her—accursed
" ' wretch !—his passion does not deserve
" ' that name : he tried every art to per-
" ' suade her to live with him as his mistress,
" ' but finding he could not succeed, he
" ' married her according to the forms of
" ' the Swedish church : this happened about
" ' six months ago, and was, doubtless, the
" ' reason why he delayed his return to Eng-
" ' land :—when he was about to embark in
" ' the —— frigate, he shipped his wife on
" ' board a merchantman, under the care of

" ' his valet: on her arrival in London, she
" ' was placed in lodgings in Northumber-
" ' land-street, where Lord Mellinghurst had
" ' frequently visited her since his return
" ' to England:—the valet, either piqued
" ' at his Lord for some cause, or really ab-
" ' horring the base treachery he was com-
" ' mitting against this young person, made
" ' her acquainted with his approaching mar-
" ' riage, and readily assisted the scheme
" ' which herself proposed, of being conceal-
" ' ed in the house in Cavendish-square,
" ' that she might interrupt the marriage
" ' ceremony in the manner, and at the
" ' moment, already described. Mellinghurst

" ' been extremely culpable, and it is from
" ' your mercy alone that I dare to hope
" ' for pardon;—for powerful as was the
" ' impulse of youthful passion, which urged
" ' me to commit the fault, and deep the re-
" ' morse which has attended it, I am well
" ' aware that they must not be pleaded in
" ' extenuation;—but as that cannot be
" ' considered a marriage, my Lord—" he
" ' proceeded, turning to the Bishop, " which
" ' was not sanctioned by any form of our
" ' church, or any law of our country, it
" ' cannot be binding to either party; and
" ' if you, my adored Julia!" he added, fall-
" ' ing on one knee before her—" you,
" ' whose every attribute is goodness—will
" ' generously pardon this error, and allow
" ' the ceremony to proceed——" but Julia
" ' did not allow *him* to proceed—" Wicked,
" ' abandoned man!" she exclaimed, turn-
" ' ing from him with a look of deep abhor-
" ' rence—" all I have to say—the only
" ' request I have to urge—is, that I may
" ' never behold you more:" then giving
" ' her hand to me, she said, " Take me

" ' from this detested house, my dear bro-
" ' ther; you, I am sure, will protect me
" ' from these cruel insults:" and, while
" ' speaking, she darted on my father a
" ' glance, of what I must say was just re-
" ' proach, for the placidity with which he
" ' listened to Mellinghurst, and the little
" ' indignation he evinced at his baseness and
" ' insolence; she then courtesied to the Bi-
" ' shop, and I led her to another apartment,
" ' telling the villain as I passed him, that it
" ' was well for him my profession was his
" ' security against my vengeance; and,
" ' Heaven is my witness, it is his only se-
" ' curity; for if every principle of decency

" ' who was his wife in the sight of Heaven.
" ' Lady Maria followed us out; she wept,
" ' and deplored the errors of her brother,
" ' of whom, like the rest of his misguided
" ' friends, she had cherished a very differ-
" ' ent opinion :—I left her with Julia, and
" ' returned to the drawing-room, where I
" ' found my Lord Bishop giving a just and
" ' pious, but I fear ineffectual, lecture, to
" ' the infamous Mellinghurst, who he ex-
" ' horted, as the only proof he could give
" ' of his repentance, and the best atone-
" ' ment he could offer to Heaven, to com-
" ' plete his marriage with Ulrica. He paid,
" ' in appearance, all possible respect and at-
" ' tention to his Lordship; but I observed
" ' that he cautiously avoided saying any
" ' thing that could possibly be construed
" ' into an intention of following his advice.
" ' The Bishop also hinted to Lady Bridget
" ' Townsend the propriety of her taking
" ' the young foreigner under her protec-
" ' tion for the present :—her Ladyship com-
" ' plied, but with no very good grace,
" ' for she is, I believe, more chagrined at

" ' the idea of the contempt in which she is
" ' aware her nephew will now be held,
" ' than grieved at the turpitude of his con-
" ' duct;—and these I fear—for why,'
" ' continued George, " should I conceal it
" ' from you, Mr. Honeywood—" these I
" ' fear, are also the sentiments of my fa-
" ' ther: he could not in the presence of
" ' the Bishop, and in open violation of re-
" ' ligion and morality, ask Julia to pardon
" ' Mellinghurst's faults, and to give him
" ' her hand; but I believe he wished her
" ' to do so;' and now, Stanhope," con-
tinued Honeywood, pausing very abrupt-
ly, " have you heard enough?" Auberry

"Oh, no, no, I have not heard enough; you "have not yet told me how Miss Ingleby "does." "Why," replied Honeywood, with a half smile, "she is ill, but do not be alarmed—not dangerously so; on an occasion like this something must be allowed to mortified vanity—much to outraged delicacy—and perhaps a little to joy; for her brother, as I told you before, does not hesitate to own that Lord Mellinghurst was not her choice.—pray, Stanhope, can you guess who was?" The bloom of the rose and the glow of the morning are faint, in comparison of the vivid crimson which mantled on Stanhope's cheek:—while his friend was speaking, he smiled archly, and replied, "It is very possible that Miss Ingle- "by might be perfectly indifferent to Lord "Mellinghurst, without being attached to "any other person." "That w'on't do, Au- "berry," replied Honeywood, drily; "I "know the pride of that heart of thine bet- "ter: if vanity could not have nourished "love, it would soon have destroyed it:—in "plain English, Stanhope, if you had not

red that Miss Ingleby loved you, you
d soon have ceased to love her; and
—to kill you at once with pride and
I must tell you what George said;—
detailing all that I have repeated
u, he exclaimed—'Would to Hea-
that the hand of my sister had been
ny gift;—there is only one young fel-
in the world who deserves her, and
t is Stanhope, who saved her life; but
narriage contracts, the chief objects of

" before I summon Fanny, or she will rally
" you well about it; I have more to tell you
" yet, but am too hungry to talk any longer
" at present: I ordered dinner to be put off
" an hour that I might give you this long nar-
" rative without interruption; but it seems
" you are so much elevated above common
" mortals to-day, that you do not recollect
" there is such a thing as food in the world,
" for you have never inquired whether we
" have dined; but if you can live on luck
" and love, you are to recollect that Fanny
" and I have no such dainties, and may
" therefore be allowed to feel the vulgar sen-
" sation of hunger:" with these words he rang the bell, which was the previously agreed signal for Miss Honeywood's entrance, who was soon made acquainted with the golden shower which had descended on Stanhope's favoured head; and so busy was she in rallying Auberry, and so busy was Auberry in returning the compliment, with sly inuendoes about George Ingleby, that Honeywood declared himself compelled to do single homage to the roast beef, telling Auberry that joy was as great an enemy to

appetite as sorrow; for, that he had fasted all the week because Julia was going to be married, and was fasting now because she was not. When dinner was ended, Honeywood informed Stanhope that Miss Ingleby wished to set out immediately from Cavendish-square for Maitland-hall, but Dr. Ingleby declaring himself too much indisposed to undertake the journey, they returned to Dover-street, from whence George dispatched a special messenger to acquaint Sir John and Miss Maitland with what had occurred: Dr. Ingleby was so much worse in the morning, that it was necessary to call in medical

of her charms on Mr. Campbell, who, he assured her, was only thirty years her senior, a widower without children, and possessing an ample fortune;—he then added seriously, "I am much concerned to see him labouring "under such very indifferent health: he "proposes taking lodgings at Knightsbridge "for the present, in hopes that the air may be "of service to him." In answer to a question from Honeywood, whether he had made any inquiry of Mr. Campbell concerning Charles Norton, he replied in the affirmative and the intelligence he received was, that a few weeks preceding the death of Mr. Auberry, Charles had been sent on business to one of the company's settlements three or four hundred miles up the country. "Of course," continued Stanhope, "he could know no-"thing of the inquiries which were made "concerning me; for Mr. Campbell, who "tells me that he is slightly acquainted with "Charles, was ignorant till to-day that the "Nortons and my father were related, and "therefore could not have an idea that he "were a proper person to apply to on the "subject."

CHAPTER III.

next morning Stanhope met
mpbell and counsellor G. accordin
tment, at George's coffee-house
examined Mr. Auberry's will

mised themselves much pleasure from cultivating the acquaintance thus begun. In the course of the afternoon, a servant informed Stanhope that a gentleman requested to speak with him;—he obeyed the summons, and to his great joy found George Ingleby, sitting with Miss Honeywood: he started from his seat, and presenting his hand, exclaimed, "My dear Stanhope, I wish you "joy; I trust that henceforth fortune will "never be pronounced blind, since she has "proved herself very capable of discerning "merit." These were his words, but the look of friendly sincerity which accompanied them, leaves description at a distance: Stanhope cordially thanked him, and inquired after Dr. Ingleby;—George replied that he was very ill—the gout threatening his stomach, notwithstanding all the cautions the faculty could use:—he added, "It was his "wish, and that of my sister, to go imme-"diately to Maitland-hall, but he is unable "to leave London;" then, after the pause of a moment, he added with strong emotion, laying his hand on that of Auberry, "Oh,

"Stanhope! did you ever hear of such a "villain as Mellinghurst?" "Perdition seize "him!" cried Stanhope, emphatically;—but let it be understood that it was only so far as his culpable conduct had insulted Julia, that Auberry was thus inclined to give him to the devil; for as to the circumstance of his being married before, it must be owned that he was wicked enough to rejoice in it. Stanhope then asked after Miss Ingleby, but not in that timid irresolute tone in which he used to make the inquiry;—he could now utter her name with manly firmness, and look his friend in the face while waiting for his answer: George replied, "If I were to

"such a sacrifice; for if a parent, to grati-
"fy his own avarice or ambition, commands
"his child to marry a knave or a fool, I do
"not see that either reason or conscience
"enjoin submission;—on the contrary, I
"think that in such a case resistance is me-
"ritorious." "Some writers tell us," ob-
served Auberry, with a smile, "that all vir-
"tue is sacrifice." "That I do not hold to be
"true, nor you either, Stanhope," returned
George; "but granting it to be so, it does not
"follow that all sacrifice is virtue; on the
"contrary, like all passive obedience, it tends
"to encourage vice. Had the poor deluded
"young Swede not interrupted the marriage
"ceremony at the time she did, Julia would
"have been inevitably wedded to misery,
"for her marriage, solemnized according to
"the rites of the church of England, would
"have been binding on earth, whatever it
"might have been in heaven; and had she
"at first firmly declared her determination
"not to marry a man she could not love, she
"would have escaped a risk which might
"have wrecked her peace for ever." "She

" has indeed had a narrow escape," replied Stanhope, with a sigh, " but I hope—" and breaking off the sentence he remained silent. " You hope she will be more fortu- " nate the next time, Stanhope," rejoined George, with a smile. " I fervently pray " that she may ever be as fortunate and as " happy as she deserves," he replied. " Thank " you by proxy," said George; and Fanny, who had been listening with a smile to their discourse, now laughed outright. George then observed that he was detaining Stanhope from his friends;—Auberry pressed him to go in with him and drink a glass of wine—but this he declined. " Our family

" to remind Mr. Ingleby to look in upon us " to-morrow;—" then, smiling at George, with an archness which was well understood, and replied to in the same way, he left the room and returned to his friends. George took his tea with the Honeywoods and Stanhope the following afternoon;—Dr. Ingleby he said was rather better, and Julia very well; Lord Mellinghurst was gone to Ireland on a visit to one of his friends, and his young wife had been placed by Lady Bridget as a boarder in a respectable family at Isleworth, till she should hear from her relations, to whom it seemed her decided wish to return; as Mellinghurst, it were evident, had no intention of cementing their marriage according to the English law. Such was George's present stock of intelligence; he promised his friends to see them frequently, and when Anberry attended him to the door he said, " Stanhope, I shall be glad if you will come " and sit with me the first evening you are " disengaged; hitherto it has not been in " my power to ask you to call in Dover-" street, for I believe you are aware that

" when you quitted General Colbrook you " forfeited the good graces of Dr. Ingleby: " but as he cannot now descend from the " upper regions, I am master of the garrison, " and can open the gates." Stanhope merely replied, " I shall," and felt very much chagrined by this unequivocal testimony of the low degree of estimation in which the Rector of Kirkford held him:—the hopes which his ardent spirit was already beginning to cherish were damped, and he felt that Lord Mellinghurst's prior marriage, and his own accession of fortune, had not removed every obstacle to happiness: he determined, however, that he would not call in Dover-

ed out their patience, and then laughed at their vexation.—"Come, come," he exclaimed, "I have a piece of news which will "put you both into good humour;—old "Mr. Anberry is dead in India, and has be"queathed his whole property to our friend "Stanhope; who, in consequence, comes in"to immediate possession of a fortune of one "hundred and twenty thousand pounds:—" "I am glad to hear it," exclaimed Phebe, emphatically—forgetting, in the joy of the moment, that etiquette demanded she should restrain the expression of her own sentiments until those of Miss Ingleby were declared; but to declare them, was a task Julia was unequal to;—she faintly said, "I sin"cerely rejoice to hear it," and busied herself with her work with all the composure she could assume; but her varying cheek and trembling frame betrayed the emotion she was endeavouring to conceal:—George fixed his penetrating eyes on her countenance, and Julia, conscious of their scrutiny, felt her agitation increase until, unable any longer to struggle with her feelings, she

threw her work on the table and burst into tears. "Julia, my love, what is the matter?" said George, folding her affectionately to his heart. Phebe now felt the propriety of retiring, and saying, "If my mistress should "want me, you will please to ring, Sir." She quitted the room. "I hoped to have "seen your spirits better restored by this "time, Julia," resumed her brother. "I "brought you this news about poor Stan- "hope to cheer, not depress you;—you "used to esteem him and wish him well: "he has long struggled with adversity, but "a brighter prospect opens on him now; his

much amazement, and some emotion; how "came that to enter your head, Julia?" Miss Ingleby frankly detailed all she knew about the miniature pictures she had seen at B——'s, without, however, betraying the errand which had drawn her and Lady Maria thither. George listened and smiled. "Oh, well," he replied, "it is from B—— "then you learned this intelligence:—why, "I don't know that matters have gone quite "so far as he says, but I do believe that "Stanhope and Fanny have no objection "to being a little more nearly allied than "they are at present." Julia sighed, and was buried in reflection for some minutes: she then said, while she averted her face from her brother, "Well, I repeat it—I sin- "cerely wish Stanhope happy—he deserves "it; but to you, dear George, I must say "that I had formed a very different estimate "of his heart from what I find to be the "true one; I once thought that if there "was a man on earth capable of a sincere, "fervent, lasting attachment, that man was "Stanhope." "And why should you not

"think so still?" questioned George. "Be-
"cause," she replied, "you yourself told
"me but a short time ago that he owned
"his admiration of Lady Bradshaw." "He
"did so," returned George;—"he did
"own that he admired Lady Bradshaw."
"And Miss Honeywood," she resumed,
"is the object of his present adoration."
"You know," returned Ingleby, "that
"Stanhope and Miss Honeywood are alrea-
"dy connected by a family tie; but, as I
"said just now, I believe they wish to form
"a still nearer one." "Well," replied Ju-
lia, still more sedulously averting her blush-

George, affectionately kissing her, "and to "reward your candour, I must tell you "that it is not a matrimonial, but a fraternal tie, which I conceive Auberry and "Fanny wish to form with each other: "Stanhope adores you, Julia;—he never indeed told me so, but I can see it in his "every look and motion whenever your "name is mentioned; and as to Miss Honeywood, I flatter myself that she would, "without any very great reluctance, unite "her destiny with mine; so that you perceive it is not impossible that they may "one day be brother and sister." Julia shook her head. "I see nothing absurd in "the idea," resumed George, "Fanny Honeywood is exactly the woman calculated "to make me happy;—I sincerely wish "Maria well, but no consideration shall "ever induce me to marry the sister of Mel"linghurst; neither, I am aware, does Ma"ria wish it; if, therefore, my father is de"termined to oppose my union with the "woman of my choice, I am resolved to act "for myself;—and knowing, as I do, the

" numerous virtues and brilliant talents
" of Auberry Stanhope—which are now
" combined with a fortune, amply sufficient
" to gratify all the real wants and reasonable
" wishes of life, I must say, that should he
" offer you his hand, as I think it probable
" he may do—to reject it would be to dash
" away the bounty of Heaven when it were
" offering the best of earthly blessings to
" your acceptance; and under such circum-
" stances, should my father's family pride
" interfere to prevent your happiness, I coun-
" sel you, Julia, to tell him firmly and open-
" ly that you are determined to marry
" Stanhope :—you see that his caprice would

"me his hand:—once, and once only, did "he ever address me in—in the language "of love, and then I positively enjoined "him never to mention the subject more, "and avowed my determination to marry "Lord Mellinghurst. He never violated this "injunction, and never, be assured, will "Stanhope so far forget what is due to him-"self, as to woo her who thus rejected him, "and approached the altar with another;— "but admitting, that he should make me the "offer you mention, could I now accept it? "ah, no; Stanhope would never believe "that he possessed my affection, and the "very idea of the light in which I should "appear to him shocks me so much that I "cannot contemplate it: but if these diffi-"culties did not exist, still my father's aver-"sion to Stanhope would present an insur-"mountable barrier, for he cannot, as you "well know, endure to hear his name men-"tioned: he would never deem his alliance "a suitable one for our family; neither, I "fear, will he think that of Miss Honey-"wood so." "Of that I am aware," re-

turned George, "but I shall make a point "of asking his consent, or rather his appro- "bation; for I shall tell him at once that I "am determined to marry Fanny Honey- "wood:—however, all this will not happen "yet." "Then I presume, brother," said Julia, with a faint blush, "that the minia- "ture I saw was for you, and not for Stan- "hope." "Nay, sister," returned George, with a sly smile, "there is surely no oc- "casion for jealousy *now*; however, the "truth is, the portrait was for neither of "us; I had not then the happiness of rank- "ing high enough in Fanny's good graces "to have ventured such a request: that

communicative, so that this intelligence conveyed nothing new to him. The conversation was at length interrupted by a summons from Dr. Ingleby; but Julia, though she declared herself to have no hope connected with Stanhope, could not dismiss the subject from her thoughts. "Auberry," she sighed, "is no longer rich only in talents "and virtues: but can riches ever change "one sentiment of that noble mind—that "feeling heart?"

CHAPTER IV.

DR. Ingleby was soon well enough to leave his bed, to converse with his children, and to amuse himself with reading: one morning, soon after the foregoing conversation passed between Julia and George, the latter entering his father's apartment, found him with a book in his hand, which he im-

" man who saved your sister's life when the " Rectory-house at Kirkford was unroofed? " can they, think you, be his productions?" Not for a moment could George's penetration be blinded by this laboured display of ignorance, and affected desire of information: he was well aware, that if Dr. Ingleby had not been acquainted with the change in Stanhope's circumstances, he would never have acknowledged an obligation to him: nor was George at any loss to conjecture from whom he had received his intelligence:—Dr. R. the Rector's physician, attended Mr. Campbell, and from him, he doubted not, every particular concerning Stanhope's accession to the property of his grandfather, had been obtained:—determined, however, to foil the Rector at his own weapons, he drily replied, " I think it is not likely there " should be two Auberry Stanhopes—both " poets;—do you think it is, Sir?" " Cer- " tainly not," replied the Doctor, " that " made me suppose it were he, for I thought " I recollected having heard that he is gifted " with a poetical genius." " You have

"often heard so from me, Sir," returned George, "and I believe you may recol-"lect that you always cited the names of "Savage, Burns, and Dermody as exam-"ples why the poetical talents of Stanhope "should not be encouraged." "I could on-"ly mean to censure their vices—" cried the Dr. reddening with anger and mortifi-cation; "I never heard that Stanhope was "guilty of the crimes which all the world "knows disgraced those men." "No," re-plied George, with provoking nonchalance, "they were not in the catalogue of high "crimes and misdemeanors which Mrs. Col-"brook accused him of." The Doctor had

" stated his reasons for quitting the Col-
" brooks; was never answered, nor any no
" tice taken of him afterwards." The wily Doctor paused a moment, and then assuming an aspect of serious gravity, replied, " Why really, George, to confess the truth, " I was at that time apprehensive—very ap-
" prehensive indeed, that an attachment ex-
" isted between your sister and this young
" man; which, all circumstances considered,
" and the very great obligation she owed
" him, taken into the account, was certain-
" ly not an impossibility:—I am, however,
" convinced that I was mistaken." " I think
" it is a pity you were, Sir," retorted George, " for as matters turned out, Julia
" had better have been attached to the poor-
" est poet in Christendom, than to the head
" of our august house:—I recollect you tell-
" ing me your fears, and also declaring that
" you always hated to see Stanhope enter
" your doors;—of course, if he had applied
" for a renewal of your patronage, he would
" have met with a very ungracious recep-
" tion." " I always give people the recep-

"tion I think they merit," returned the Rector in a pompous tone, as if he wished to proclaim his strict regard to justice. "Alas! if Heaven were to do so by us," returned George. This solemn appeal from the young divine to the old one remained unanswered, because it were unanswerable. After a momentary pause the Rector said, "And where is young Stanhope now, "George, do you know?" "He resides "with Mr. Honeywood," was the laconic reply. Dr. Ingleby was now necessitated to inquire, who Mr. Honeywood were. George shortly explained, and the Rector rejoined,

"[redacted] heard them mentioned before, now?" The Doctor was compelled to admit that he had, but declared his total ignorance that the Stanhope spoken of as their author, was the Anbetry Stanhope they had known at Kirkford;—he then paused again—but as George made no response, he inquired whether Stanhope had adopted any profession? George replied in the negative, adding, "It "was his wish to study divinity at one of "the universities, but as he did not possess "the means of supporting himself there, he "was compelled to give up the plan:—you "may recollect, Sir, that I hinted the pro-"priety of your assisting him, but as you "unfortunately did not see the matter in "the same light, I yielded the point." With these words he took up a book, to which he sedulously applied himself, as if there were nothing more to be said on the subject;—the Rector of course was compelled to drop all farther inquiry at that time, but he took care during dinner to testify his displeasure at George by a dignified stately silence.

The morning after this dialogue passed between the Rector and his son, while the Inglebys were sitting *en famille*, the Doctor not in the pleasantest humour imaginable, a loud rap announced a visitor; it was too early for the physician's call;—Lady Bridget and her niece could not be in town yet—and a general order of denial was issued against all other company: the Doctor, therefore, had little apprehension of being intruded upon in his own apartment, but he was mistaken, for in a few seconds the door opened, and a servant announced Mr. Brindley;—the porter either not conceiving the order of

said the Rector, pointing to the volume, which was ostentatiously displayed on the table; "they do him infinite credit." "I "suppose they may," returned Brindley, "but I am no judge of poetry, and must, "therefore, take their merits upon trust—of "course he would not feel himself flattered "by my praise; but the more solid and sub- "stantial beauties of such a fortune as he "has so unexpectedly become possessed of, "are discernible by every capacity, and of "course every body's congratulations will "be expected." "Fortune! Mr. Brindley, "what fortune, pray?" reiterated the Rector, with such well-affected ignorance, that for once he completely imposed upon Brindley, who exclaimed, "Why, Doctor, is it "possible you have not heard that Stan- "hope's grandfather is dead in the East In- "dies, and has left him a considerable— "some say an immense fortune?" "I am "truly glad to hear it," exclaimed the Doctor, emphatically; thus adroitly contriving to neither own nor deny his prior knowledge of this news;—"And pray, my good

"Sir, when did all this happen?" he subjoined. "I suppose it has been known in "England about a fortnight," returned Brindley. "Did you not know it either, "George?" he added in a tone of surprise. "Certainly I did," replied George, "al-"most as soon as Stanhope himself." His dry manner and intelligent eye, darted a ray of light on Brindley's mind, who in a voice half broken by a laugh, exclaimed, "Then I think it is exceedingly strange "that you should not have told your father "a piece of news which you knew he would "rejoice to hear." "That is always the "case, Mr. Brindley," rejoined the Doctor,

"in the second, I was aware that Dr. R. "was acquainted with every circumstance, "and would not fail to give you the narra- "tive." Brindley, who seldom gave himself the trouble to restrain a laugh, did not make any attempt to do so, while he exclaimed, "Very true, physicians do generally enter- "tain their patients with these wonderful "stories when they fall in their way;—I "make no doubt, my dear Sir, that the "Doctor has given you the whole detail, "only it had escaped your memory." "I "believe you are right, Mr. Brindley," returned the Rector, after a well-feigned fit of musing; "Dr. R. certainly did speak "of some young man who had unexpect- "edly come into possession of a fortune;— "but if he mentioned his name I had not "the remotest idea that it were our old "friend, or I certainly should have made "very particular inquiries about the mat- "ter." "Oh, I dare say you would, Doc- "tor," rejoined Brindley; "and what say "you, Miss Ingleby," he added, turning to Julia—"you, I am sure, will rejoice to

"hear such agreeable tidings of your deli-
"verer." "I am indeed truly glad to hear
"it, Mr. Brindley," she replied with a
pleasant smile, "but it is no news to me,
"for my brother told me some days ago."
"Then how did it happen, Madam," re-
sumed the mischievous Brindley, "that you
"never made Dr. Ingleby acquainted with
"it? George here pleads that he was igno-
"rant of the high degree of esteem which
"my reverend friend cherishes for Stan-
"hope, which from his being so little at
"home may very possibly be the case, but
"you who reside constantly with your fa-

further mischief; but Brindley had stock enough without any assistance;—after the pause of a moment, he resumed, "The la-"dies will all be pulling caps for Stanhope "now—will you not, Miss Ingleby? he was "always a handsome fellow, but I can as-"sure you he is prodigiously improved, and "carries his new honours very well." It is not to be supposed that the poor Rector did not feel very sore under Brindley's satirical lash, yet he was compelled to sit with a placid countenance, and take all in a literal sense, for had he betrayed the least suspicion that his young friend was quizzing him, it would have been tacitly acknowledging that he had *not* felt for Stanhope the regard which he now professed;—far therefore from betraying any such suspicion, he seemed highly gratified by Brindley's intelligence, and proceeded to say, "I should be very "glad to see Stanhope—I wonder he never "looks in upon us; had I known that he "was in London, I should certainly have "sent to request his company long ago." "Oh, I dare say he attributes it to the right

"motive, Sir," rejoined Brindley: "I in-
"quired if he had seen you, but he replied
"in the negative, telling me that you had
"been confined for some weeks by the gout,
"at which he expressed himself very much
"concerned." "Did he, indeed?" return-
ed the Rector, simpering—"I am very
"much obliged to him—I am now, thank
"Heaven, well enough to see my friends,
"and shall be happy to rank him amongst
"the number." "Oh, I make no doubt
"but he will wait on you with the greatest
"pleasure, Sir," rejoined Brindley, with a
grin: he was rising to go, when the Rector
asked him to favour them with his compa-

"him when he was poor, but he declined "her advances; and, as George very well "knows, the reason he gave for doing so "was, lest the world should call him inte-"rested; so as that obstacle no longer ex-"ists, I presume we may soon expect to "hear of their marriage." Julia knew bet-ter than all this, and Brindley was aware she did, for though he addressed himself to her, he was in reality talking *at* the Rector, who being much too cautious ever to either talk or act without a motive, had doubtless one in this sudden attachment to a person who he had always mentioned with con-tempt;——but Brindley was clear-sighted enough to see through it: Dr. Ingleby was anxiously desirous of seeing his children married, but as Julia's engagement with her cousin was dissolved into air, and her firm and decided character he well knew would never be drawn into another engagement, prepossessed as she was in favour of Stan-hope, and as Stanhope was now no despica-ble match, he wisely formed an intention of taking advantage of their mutual attach-

ment to conclude a union which he began to think would one day take place whether he approved it or not. Brindley saw all this, and though for his part he had no objection to the marriage of Julia and Auberry, but rather wished to promote it, still he had so much pleasure in teazing the Rector, that he could not refrain from mingling a dash of apprehension in his cup of hope, by leading him to suppose that however Stanhope might once have loved Miss Ingleby, he had now formed another attachment;—the Doctor, however, knew that probabilities are not always realized, and that as Stanhope and Lady Bradshaw were not yet married,

"to meet Mr. Brindley here on Monday "next." George merely smiled, and replied, "Very well, Sir;" and Julia felt her heart vibrate with a feeling to which, since the time when she used to live in habits of daily intercourse with Stanhope at Kirkford, it had been a stranger. It is almost needless to say that George Ingleby was of the party in Charlotte-street the following day—of course in obeying his father's command with regard to Stanhope, he extended the invitation to Honeywood, but that gentleman declined it;—in fact, he began to be seriously uneasy at the frequency of George Ingleby's visits, which he was aware could not always be placed to Stanhope's account, who was now much engaged with Mr. Campbell and the lawyers; and Honeywood's penetrating eye was at no loss to discover both the magnet which attracted him to Charlotte-street, and the smile of pleasure which welcomed him there; and aware as he was of the avarice and ambition of Dr. Ingleby, and of the alliance he had planned for this only son, he felt seriously alarmed by the

observations he made;—he highly esteemed George Ingleby, and had Fanny possessed ten times the sum bequeathed to her by Mrs. Fitzmorice, he would in that case have joyfully consented to their union; but under existing circumstances, he felt it his duty to check the progress of an attachment which might prove a source of future misery to his beloved child; accustomed as he was to live with Stanhope in habits of confidential intimacy, there yet was a feeling of dignity and of delicacy which would not allow him to mention the subject to him; but, with equal energy and tenderness, he spoke on it to Fanny herself:—she did not attempt to deny

exercise his own judgment. "And would "you, Fanny," said Honeywood, rather seriously, "would you wish to enter a family "who would look upon you as an intruder, "and into which even your husband might "in time wish you had never been transplanted?" Fanny blushed excessively, but after the pause of a moment, she replied, "I "believe, my dear Sir, you have a better "opinion of Mr. Ingleby than to think he "would suffer his heart to make a choice "which his judgment could not continue to "approve:" "I fear indeed I had formed "a better opinion of him than he deserves," said Honeywood, impressively;—"had he "acted with the candour I expected from "him, he would never have endeavoured "to engage your affections unknown to me; "but the truth is, he was aware he could "not obtain his father's consent, and without it, be assured, he shall never have "mine." Fanny looked abashed and distressed; Honeywood resumed, "I do not "wish to give you pain, Fanny, but I cannot approve of this clandestine intercourse

" with young Ingleby;—I cannot—while " Stanhope remains with us, forbid him the " house—but I hope and trust you will see " the propriety of absolutely discouraging " his addresses." A pause of some moments ensued—Fanny then assuming a look and manner of more firmness, replied, " I will " be very candid, dear Sir, my affections " are irrevocably given to George Ingleby, " and I am perfectly assured of his in re- " turn;—I exist but in the hope of being " one day united to him, though that period " may yet be far distant; now do not be " angry, my dear papa," she added, with smiling archness, seeing a cloud of serious

he had seen her heart proof against all the merits of Stanhope, and had never harboured the shadow of a suspicion that it would be more vulnerable to those of his friend:—he found he had been mistaken, and that matters had gone much farther than he at first suspected;—how to act in the present juncture he was at a loss to determine, for it were evident that both his daughter and Ingleby had made up their minds to brave all opposition, and to resist all attempts to separate them: Fanny, he was aware, had been so much accustomed to act as she pleased, that he did not dare to hope she would on this occasion be influenced by his remonstrances; and not only on Stanhope's account, but from the regard which he bore himself, he was extremely unwilling to come to an open rupture with George Ingleby;—all he could do then was to let the affair rest for the present, determining, that when the young people chose to bring it to a crisis, he would steadfastly refuse his consent, unless that of Dr. Ingleby were previously obtained.

CHAPTER V.

THE day on which Brindley and Stanhop were to dine in Dover-street, the for mer, who resided with Mr. Thornton i Bloomsbury-square, called in Charlotte street, and took Stanhope up by the way he rallied him most unmercifully about La dy Bradshaw and Miss Ingleby, and vowed

might one day possess a blessing which, hort time ago, seemed as effectually re- ved from his attainment as the sovereign- of the earth. Dr. Ingleby was, it has al- dy been observed, though perhaps not so intedly as is now necessary, a most skilful ept in blending together in his exterior de- rtment the dignified gravity of the English rine, and the stately elevation of the man rank; and on the present occasion, the ole was glossed over with such a varnish urbanity and politeness, that any one who ew him less intimately than Stanhope or indley, would have concluded that his re- ion was meekened by the Christian grace humility, and his rank softened by the cinating charm of condescension. "Mr. Stanhope," he exclaimed, presenting his nd, "I am truly glad to see you—I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you well?" aberry made a suitable reply to this cor- al reception, and while he spoke, his eyes ught Julia, who stood rather in the back ound; but when she met his ardent glance e half-advanced;—Stanhope inquired after

her health in a tone of such respectful tenderness as thrilled to her soul; at this moment they were all the world to each other, yet were their feelings very dissimilar: Auberry, though at all times above the little vanity of pride and self-conceit, could not but feel that his situation was now widely different from what it had been, when the Inglebys knew him formerly at Kirkford;—he was then an obscure rustic boy; he had now all the weight of consequence which a brilliant fame and an opulent fortune confer on their possessor; and, perhaps too, he felt a little conscious of the improvement which had taken place in his person and manners, and

hat can be imagined. These contrary
ıgs had, as might be expected, opposite
ts on their manners. Auberry was
rful, free, and unembarrassed; Julia
silent, timid, and reserved: Dr. Ingle-
lid not suffer many minutes to elapse
re he congratulated Stanhope, which he
with wonderful delicacy: "My old
iend," he said, "I must thank you for
e very great pleasure your admirable
ems have afforded me; there is also
other point on which I hope you will
ow me to join my congratulations to
ose of your other friends; I am con-
nced you will do honour to the station
life you are now called to fill." George,
really felt ashamed, turned to a win-
, as if inattentive to what was passing:
ıdley took no pains to check the grin
ch distended his muscles, and Julia blush-
nore for Dr. Ingleby than from any other
e, while she subjoined, "Permit me,
r, to unite my congratulations to those
my father." Stanhope gracefully thank-
hem, but he could not help wondering

withal, when and where he had acquired qualities which would do so much honour to his new station, since those he formerly possessed were scarcely sufficient to qualify him for the office of Master Colbrook's tutor. Dr. Ingleby then entered into a critical dissertation on the beauties of Stanhope's poems, with which he proved himself to be intimately acquainted; but as the reader may not happen to be equally versed in Auberry's productions, it will be as well to omit it here; Julia would also give her meed of approbation, and timidly professed herself to be delighted with the following lines:

cal reputation, it is to be hoped that she did not select the most brilliant passage in the volume.

" Now, Doctor," said Brindley, when dinner was scarcely ended, " you have three " bachelors at the table here, who are all " heartily tired of that state, so that it " would be an act of real charity to recom- " mend helpmates to us; for my part, I free- " ly declare that there is no gentleman on " whose judgment I should so soon rely as " on yours;—Stanhope, I well know, would " pay you, if possible, a more implicit obedi- " ence, and George is in duty bound to do " the same; so now, dear Doctor, if you " are acquainted with any young ladies who " would condescend to pity our situation, " will you have the goodness to speak a " friendly word for us?" " Why, really, " young gentleman," said the Rector, simpering, " I must say that you presume ra- " ther too highly on my friendship; to the " honour of the fair sex, I may say that I " am acquainted with many—very many

" young ladies who would make excellent " wives; of course I could recommend them " with a safe conscience, but am I quite cer- " tain that I should gain equal credit by re- " commending any of *you?*" " Nay, my " dear Sir," returned Brindley, with the most profound gravity, though he was all the while slily winking at Julia, " you can- " not have the smallest hesitation on that " point;—myself, your old friend and neigh- " bour, you surely know well enough to be " acquainted with all my domesticating qua- " lities; as to Stanhope here, you know, " Miss Ingleby, he performed an action " which is sufficient to captivate half the

"make a prudent choice, I promise you to "use my influence, and to tie the knot at "last." "Remember I shall claim your pro- "mise, Sir," replied Brindley, with earnest- ness; "come Stanhope, what say you?" "That on such an occasion, there is no gen- "tleman whose advice and assistance I should "so readily solicit, as those of Dr. Ingleby." "Now, George," resumed Brindley. George instantly replied, "Brindley, I now repeat "a declaration which I have made a hun- "dred times, that if ever I marry, my own "heart and my own judgment are the on- "ly directors I shall consult; and I trust "they will never make such a choice as my "father cannot in reason and conscience "approve." Not altogether to the Rector's taste was this avowal; he had long feared that George was not inclined to marry his cousin, and looked upon what he now said as a confirmation of his fears; but at present he could only affect to take it as the jest of the moment, and smile like the rest of the party. Julia was glad when the conversa- tion took another turn, for the arch glances

of Brindley, which she was aware he took no pains to conceal from any one present, were not to be endured. Dr. Ingleby was so charmed with his guests that he would not part with them until the evening was far advanced;—and while the Rector, at one end of the room, received with profound attention the intelligence which Brindley had brought him concerning the present state of agriculture on his glebe land at Kirkford, Stanhope, at the other, was restored to the long-lost felicity of listening to the heart-searching tones of Julia's piano, and the melodious breathings of George's flute;—the sun

"Stanhope, I need not urge you to favor "us often with your company; be assured "we shall at all times be truly happy to see "you." This general invitation, it is scarcely necessary to say, was accepted as cordially as it was given. "We have passed a ve- "ry agreeable day—a very agreeable day "indeed," said Dr. Ingleby, as soon as the door was closed upon his guests—"Auber- "ry Stanhope is prodigiously improved— "don't you think so, Julia?" The most favorite similes of the poets, the spring and the morning, the carnation and the rose, can none of them convey an adequate idea of the bloom which crimsoned Julia's cheek as she replied, "I think he is the same mild unaf- "fected character he ever was." "Oh, I "grant he was always a man of polished and "pleasing manners," rejoined the Doctor, eagerly, "but it is in his person I see so "great an improvement; his figure is much "more manly, his features more striking, "and the expression of his countenance "more strongly marked." "His fortune "will dignify his person, and his conse-

"quence with the world will beautify his "features," said George, drily, and quitted the room.

At a period no farther distant than the next morning, Brindley paid a visit to Lady Bradshaw; after mutual compliments and inquiries had passed, and the topics of the day had been discussed, he seized the first pause of conversation to say, "I dined yesterday "at Dr. Ingleby's, where I had the pleasure "of meeting my old friend Stanhope; he will, "I understand, become one of the family "soon, being to lead Miss Ingleby to the

"offer her his hand." "Why, as your "ladyship observes," returned Brindley, with a grin, "when a lady has once mani- "fested a partiality for a gentleman, and cir- "cumstances prevent her from marrying "him, few men would care to be the object "of her second choice; but this is not Miss "Ingleby's case—ever since Stanhope saved "her life, it has been notorious to all who "knew her intimately, that she was passion- "ately in love with him, and that she only "consented to marry Lord Mellinghurst in "obedience to the positive commands of her "father." "Then," resumed the lady, "you "will allow, Mr. Brindley, that Miss Ingle- "by's conduct has been rather unjustifiable; "she ought not (as it appears she would "have done) to have married one man when "her heart was in possession of another." "I must beg leave to dissent from your lady- "ship in this point," returned Brindley, with profound gravity, "many ladies indeed make "no scruple to marry men who they not "only do not love, but who they are aware "they never can love, because the disparity

" of their years precludes any such feeling;
" but I believe they console themselves with
" the idea that the older their spouse is the
" sooner the union is likely to be dissolved,
" and they left at liberty to form another
" engagement with a more agreeable object:
" now as the youth of Lord Mellinghurst
" debarred poor Julia from any such cheer-
" ing prospect, I must say that I think she
" made a most heroic sacrifice of inclination
" to duty." Lady Bradshaw was terribly galled by Brindley's keen satire, and though, with her wonted artful caution, she endeavoured to avoid every appearance of apply-

"As to that, Madam," returned Brindley, "titles are so common now a-days, that people of sense do not set much value on their possession; Stanhope has now a handsome fortune, but even if that had not been the case, Miss Ingleby is not the first lady who has married an author; the Countess of Warwick, as I was reading the other day in Addison's life, married him when he was her son's preceptor; Stanhope, as your ladyship knows," continued he with a satirical grin, "was also a domestic tutor, and even then I question whether his person and talents did not recommend him to ladies of rank and fortune, who would gladly have taken him 'for better for worse.'" "And would afterwards have been ashamed of their choice, and have treated him with as much neglect and contempt as Lady Warwick did Addison," retorted Lady Bradshaw, with a bitter smile, scarcely able to conceal her mortification and anger, and yet hoping by these words to repel all idea that she could possibly apply to herself what Brindley had just said. Her

itor had his reply ready: "Then
tely, Madam, he has now chosen
will never show him either;—S
and Miss Ingleby will be a very h
: and a very worthy couple, a
rely hope and believe they will
happy one also—I wish your l
a good morning." With these w
le a precipitate retreat, leaving I
aw to execrate him, as she had
efore—for an insolent puppy, an

ther and sister, and partly for a cause which will appear hereafter, not only ceased to gratify Lady Bradshaw by sneering at him, but had become the professed admirer of his genius and character.

CHAPTER VI.

STANHOPE, whose affairs with the India directors were now all settled to his entire satisfaction, very soon availed himself of Dr. Ingleby's invitation to make a morning call in Dover-street, where he had a long conversation with the Rector and Julia; and so pleasantly did time pass, that when two

performed: George was at home and in high spirits, and every shadow of restraint and embarrassment having now worn away, the whole party was gay and happy. Soon after Miss Ingleby quitted the table, the Rector, with familiar apology to his guest, retired also to take his afternoon's nap, and left the young men to finish their wine, which, it will readily be supposed, had not long power to detain Stanhope from the drawing-room: on entering it, he found his old friend Phebe with Miss Ingleby; she now first saw him since his accession of fortune, on which she warmly congratulated him, and, having received his smiling thanks, retired; they stood a few minutes chatting by the fire; George then seizing a cargo of books and muslin which lay on the sofa, exclaimed, "Julia, do you place these here to "exclude your friends from sitting by your "side? come, Stanhope, take a seat." Auberry obeyed, but there was a glow on his cheek which, like the heat of the sun, communicated itself to a neighbouring object—even to the fair face of Julia. George drew

a chair on the opposite side of the fire
taking up a morning paper, read sor
tracts, on which his auditors comm
then, as if struck by a sudden recoll
he said, "Sister, have you written to
"cle or aunt to-day?" she replied
negative, and he rejoined, "then I
"do it directly, or I sha'n't save th
"in which case my father will scold
"negligence, and Sir John and aun
"will conclude we are either dead
"ing." With these words he left the
though Julia strove to detain him by
surance "That there was no occasion t
"any letters that evening, as she

" ting out for Kirkford the following week,
" if he continued able to undertake the jour-
" ney." " For Kirkford! ah, Miss Ingle-
" by!" repeated Stanhope, with a soft sigh and a look of piercing tenderness:—when the eyes of Julia met that melting glance, she averted them, but in despite of her utmost efforts, she responded the sigh;—she struggled, however, to regain some degree of composure, and inquired " Whether Stan-
" hope had visited Kirkford lately?" a question which, it may be conjectured, she asked merely for the sake of something to say, as it could not be to obtain information, for she knew, both from George and Phebe, that Auberry had never been from London and its neighbourhood since he quitted General Colbrook. After the pause of a few moments, Stanhope replied, " I have not been
" at Kirkford since I left it in the spring of
" 1808; but though my frame has been ab-
" sent, every faculty of my soul has linger-
" ed there;—it has been the ground-work
" of every scene memory or imagination
" drew.—Ah, Miss Ingleby," he continued,

while augmented emotion crimsoned his cheek, "I find it impossible any longer to "conceal my feelings; from the first mo- "ment of our acquaintance I have loved "you with the purest—the sincerest—the "most ardent passion that ever animated a "human bosom; but my hopeless and un- "friended poverty presented an insurmount- "able obstacle, and though my sufferings "have been great, I have suffered in silence; "but circumstances are now altered, and "the goodness of Providence has enabled "me to offer you, together with a truly "faithful heart, a fortune and a name, not,

" should ill requite the obligations I owe you
" if I were otherwise; believe me, I am tru-
" ly, fully sensible of the value of the heart
" you offer me;—but for its noble—its ex-
" alted humanity, I had now been in the
" grave; and had I not been placed in the
" cruel circumstances I am, I should have
" felt it a duty—and why should I conceal
" it?—a pleasing one—to dedicate to you
" the life you preserved:" here Auberry was about to speak, but Julia prevented him, and proceeded, " but circumstanced as I am,
" I feel myself compelled to decline an offer,
" which otherwise, I should have accepted
" with sincere pleasure." Stanhope's anxiety again offered an interruption, but she earnestly begged him to hear her out, and while a dye of deeper crimson shadowed her face and neck, she continued, " if a con-
" versation we once held at Kirkford be not
" entirely obliterated from your memory,
" you will be at no loss to conceive what
" were my feelings on a late occasion; I do
" not hesitate to confess that I looked on
" my deliverance from vows which my

"heart could not sanction, as an immedi-
"ate blessing from the hand of heaven; but
"since matters did proceed so far, I feel
"that I must never marry—for not only the
"world, but he who should receive my
"faith at the altar, would too probably
"suspect that he received with it a divided
"heart; and in that case, what ever might
"be my own consciousness of integrity, I
"should neither be happy myself, nor con-
"fer happiness where it would be equally
"my duty and my wish to do it." Here
Julia paused, and Stanhope, who had listen-
ed with painful impatience, replied, tender-

" ed me with a confession that my happiness " was dear to you; and, may I add, with " another half-formed sentence, which sound- " ed to my soul like a wish that heaven " had permitted us to constitute the felicity " of each other; if then, I may be permitted " to cherish the dear hope that these were " your sentiments, how unworthy should I " be of the treasure I solicit, if I could for a " moment doubt the faith, the truth, the " honour, of that invaluable heart; nor," added he in a playful whisper, " have I so " little vanity as to think myself destitute of " all power of conciliating affection." At this moment young Ingleby returned to the room; the vermilion which painted Julia's cheek, the animation which lightened in Stanhope's brilliant eyes, as he held the right hand of Miss Ingleby in both his own, and the humorously affected surprise of George, would have afforded an admirable group, had an artist been there to sketch it:—" I " beg pardon," said George, with mock gravity; " I fear I interrupt some important " conversation;" and as he spoke he moved

towards the door. "Oh, do not go, bro-
"ther;" exclaimed Julia, "indeed I want
"you; believe me you do not interrupt any
"conversation." "Stay, dear Ingleby,"
said Stanhope, "stay, and be my advocate
"with your lovely sister." George return-
ed, and placing himself opposite Auberry,
said, without altering one muscle of his face,
"Then give me a true and exact statement
"of your case, and do not, as you are aware
"many clients do, mislead me in that re-
"spect; for I am a conscientious lawyer,
"and should not choose to be retained in a
"bad cause." "It is the best of all causes,"
exclaimed Stanhope, with energy, "it is

"have presumed," replied Stanhope, with energy, "to offer to Miss Ingleby's ac-
"ceptance, a most sincere, faithfully at-
"tached heart." He paused. "Proceed;" said George. "I cannot prevail on Miss
"Ingleby to honour this humble offering
"with her acceptance," replied Stanhope, with a half smile. "I hope and trust, my
"dear friend, that your eloquence may be
"more successful." "On what plea have
"you rejected this offered heart?" questioned George, addressing his sister. "For
"reasons conclusive to myself," she replied, with more of seriousness than gaiety.
"Then," resumed George, "as counsel for
"plaintiff, I request to know of you, who
"stand in the place of defendant's witnesses,
"what those reasons are?" Julia averted her face with a blush, and remained silent.
"Now," said George, "to convince you
"that I am not only a profound lawyer,
"but an able magician, I shall tell you your
"reasons before I hear them: you are
"afraid, that if you marry Stanhope, either
"he or the world may take it into their

s, that you cherish a lingering, lurk-
preference for Lord Mellinghurst; but
ing can be more unfounded than
a fear: for my client here, I can an-
for him, is ready to assure you that he
never entertain a suspicion of the kind;
as to the world, it knows, at least
part of it which has the honour to be
ainted with you, knows, that ever
Mr. Stanhope rescued you from the
s of the fallen chimneys, you have

delighted lover an ecstatic assurance of the regard she had ever cherished for him;—yet agitated as she was, she strove to repel her brother's mischievous assertion. "This "is abominable, George," she exclaimed, "I am certain my aunt never told you any "such thing." "Julia," he replied, in the tone he had used before, "I will not have "my veracity called in question; in one in- "stance, however, I confess I have not been "quite accurate; my aunt did not say you "cried for joy; she asserted that your tears "proceeded from a quite contrary cause." Julia was now completely overwhelmed; Stanhope kissed her hand in a transport, and Ingleby laughed at them both;—"Come, "come," he exclaimed, "as you perceive I "am a very able lawyer, I shall assume the "office of chancellor at once, and give judg- "ment in this case:—my sentence there- "fore is, that you, Miss Ingleby, put away "all these fantastical fears and fancies, and "give your hand to Stanhope." "As I do "not conceive myself obliged to conform to "your decision," replied Julia, "I shall,

very good reasons, do neither; I do
look upon my fears as fantastical, and
hand is not at my own disposal."
t is quite sufficient," cried Ingleby,
has plainly referred you to my father,
hope." "No, indeed, that was not
meaning," eagerly interrupted his sis-
'I think it was," returned George,
"and I counsel you, Stanhope, to
e the application—I heartily wish you
ess, though I do not take upon me to

" out attracting his notice;—no, no, high-
" churchman as he is, he never could endure
" even a sprig of royal oak unless it were
" gilded." " Nay, dear George," said Ju-
lia, in a tone and with a look of remon-
strance. " Why," he replied, " in letting
" you know that my father is not quite per-
" fect and infallible, I am acting very pru-
" dently; for, as I intend shortly to be ve-
" ry refractory, it may be as well to take
" part of the weight of sin from myself and
" lay it on him." " I guess the cause of
" your disobedience," said Stanhope, laugh-
ing. " I dare say you do," he replied,
" but if you did not, I should be very ready
" to enlighten you;—the fact is, my father
" intends to bring me to the hammer, as he
" did Julia; but as the legislature has thought
" fit to abolish the traffic in black people, I
" am of opinion that the sale of white ones
" ought to cease also; to be serious, I am
" determined never to marry my cousin Ma-
" ria; and as I find that evasion will do no
" longer, I shall tell my father not only *that*,
" but who I *am* resolved to marry, the very

"next time the subject is mentioned." Julia and Stanhope smiled approbation; all the happiness that had ever dawned upon the soul of Auberry, did not equal that which blessed him at this moment; for Julia had not negatived the advice which George gave him, to apply to Dr. Ingleby:—by the time that gentleman entered the room, Stanhope had found another seat, and Julia more composure; they passed a social and pleasant evening: Auberry, before he took leave, found an opportunity of soliciting Dr. Ingleby's permission to call on him next morning, to consult him on an important subject; and

Ingleby rather within the appointed hour, and was received by his reverend friend with every appearance of regard and cordiality; and as Auberry visibly laboured under some small degree of embarrassment, the Rector kindly encouraged him with gracious and approving smiles: they conversed about half an hour on indifferent topics, and then the Doctor made a pause, as if he thought it time that Stanhope should enter on business: Stanhope thought so too, and with some blushing, some hesitation, and no very powerful degree of eloquence, except in point of zeal and energy, he professed his admiration of Miss Ingleby, which he owned he had cherished from the very commencement of their acquaintance; attributing the silence he had hitherto preserved to his own circumstances, which had been such as to preclude all hope, but never hinting, even remotely, at Julia's engagement with Lord Mellinghurst; concluding with an earnest petition for Dr. Ingleby's sanction to his addresses. The Doctor listened to him with a countenance which was intended to

convey an expression of mingled dignity, condescension, and kindness; and after the pause of a few moments, he replied, in a tone which accorded with his looks, "I "must say, my dear young friend, that this "is rather an unexpected declaration, though "at the same time it is one which gives me "very sincere pleasure: you saved my "daughter's life, and ever since you did so, "I have had a feeling about me, which told "me she ought to be your reward; and it "is not altogether the fond partiality of a "parent which speaks, when I say she will "be an inestimable one." Stanhope's eyes

" to Julia, she is free; and provided you can
" gain her affections—for I will on no ac-
" count attempt to influence or control her
" choice—I will with very great pleasure—
" very great happiness I may say—bestow
" her on you; convinced, from my know-
" ledge of your principles and understand-
" ing, that I shall never endanger the hap-
" piness of my child by entrusting it to your
" care." Stanhope fervently and grace-
fully thanked him; Dr. Ingleby received his
acknowledgments as his just due, and said
with a stately smile, " You will be convinc-
" ed, Auberry, of the high degree of esti-
" mation in which I hold you; my daugh-
" ter, you are aware, might aspire to an al-
" liance with any of the first families in the
" kingdom; but the young nobility of the
" modern day—I am grieved to say it—are
" so profligate and dissipated, that I should
" shudder to entrust the peace of my daugh-
" ter to any of them: an affectionate parent
" will study the welfare more than the ag-
" grandizement of his child; and that I am
" only solicitous for Julia's welfare, I am now

with her a single shilling; and now with the most perfect openness and candour, he acquainted Dr. Ingleby with the state of his affairs, and renewed his offer of making any settlement he pleased—even to the whole of his fortune, so far as his grandfather had left it at his own disposal. The Rector, who it may be conjectured, was not sorry to find him so disinterested, replied, smiling, "Well, "well, we must leave these matters to the "lawyers; but come, suppose we pay Julia "a visit, and hear what she has got to say to "us." It is needless to say how willingly Stanhope accepted this invitation, and with what alacrity he followed his reverend friend

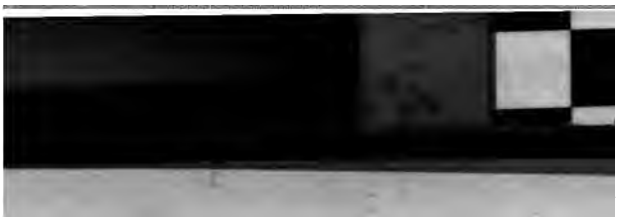
"solicitation?" Julia could guess very well, though she did not choose to say so, but her tell-tale complexion spoke for her: her father, with an arch expression of countenance, looked alternately at her and Stanhope, and then said to the latter, "Upon my word, "this is not fair, young man; you request-"ed my permission to address my daughter, "but I now begin to suspect that you have "first not only asked, but obtained, my "daughter's permission to address me; is "it not so, Julia?" "No, my dear Sir," said Auberry, "that is not altogether the "case; I confess I solicited, but was not so "happy as to obtain Miss Ingleby's leave to "prefer the petition which you have honour-"ed me by receiving so kindly." "Then I "presume, Julia, you are still ignorant of "the subject of the conference we have just "been holding?" resumed the Rector, in a bantering tone; Julia *could not* say yes, and *would not* say no:—Stanhope felt for her visible emotion, and with voice, looks, and manner, which spoke the vivid feelings of his soul, he said, "May I presume, my

"dearest Miss Ingleby, sanctioned by your "father's approbation, to solicit what I shall "esteem the highest of earthly blessings— "your invaluable hand?" Julia looked at her father, and met an approving smile in silence, but with a countenance which fully expressed her gratitude, her confidence, and her love, she held out her hand to Stanhope, who received it with all the rapture his ardent imagination could impel; chastened by all the delicacy and all the respect his excellent heart could dictate; and while he fervently pressed it to his lips and to his bosom, he said, "I cannot thank you, my

ne the most affectionate of parents, fer-
tly invoked on them a blessing from
ve; he soon after left the lovers to a
versation which lasted until George, who
l just been told by his father what a sa-
ice he had made to parental love, in con-
ting that Julia should *descend* to marry
nhope, came to congratulate and to teaze
m.

CHAPTER VII.

Dr. Ingleby continued in excellent
ealth and spirits, his daughter natural-
ected that he would adhere to his re-
ɔn of returning to Kirkford the follow-



iderate Rector, it was accelerated with all ossible speed; his men of law had frequent neetings with Fenton, and another profes- ional gentleman, on the part of Stanhope; nd as the latter never interfered with Dr. ngleby's arrangements concerning the settle- nents, but suffered them to be drawn en- irely as he pleased, they were soon in a state f great forwardness: much more solicitous vas Auberry to obtain for his beloved Julia suitable and agreeable establishment; and s they both preferred a country to a town fe, they determined to have no fixed resi- ence in London, but when literary affairs r inclination should lead them thither, to ire lodgings, or a furnished house, for the me, and to set up their rest in some plea- nt mansion in the neighbourhood of either , or Kirkford, but the latter was decidedly tanhope's preference; and Elmbrooke, a veet rural mansion about five miles from irkford, well known to all parties, being on after advertised for sale, Brindley, at tanhope's request, wrote to his steward, ommissioning him to treat for the purchase.

Dr. Ingleby very much approved of all t
but satisfied that Stanhope would soon h
a habitation to take his bride to, he saw
reason why the nuptials should be defer
until it were ready; and being very will
to give them house-room in the interim,
became very anxious for the nomination
a day which, whatever might be Auber
lover-like impatience, his respect for M
Ingleby would not yet permit him to soli
indeed, no member of Astley's famous tr
of equestrians was ever more expert at ke
ing up a dozen or two of different colou
balls when riding at full speed, than was

resolved to apply once more to his friend the Bishop of L. to perform the ceremony by special licence. When Julia understood this, she felt a degree of anguish not to be described; the scene of her escape from a union with Lord Mellinghurst had impressed her mind with such horror and disgust, that she could not support the idea of another marriage in the same form; and as delicacy would not allow her to address Stanhope on the subject, she opened her heart to George, and implored him to use his influence in persuading their father to permit her marriage to be solemnized in the parish-church at either L. or Kirkford. "My dear girl," he replied, "you know one may as well attempt "to remonstrate with the moon as with my "father; I find by several hints he has dropped, that he intends the Bishop shall join "two couples that day, but I shall take care "to put a bar to all those rare schemes be"fore that day shall arrive." The Doctor had indeed formed the plan George hinted at, and some others also which even his facetious son had not found out; he had been

introduced to Mr. Campbell, to whom,
the following cogent reasons, he paid m
assiduous court: in the event of Stanhop
dying without issue, a considerable part
his fortune was to descend to Campbell
his heirs; but natural heirs he had no
for if there were any persons who co
claim affinity to him, it was in so remot
degree that they could not, as the Rec
was well-informed, establish their claims;
when his age and state of health were tak
into consideration, it seemed much m
probable that his young friend, to whom
was very much attached, would eventua

oubting that her charms, her companion-
ble qualities, and housewifely skill would
ake all due impression on a heart so recent-
imported from the languishing climes of
ie east:—whether that heart really proved
vulnerable as the Rector expected, cannot
e ascertained, but the fair Rebecca had
een only a very little while in town, when
eorge and Brindley declared that she was
eeply in love—not with the sun-burned and
ebilitated Mr. Campbell, but with the gay
id lively John Fenton, who was not more
ian twenty years her junior. This disco-
ery afforded an inexhaustible source of
irth to the two young gentlemen just
amed, in which they were sometimes join-
d by Julia and Stanhope also, with whom
iss Maitland had never been a favourite,
iough she now behaved to him with much
ppearance of regard and complaisance; they
l however concurred in keeping the secret
om Dr. Ingleby; George and Brindley
eclaring they would not spoil the sport,
nd Stanhope and Miss Ingleby not choosing
intermeddle; so that the Rector remain-

ed in total ignorance of Fenton's calls in Dover-street having any other motive than the ostensible one—namely, that of consulting him about the marriage settlements of his daughter. The Rector, in addition to the schemes already detailed, had yet another still more important than any of them, for it had in view an object of no less magnitude than his own advancement to the see of ——, the Bishop being extremely ill, and a nobleman, high in power, having promised to exert his influence in the Doctor's behalf. As Dr. Ingleby could neither be ignorant, nor affect to be so, that Stanhope not only

wood from entering the dwelling of George Ingleby, and her father, who was seriously uneasy concerning their attachment, and was not over and above charmed with what he had heard of the character of Dr. Ingleby, declined visiting him:—"I regret that I "shall lose you, Auberry," he said, "but "when you shall possess a habitation of your "own, believe me there will not be one "guest who shall enter it with more sincere "pleasure." Such was the state of affairs when Lady Maria Ingleby came to pass a few days with her cousin; Stanhope's poetical talents had long since introduced him to her regard, and they were soon on terms of friendly cordiality; and Lady Maria, with her wonted frankness, declared that she should no longer regret being disappointed in the hope she had cherished of being more nearly related to Julia, since but for that disappointment she should never have had the pleasure of calling Stanhope cousin. On the last evening of her ladyship's stay in town, the two young ladies, chaperoned by Miss Maitland, and attended by Campbell

and Stanhope, who had dined in Dover-street, went to the king's theatre, where the Covent-garden company at that time performed; they had not been long in the house when Brindley joined them with a face full of intelligence, and directed the eyes of Julia and Stanhope to an opposite box, "Where," he pursued, addressing the latter, "you will see your old favourite, Lady Bradshaw, attended by the "Count Palliotti, an Italian nobleman, on "whom, if report speak true, her ladyship "intends to bestow her fair hand and immense possessions." Auberry looked, and

"how long has he been in England? I ne-
"ver heard the title before, and I think I
"have met with all the emigrants of dis-
"tinction at some of my aunt's parties."
"Then I am afraid your ladyship will not
"have the felicity of meeting the count,"
returned Brindley, in his satirical way; "for
"as he is fourth cousin to Bonaparte him-
"self, a rencounter with the Bourbons
"could not be agreeable on either side, and
"is of course mutually avoided. Having
"happened to offend his most puissant rela-
"tion, he has the misfortune to be disgraced
"at the court of St. Cloud, and has been
"making the tour of America, from whence
"he is lately arrived to dazzle all eyes and
"inthrall all hearts, as he has already done
"that of Lady Bradshaw; though by the
"way I believe her ladyship is rather an
"easy conquest—at least the world says
"you found her so, Stanhope." "And pray,
"is this the account which this man gives
"of himself?" questioned Mr. Campbell,
who had been attentively surveying the Ita-
lian nobleman through his opera glass. "It

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"his real name I cannot say:—a correspon-
"dent afterwards informed me that he had
"attempted to commit a most daring fraud
"on an eminent merchant, but happily the
"villanous design was discovered time
"enough to frustrate it; the rascal fled, and,
"it was generally supposed, escaped to Eu-
"rope as a common sailor on board one of
"the company's ships:—so much for this
"relative of the great Emperor Napoleon,
"who will, as you perceive, elevate Lady
"Bradshaw to a much higher rank in socie-
"ty than my friend Anberry here could
"possibly have done." Such was Mr. Campbell's intelligence, which afforded infinite diversion to Lady Maria and Brindley, who felt not the least atom of pity for Lady Bradshaw: Miss Maitland observed, "That "when ladies encouraged these outlandish "fellows, they generally proved bites;" but Stanhope's gentle spirit could not support the idea that the woman who had cherished him in sickness—who would have married him when poor—should fall the prey of a designing villain. Julia, who was truly his

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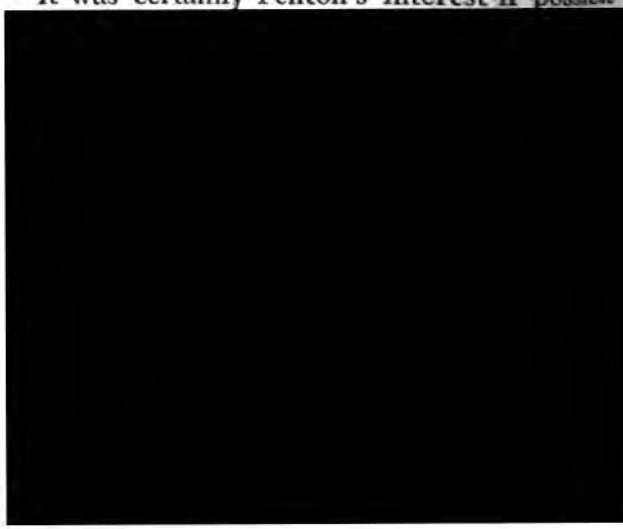
CHAPTER VIII.

SO earnest was Stanhope in his wish of saving Lady Bradshaw from her impending fate, that he was at Fenton's chambers the next morning before that gentleman was up; for as he was in the practice of keeping very late hours, he seldom quitted his bed at an early one:—as Stanhope did not wish to miss the opportunity of speaking to him, he sent in his name, and was not suffered to wait more than three minutes before Fenton joined him in his dressing-gown. "What "lover's errand calls you out so early," said he, "do you want the finishing stroke put "to the settlements?" "I am come in the "cause of friendship—not of love," returned Auberry, with a smile; "I wish to serve "an old friend, and want your assistance;"

then without further preface, he detailed to Fenton the intelligence he had received from Mr. Campbell concerning the pretended Count Palliotti, and earnestly requested him to repeat it to Lady Bradshaw, as if the intimation came from himself. Fenton readily undertook this commission, and professed himself very much pleased that the discovery had been made. Lady Bradshaw, he told Stanhope, had known this foreigner only a fortnight, but was so absolutely infatuated with him, that there did not exist a doubt but it was her intention to make him master of herself and her fortune; this it was certainly Fenton's interest if possible



return to Windsor that morning, George having promised to drive her thither in his curricle. On reaching Dover-street, he found Brindley with the family-party; the travellers were equipped for their excursion; the day was remarkably serene for the season; and after chatting a few minutes they set off; Miss Maitland quitted the room at the same moment, and only Dr. Ingleby remained with the lovers; when Brindley returned from assisting Lady Maria to the carriage, Stanhope and Julia were conversing in a low voice at one of the windows; "Doctor," said Brindley, in his blunt way, "where two are, an addition to the party is "seldom desired, will you then favour me "with an audience in your study, as I want "to consult you on a subject of impor-"tance."

The Rector of course complied, and led the way to his private apartment, where Brindley, the moment they were seated, said, "My dear Sir, I have requested this "interview to solicit the performance of a

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ceased speaking; he did not hesitate in resolving to negative his application, but he hesitated much as to the terms in which he should frame his refusal; he was determined that Lady Maria should never marry any one but his son, yet to affront a man of Brindley's fortune and consequence, the lord of the manor of Kirkford, was a circumstance to be cautiously guarded against; a glance from the young gentleman, which seemed to demand an answer, at length compelled him to speak; "Mr. "Brindley," he began, "what you have "said is very unexpected, very unexpected "indeed; believe me, Sir, I am sensible, "very sensible of the honour you do my "niece in—" Here Brindley broke in upon his harangue, by saying, "I beg pardon for "interrupting you, Doctor, but I do not "conceive that men and women do each "other any great *honour* by the mutual offer "and acceptance of their hands in marriage; "marriage indeed, as the Apostle tells us, "'Is honourable in all;' and the state it-"self is certainly so; but husbands and

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"reserve sealed her lips on the subject, and "as you gave her to understand you should "apply to me, she knew I would explain "matters." "No, no, Doctor," returned Brindley, "I have a much better opinion "of your niece's candour than to suppose "she would encourage one gentleman if she "intended to marry another; you are "aware, my dear Sir, that young people, "when they come to years of discretion, "seldom adhere to those sort of contracts "which have been made for them in their "babyhood." The poor Rector finding that Brindley would not take a civil denial, found himself reduced to the disagreeable necessity of giving him a flat and positive one; "I am sorry, Mr. Brindley," he said, "very sorry indeed, to decline an alliance "with you; but I promised my poor bro- "ther, just before his death, to unite his "daughter and my son, and you are sensi- "ble it would be very wicked in me to re- "cede from so solemn an engagement." "A "bad promise, Doctor, as Shakspeare says "of a bad custom, is, 'More honoured in

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" another niece." " If you had half a do-
" zen, Doctor," replied Brindley, in a tone of indifference, " I should not seek an alli-
" ance with any of them but Lady Maria;
" to her my affections are unalterably en-
" gaged, and if I cannot obtain her with
" your consent, I must wait until she can
" bestow herself on me without it; good
" morning, Sir;" so saying he retired, and left the poor Rector in a mode of fretful peevishness which continued through the day.

George did not return from Windsor until his father had retired to rest: the next morning he was summoned to a private conference, which the Rector opened in these words, spoken with seeming carelessness, and as a matter of course; " George,
" I have been thinking that as your sister's
" nuptials are to be solemnized before we
" leave London, yours might as well take
" place at the same time." " My nuptials,
" Sir!" repeated George. " Aye," return-
" ed the Rector; " as all academical re-

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"me life and health, I shall very soon fulfil "my promise." The Rector had now no occasion to feign either anger or astonishment; "Fulfil a promise of marriage "without my consent or knowledge!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder: with his wonted dryness, George replied, "Not "without your knowledge, Sir, for I am "telling you now; nor without your consent, if you please to grant it." "George," said the Rector, in a tone of determined displeasure, "I see plainly that you have "formed some low attachment; that you "wish to ally yourself to some obscure per- "son whose birth and fortune would dis- "grace our family; I therefore insist on "knowing who it is." George calmly replied, "It is one who will be an ornament, "not a disgrace, to our family—it is the "daughter of Mr. Honeywood." "Mr. "Honeywood!" repeated the Rector, whose ungovernable rage struggled with the sneer which he chose to assume; "who is Mr. "Honeywood? what fortune can he give "his daughter?" Without the slightest al-

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"though fortune had been entirely out of the "question." The Rector keenly felt this severe but just sarcasm; "Mighty well, Mr. "Ingleby," he exclaimed, "mighty well, go "on, Sir, but remember that if you do marry this girl, you are no longer a son of "mine." In a firm voice, George replied, "I should be sorry to offend you, Sir, and "would show my obedience to your commands in whatever is consistent with "reason and virtue, but on this point my "word is pledged, and I neither can nor "will recede; I have chosen one of the best "of her sex, one who would do honour to "any station, and is a treasure in herself; I "would rather be curate of Lyndale to the "end of my life and the husband of Fanny "Honeywood, than primate of England "without her; and as to my cousin Maria, "I make no doubt that she will soon meet "with one who will make her a much better husband than she would find in me, "who feel for her only the regard due to a "near relation;" with these words he bowed and quitted the room.

mean and groveling taste of
her what had passed; "W
she replied, "you see young
"please themselves, and indee
"I think it is very fit they sh
"ry fit they should!" reiterate
in a tone of the highest astonish
"I understand you right, sis
"sible that you can be an ad
"prudent marriages? if you
"strangely altered, strangely
"deed." "Why to be sure,
resumed, "I did think that c
"to be governed by their p
"matter, but Julia's narrow
"Lord Mellinghurst, has fr
"from having any hand in forc
"marry against their inclini

" life, and nobody's else, that one is to spend " with the person one marries."

Whether this important revolution in the sentiments of Miss Maitland, concerning the non-resistance of children in matrimonial affairs, was really produced by the narrow escape of Julia, or whether her own partiality for Fenton, and consequent intention of marrying into the same family with her nephew, had some share in effecting it, cannot be ascertained; but though she only avowed the former motive, and the Rector was still ignorant of the latter, he by no means approved her adoption of such a mode of thinking; " Mighty well, Miss " Maitland, mighty well," he exclaimed; " George's folly will find an advocate in " you, I see." " Nay, brother," she replied, " I do not want to excuse folly, but I " do not see that it is folly to marry a fine " young woman; and I know, from them " that know well, that Miss Honeywood " is a very fine girl." The Rector, ever prone to suspicion, immediately concluded

his complaint to Julia.

Having in no very pleasant l
dismissed Phebe, he thus b
" my family will rise to distinc
Julia immediately guessed
which he thus ironically tern
tion, but not chusing to be th
his thoughts, she looked an in
meaning; the Rector resum
" no doubt you know that G
" to marry a relation of yours-
" band's that is to be—a Miss
and he pronounced the name
a volcano, as he used to do
hope, and then paused, as
Julia's reply; but finding she
lent, he added, " you, no

"was aware that he admired Miss Honey-
"wood." "Oh, you were aware that he
"admired Miss Honeywood!" returned the Rector, with sneering irony; "upon
"my word, I cannot but say I admire his
"mean taste; Stanhope, I am well assured,
"has been in his confidence all along; your
"foolish predilection for that young fellow,
"induced me to consent to your marrying
"him; but at the same time I was aware
"that the obligation we owed him, his own
"brilliant talents, and the fortune he had
"succeeded to would in some degree palli-
"ate the degradation of such an alliance in
"the eyes of the world; but I did not ex-
"pect that my family was to be further hu-
"miliated by another alliance equally de-
"grading, and without any circumstance
"to extenuate it." Julia was sensibly hurt by the contemptuous manner in which her lover was mentioned; "Degrading!" she repeated, in a tone fully expressive of her feelings, "I am at a loss to conceive, Sir,
"in what way you will be degraded by my
"marrying Mr. Stanhope; after what pass-

" ed in our own family, I think his merits
" and fortune are both far superior to what
" I had any right to expect; as to George's
" preference of Miss Honeywood, Mr. Stan-
" hope knows no more about it than I do;
" but if we had been ever so well acquaint-
" ed with his immediate intentions, we
" should not have thought ourselves at li-
" berty to interfere, as my brother is cer-
" tainly the best judge of what will conduce
" to his own happiness." "None of you
" consider what will conduce to mine, how-
" ever," cried the Rector, in an angry tone,
" or to the honour of my family either;
" however, I am determined—" but before

" tioned to me as a man of sense, but I must " say, it is little to his credit to encourage a " connexion which he could not but know " would be extremely disagreeable to me." Rigidly tenacious of the honour of his friend, Stanhope, in a tone of calm dignity, replied, " Sir, you injure Mr. Honeywood ; so " far from encouraging Mr. Ingleby's at- " tachment to his daughter, I believe he " does not know that it subsists ; there is " also another point on which you will al- " low me to rectify your mistake—Miss " Honeywood is not related to me in the " slightest degree, in either blood or law— " *her* father is first cousin to Mrs. Norton, " as Mr. Norton was to *mine* ; so that our " tie of consanguinity is a very slender one " indeed ; but I am so truly sensible of her " merits, that if I could claim affinity to " her, I should be proud to do it." " Very " likely, Sir," returned the Doctor, in a supercilious tone, " she may be a very de- " serving young woman, but you must be " sensible that she is not a wife for George " Ingleby." " Not in point of birth and

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from him; with this fine scheme glowing in his brain, he entered the hall of Lady Bridget's house, where the first object he met was Lady Maria herself, equipped for a ride; she attended him into one of the parlours, where, in answer to her inquiries after Julia, he said, with a well assumed aspect and sigh of concern, "She is very "well, my dear, but I am distressed, dis-"tressed beyond measure, by George's con-"duct." "George!" she exclaimed with a look of astonishment, "what has he "done?" "I am sorry to tell you, my "love," returned the Rector, in a voice so tremulous that he seemed ready to burst into tears, "because I know and feel for "what you will suffer." "For Heaven's "sake, dear uncle, do not keep me in sus-"pense," cried the terrified young lady, "has my cousin fought a duel?" "A duel!" reiterated the Doctor, in his turn affecting to be astonished, "oh, no; it is his behavi-"our to you, my sweet girl, which distresses "me thus." A ray of illumination now dart-ed across Lady Maria's mind, and yielding

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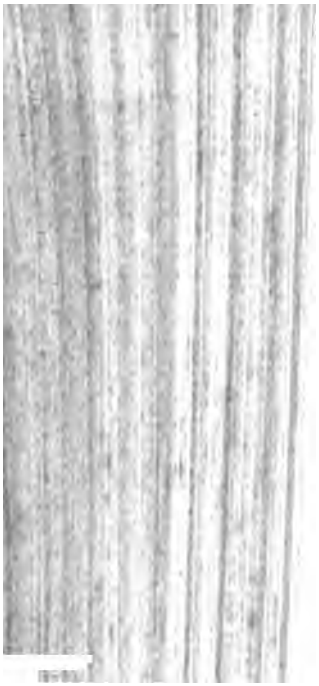
"gaged to each other from infancy, and he "shall marry you, and nobody else." "Me "marry George!" she reiterated, "oh, ne-"ver; you know, uncle, I could not make "any such engagement, for I was a mere "baby at school till within these few months; "but I would almost as soon think of mar-"rying Lord Mellinghurst as George Ingle-"by; good bye, uncle," and, kissing her fingers, she flew out; the servant presented his hand, and springing from it to her saddle, she set off at full gallop.

Lady Bridget having by this time learned that Dr. Ingleby was in the house, now made her appearance; to her he poured out the tale of woe, nothing doubting that he should receive sympathy, advice, and assistance from one who was to the full as tenacious of family dignity as himself; to his infinite mortification her ladyship coldly replied, "You must excuse me, Dr. Ingleby, "if I use the privilege of a friend, to say, "that I fear you must, in a great measure, "blame yourself for the conduct of these

promote such a union; however, he was determined to err no more on the side of lenity, and therefore commissioned Lady Bridget to signify to Lady Maria that he should insist on her marrying George at the same time that Julia and Stanhope should be united.

The Doctor's cup of mortification was not quite full, for about half a mile on the London side of Staines he perceived an equipage moving slowly along the road, and on a nearer approach found it to be the mitred carriage of the Bishop of —, to whose see he had hoped to succeed, with the prelate himself seated within, wearing an aspect of renovated health and cheerfulness. "I am "very glad, very glad indeed to see your "lordship so much recovered," was the compliment fraught with truth and sincerity which passed his lips when the two carriages came in contact; though he was all the while piously praying for the double translation of the Bishop to Abraham's bosom, and himself to the vacant see; but his



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CHAPTER IX.

WHEN Fenton, in pursuance of his promise to Stanhope, waited on Lady Bradshaw, he found her seated at breakfast, with the Count Palliotti and Miss Darley; Fenton of course was invited to partake of the repast, and as he had walked to Kensington since he took his own, he did not decline the invitation. Lady Bradshaw was in high spirits, and her exalted lover very voluble; when breakfast was over, Fenton told her ladyship that he had a little business to transact with her if she were at leisure; with a smile of melting softness, she replied, "I have no concealments with my friends, "Mr. Fenton; I absolve you from all re- "straint before them;" the Count thank-

by an impassioned glance, and a ten-
ssure of the hand; and Fenton, whose
had in it little of pity or compassion,
carcely refrain from laughing as he
plated the artful swindler and his
us dupe, though for his own sake,
might preserve the uncontrolled ma-
nt of her affairs, he determined
e every effort to save Lady Brad-
without betraying any embarrass-
f countenance, he proceeded to speak
se which he had been making out

that she should gladly avail herself of his politeness, as she wished to consult Lady Bradshaw about a particular article of dress. "They appear to be hurrying matters very "fast, Mr. Fenton," observed Mrs. A—, "for I have positive orders to have every "thing finished by the day after to-morrow; "I should suppose," she proceeded, "from "the elegance of her ladyship's travelling "dress, and some hints which Miss Darley "dropped, that they are to go down to visit "Lucien Buonaparte immediately after the "ceremony;" here Fenton could not suppress a laugh, Mrs. A— observed it, and resumed, "but pray, Mr. Fenton, have you "heard a report which is in circulation con-"cerning this Count Palliotti?" he replied in the negative, and the lady related a story, which, though differing in many particulars, Fenton easily perceived to be a transcript of the facts related by Mr. Campbell; he did not, however, avow any previous knowledge of them, but thanking Mrs. A— for her information, said he thought it his duty to mention it to Lady Bradshaw, and should

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the stairs, accompanied by Miss Darley, he waited until they had been about five minutes with Mrs. A—, and then hastily entering the room, where they were chatting in high spirits, he advanced to Lady Bradshaw, and begged her to favour him with a few minutes private conversation, as he had something of the last importance to communicate to her. Fenton possessed a strongly marked and flexible countenance, and on this occasion he modulated it to such an expression, as inspired Lady Bradshaw with a very powerful degree of alarm; in silence, but with a look of terror and surprise, she accompanied him to the apartment he had just quitted, and there, after leading her to a seat, and closing the door, he detailed the information he had received from Mr. Campbell concerning Palliotti; his habitual respect for her ladyship, and the good breeding he could display when he pleased, in some degree supplying the want of that tenderness with which a more humane and gentle heart would have made such a communication.

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of attention to a nobleman, so handsome, so elegant, and so illustriously allied; and now the certainty that she had not only united herself to an infamous swindler, but that to Stanhope she owed the discovery that he was so, fell so forcibly on her heart, that, unable to bear the contemplation of a picture so sadly the reverse of the gaily-decorated ones her fancy had been drawing, she shrieked wildly, and fell into Fenton's arms in strong hysterics; Fenton happened to be near the bell, which he pulled with violence, and this, together with her ladyship's scream, which was heard to the remotest part of the house, soon brought every person in it to the room; Mrs. A— and Miss Darley were in the van; to the latter Fenton consigned his fair burden, and shortly explaining the cause of alarm in a whisper to the former, hinted the propriety of an immediate retreat, not deeming it requisite to have any further share in unmasking the impostor; for as Lady Bradshaw was now in possession of all the information they could give about the matter, it rested with her

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Lady Bradshaw. Honeywood also pitied her, though aware that she deserved her fate; but to the rest of the party her precipitate marriage with this foreigner, her fancied aggrandizement, and merited mortification afforded infinite amusement.

When dinner was ended, George left his friends to discuss the comparative advantages of an absolute or a restricted regency, and followed Fanny to the little parlour; here he frankly told her all that had passed between his father and himself, and concluded with earnestly imploring her, since it were vain to hope for the consent of Dr. Ingleby, and Mr. Honeywood had vowed not to yield his without it, to consent to an immediate and private marriage; "My old "fellow-collegian ****," he continued, "is "now curate of St. James's, I know I may "rely on his friendship; he will marry us "to-morrow morning, and with his assist-"ance I can procure a licence and take every "requisite step to-night, if my dearest Fan-"ny will consent to bless me." "Oh, no,

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" and will console himself with ' His digni-
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He then earnestly pressed her to meet him next morning at the corner of Great Russel-street, and permit him to lead her to the altar of St. James's church, that they might put it out of the power of fortune or of accident to separate them; Fanny resisted his supplications, and George renewed them, when footsteps sounded in the passage; her lover again implored her consent, and in breathless agitation she responded, " Oh, " no, not to-morrow morning." " The " morning after then ?" whispered her lover; she articulated a scarcely audible " Yes;" George pressed her hand to his lips, and released it, just as the door opened, and Mr. Honeywood entered the room; Ingleby was aware that their tell-tale countenances would betray them, and looking in Honeywood's face with smiling confidence, he said, " I shall tell the truth, Sir; I have been " wooing." " I hope you are not in earn-
" est, Sir," said Honeywood, with a seri-

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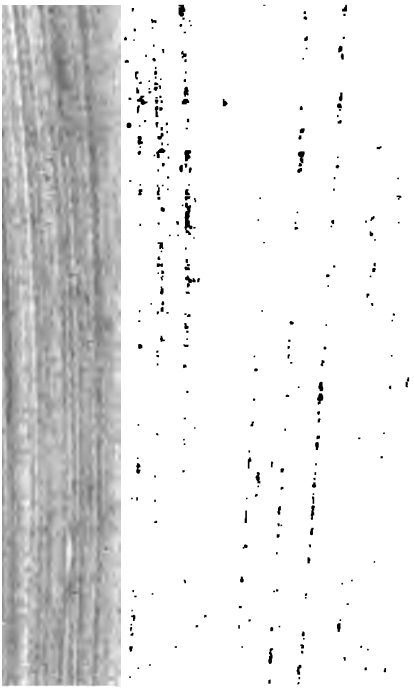
was determined, and if the subject were now brought to a serious discussion, his daughter might be swayed by his command, or influenced by his example to renounce her lover; "Well, well," he replied, "we will talk this matter over the "next time I see you; but I do assure you "I was never more in earnest in my life; I "love Miss Honeywood, my dearest Sir, "and should bless you as the author of my "happiness if you would bestow her on "me." Honeywood was deeply moved by the manly and graceful sincerity with which George uttered these words, but he was one of those firm characters which are not to be diverted from their fixed purpose; "You "must allow me to end this affair at once, "Mr. Ingleby," said he, with a calm but determined aspect; "I am fully sensible "of the honour you do Fanny, for the re-"gard of such a heart as yours is truly an "honour; but since Providence has not "placed her in a sphere of life which might "render her a suitable alliance for you, it "becomes my indispensible duty to inter-



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George Ingleby, she could not support the idea of being separated from him, and listening only to the voice of love, she determined to brave every consequence, and give her hand to him who was already in possession of her heart: but though she adopted this resolution, and though she resisted every argument of filial duty and female timidity when they urged her to break it, she was restless and unhappy during the whole of the following day; George Ingleby never appeared, which did not surprise her, as she was aware that he would wish to avoid an interview with her father until their hands were irrevocably joined. Honeywood being deeply engaged in writing in his own apartment, his daughter never saw him during the whole day, except at table, he was then more than usually abstracted and thoughtful, but never reverted to what had passed the preceding evening.

Stanhope dined with Mr. Campbell, and supped in Dover-street; Fenton never called, neither did any one else, and poor Fan-

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CHAPTER X.

WHEN Lady Bradshaw recovered the possession of her faculties, she found herself supported by her illustrious spouse, who was acting his part most admirably; with a scream of wild horror she started from his arms, exclaiming, "Infamous impostor! "your villany is discovered; begone, nor "longer pollute my house." "My dear "Countess," he cried, again attempting to take her hand, "what has affected you "thus? how was her ladyship seized, Miss "Darley? it is indeed a dreadful attack, for "you see she does not know me." "Vil-"lain, I know you too well," reiterated the half frantic Lady Bradshaw, "I know your "transactions in India." Palliotti now deemed it time to say, "Why, my soul,

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" known you from infancy; the Countess " demands all your attention at present; you " must not leave her; I shall return in the " evening and tell you both who is the au- " thor of these slanders, for I shall insist on " knowing." " Ah, how good you are, " Holy Father," exclaimed Palliotti. " Yes, " to you I delegate the task of vindicating " my honour; order the carriage," he add- ed to a servant, who he summoned with the " bell; I would as soon walk," said the other, " the day is fine." " By no means," re- turned Palliotti; " it shall come for you in " the evening, father, at what hour you " please." " About seven, my Lord Count," he replied. Palliotti bowed acquiescence, and the *Holy Father* approaching the *Coun- tess*, said, " Adieu for the present, fair " daughter; when we meet again all doubts " shall be cleared up." Her ladyship repli- ed by a languid smile; like many persons in the world, she was much more inclined to believe what she wished, than what she feared; the apparent earnestness and ener- gy with which Palliotti seemed to vindicate

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her to entertain the Countess until he should return to the saloon; "You can ring, my "Lord," observed his fair bride; "you "will lose all interest in this charming work "if you leave it now." "Oh, I can look "that part over again, my angel," he replied; "I want to give some orders to Sour-"diac, as I shall send him in the carriage "for Monsieur; but pray, Miss Darley, "proceed, I shall be back in two or three "minutes," with these words he vanished; Miss Darley obeyed his directions, and her ladyship became again absorbed in the narrative: when half an hour had elapsed, she noticed the Count's continued absence, with some surprise, but unwilling to credit what her fears now whispered, she desired Miss Darley to proceed, interrupting her every two or three minutes to listen to each passing sound, in eager expectation of the Count's return; but another half hour wore over and he did not make his appearance; unable to any longer endure suspense, she rang the bell, but who shall describe her feelings, when in answer to her inquiries and re-

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nished, with its contents, which were all her ladyship's jewels, the family ones of the Bradshaws, and her whole stock of bills and ready cash, making her loss, as nearly as she could compute it, between thirteen and fourteen thousand pounds; her feelings now were agony-frenzy; "Lost, ruined, betray-"ed, and robbed!" she shrieked, and it required all the watchful vigilance of her companion to prevent her from laying violent hands on herself; an hour elapsed before these bursts of passion subsided, and when they did, it required another to consider what measures ought to be pursued; her own loss she would gladly have put up with, could she, by so doing, have silenced the tongue of rumour, which she was well aware would blazon and exaggerate her misfortune; but the jewels bequeathed her by her late husband were her's for life only, and were afterwards to descend, as heir-looms of the estate in Kent, to a remote relation of the Bradshaw family; of course it would be absolutely necessary to use every possible endeavour to apprehend the pretended Count

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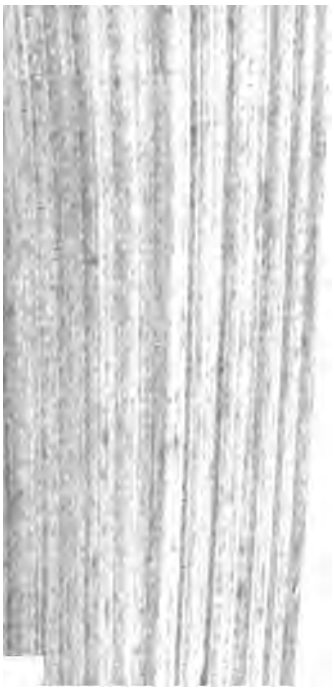
"warn me sooner? why did you not tell "me he was a villain?" He replied, "I came "out the moment Mr. Stanhope told me "what he had heard from Mr. Campbell, "but your ladyship may recollect that when "I requested a private interview, you de- "sired me to speak before your friends, con- "cluding, no doubt, that what I had to say "only related to business." This truth, the conviction that had she then given Fenton an audience she would have been saved from her fate, redoubled the anguish of Lady Bradshaw, and the mention of Stanhope, once so tenderly beloved, melted her afresh to tears.

Fenton, aware of the necessity of prompt ınd immediate measures, soon took leave, ınd returned to town; but her ladyship did ıot suffer him to depart without exacting a olemn promise from him, as she had alrea- y done from Miss Darley, not to mention er marriage to any one; this he readily ave her, but in so doing he did not with- old any confidence from his friends, luv-



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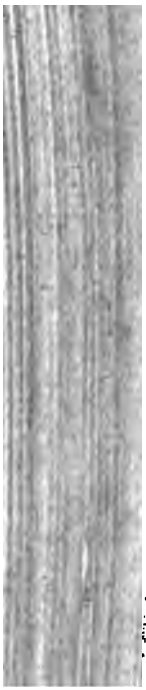
CHAPTER XI.

DR. Ingleby and his son did not meet, after George had avowed his determination to marry Miss Honeywood, until the next day at dinner, when the Rector, as was usual with him on such occasions, was awfully silent. Stanhope joined their evening party; Miss Maitland and the young people were gay and cheerful; but the Doctor did not participate in their mirth, and scarcely joined in their conversation; he retired early to rest, Miss Maitland quitted the room soon after, and then George told his sister and Stanhope that he should lead Fanny to the altar the next morning; they heard him with sincere pleasure, and fervently expressed their wishes for his happiness. "I "have not asked you to accompany me to



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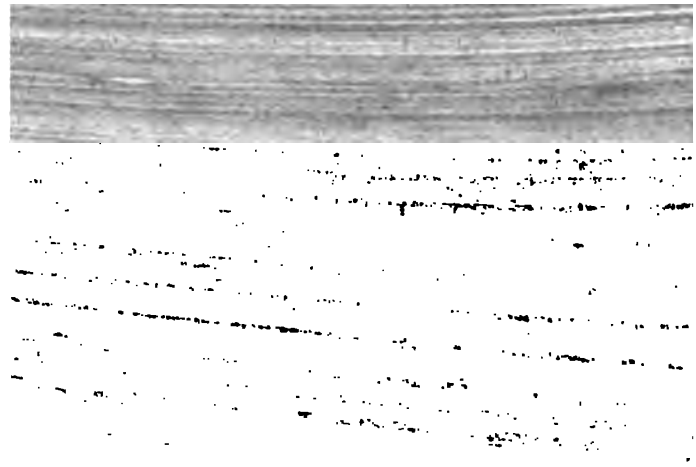
unlike his worthy father, who was a saint in his deportment, a hypocrite in his heart, and a tyrant in his family. With the first dawn of the morning he rose with alacrity, to prepare for an event on which now rested his dearest hopes of happiness for the remainder of life; having implored that blessing, without which every work of man is vain, he dressed himself with the assistance of his servant, who had received his orders the night before, and when arrayed with the graceful simplicity suitable to the clerical character, he was a truly handsome bridegroom; he had told Julia the preceding night that he should go in the morning without seeing her, that their father might have no room to accuse her of being privy to his intentions; but she heard him descend the stairs, and while she fervently prayed that his marriage might render him happy, she pitied Miss Honeywood, who was thus compelled to give herself to her lover without the society and attentions of one friend of her own sex to support her spirits.



He then said all that love and eloquence could suggest to reassure her spirits, and had the pleasure to observe that his efforts were successful.

When the coach stopped in Piccadilly, they found Selway waiting for them; the blushing Fanny drew her veil over her face as she gave her hand to her lover to assist her in alighting, and received the compliments of his friend. At the church door they were met by Mr. **** the curate, who after bowing to the now trembling Fanny, and shaking hands with George, said, with a countenance in which a strong expression of archness, and some degree of surprise, were visible, "I am sorry that I shall be "compelled to detain you a few minutes, "but a couple bent on the same errand have "arrived before you, on which account "(and also on another which I think you will "both acknowledge) they have a prior claim "to my services." With these words he led the way to the vestry; our bridal party followed, wondering much what they were

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joined, "Well Fanny, I intended in the "course of an hour or two to present Mrs. "Fenton to you and your father, but,

"'There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
"'Rough hew them how we will.'"

"O fie, Fenton," exclaimed his fair intended, "this is neither a time nor a place to "quote plays." Fanny and Selway could hold no longer, but, looking at each other, they tittered outright, in which they were joined by Ellison, one of Fenton's clerks, who had accompanied him to church; George, however, kept his countenance, though when he contemplated the gorgeous and dazzling finery of his aunt, he felt his clerical gravity put to a severe test; she was habited in a frock of worked India muslin, with necklace, bracelets, and drop earrings of coral; a Spanish hat of scarlet velvet turned up with a plume of white feathers, beneath which sported a profusion of golden ringlets; a scarlet mantle trimmed with ermine, and a pair of scarlet boots completed her attire. Fenton was neatly and plainly dressed in a dark blue coat

and a white waistcoat, and looked
ably well.

Mr. **** being now ready, Fent
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George, said, "Then, Sir, I hop
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joined, "Well Fanny, I intended in the "course of an hour or two to present Mrs. "Fenton to you and your father, but,

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in Charlotte-street by the dinner hour; this was what Fenton had previously intended, for as he did not yet possess any habitation but his chambers to take his bride to, he had made up his mind to dine at his brother's, and had given orders for an elegant dinner to be dressed at an hotel, and sent to Charlotte-street by four o'clock; this he now told his niece, and all matters being thus settled, the two bridegrooms handed their brides to the carriages in waiting, and the Fentons being followed to theirs by Selway and Ellison, they were driven with all due expedition, the one to Lincoln's-Inn, the other to Charlotte-street.

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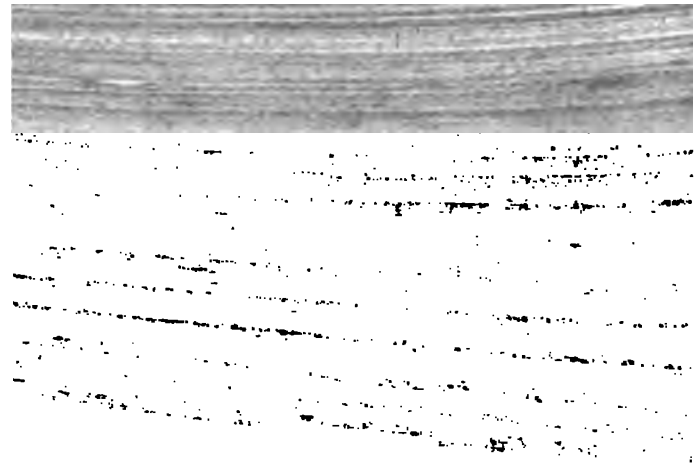
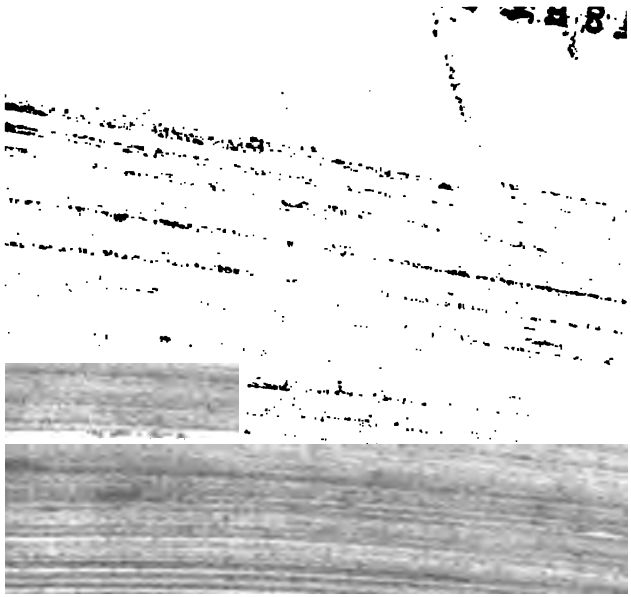
"company." "And where is Fanny, that "she is not assisting you?" "She will be "here presently, she has stepped out to "bring home a friend." For a moment Honeywood thought that Stanhope's breakfast party were gentlemen, and that Fanny had gone to request the company of one of her female acquaintances; but the expression of Auberry's countenance flashed the truth on his mind; he turned pale, and sinking on a seat, exclaimed, "My daughter is "married this morning to George Ingleby; "tell me at once, Stanhope, has she acted "so imprudently, so unworthily?" "Do "not give her conduct so harsh an epithet, "dear Honeywood," said Stanhope, in a tone of remonstrance; "can it be deemed "imprudent or unworthy to marry one of "the best of men?" "Is it not imprudent "to enter a family which she knows will "despise her? is it not unworthy to form "an engagement for life without the knowledge of her father? and you, Stanhope, "have known of this affair, and concealed "it from me; from your understanding,

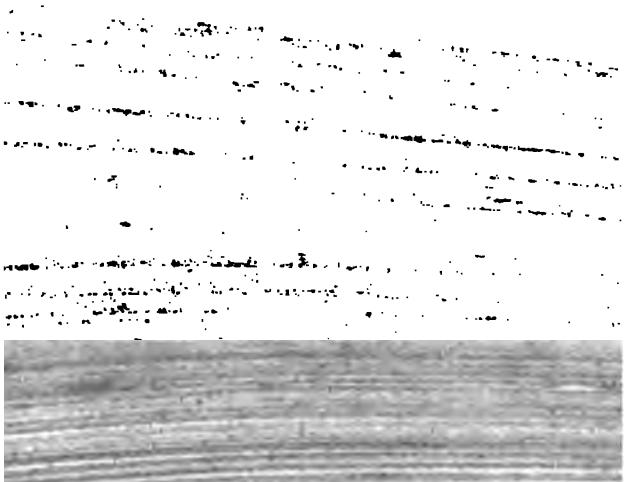


hope replied in the negative, and explained why George had not requested his company. "He is a noble young man," said Honeywood, after a short pause, "and could my "daughter have brought him a fortune "equal to the expectations his father has "cherished for him, this would indeed have "been a happy day to me; but as matters "are, Dr. Ingleby will stigmatize me as an "artful designing character, who have "drawn in his son to marry my daughter; "and conscious that I do not deserve to be "so stigmatized, I cannot brook it." "My "dear Honeywood," said Stanhope, very seriously, "if I could think this mode of "reasoning just, I should feel it as a tacit re"proach to myself; I am well aware that "the Rector does not think me a suitable "match for Miss Ingleby, in point of birth "and fortune I mean, for in point of merit "no man breathing can deserve her, but I "endeavour to shut my mind to the con"viction that such are his sentiments, and "to receive with thankfulness the blessing "which Providence holds out to me; though,

"how high Mr. Ingleby is in your esteem."
"May the Almighty bless you both, my
"children!" said Honeywood, with holy
fervor; "angry I cannot be, but I am
"truly grieved; indeed you have both been
"too precipitate; you knew what was my
"only objection; Dr. Ingleby will never ac-
"knowledge my daughter as his." "When
"the first flush of his resentment wears
"over, I trust he will, my dear Sir," said
George, "in the mean time my uncle will
"receive us, and be a parent to us both."
Stanhope took the fair bride from the arms
of her father, and, folding her affectionately
to his heart, kissed her glowing cheek; then
turning to Honeywood, he said, gaily, "Now,
"Charles, there is one circumstance of this
"union which, it appears, you have over-
"looked, though I hoped your friendship
"for me would have prompted you to de-
"clare that it gave you sincere pleasure, it
"is that I may now look forward to the fe-
"licity of calling this dear girl sister."
"Heaven grant you may do so, very soon,
"my dear Stanhope!" said George, cordial-



"ton was also married this morning." "Mr.
"Fenton!" re-echoed Honeywood, "mer-
"ciful Heaven! to whom?" "To a very
"near relation of mine," was the reply.
"To Miss Maitland?" said Honeywood, who
now recollected that he had frequently heard
the young men rally Fenton about her.
"Even so, Sir," replied George. Stanhope
set down his cup, and yielded to a violent
fit of laughter, in which he was joined by
Ingleby. When their mirth had subsided,
Honeywood said very seriously, "Indeed,
"I must censure you all for the duplicity
"with which you have acted; Dr. Ingleby
"and Sir John Maitland will doubtless im-
"plicate me with the rest of you, though I
"have been entirely ignorant of the whole
"affair." "And I do assure you, Sir, on
"the faith and honour of a clergyman,"
said George, "that Fanny and I knew no
"more of Mr. Fenton's and my aunt's in-
"tentions than you did, until we met them
"in the vestry of St. James's church; as to
"duplicity, my father cannot justly accuse
"me of it, for I told him three days ago



found him alone, stamping up and down the room with all the celerity his gout would permit him to use, and wearing a countenance so dreadfully terrific, as left George in no doubt that tidings of the daring deed he had committed had travelled thither before him; he was calmly seating himself to receive the overwhelming torrent which he believed was about to descend on his head, when the Rector exclaimed, "Where have you "been now, George? you are always out "of the way when you ought to be in it, "this is a fine piece of work, indeed." It now struck George that it was Miss Maitland's marriage which the Rector was thus foaming about, and that he was not yet acquainted with his, he therefore only replied, "It is nothing uncommon, Sir, these mat-"ters happen every day." "Oh, they do, "do they?" cried the Doctor, with ironical fury, "I dare say you are very glad of "it, and have been in the secret." "As to "being in the secret, Sir, I do assure you "I was not; and as to being glad, I cannot "say I am sorry." "And so you are not

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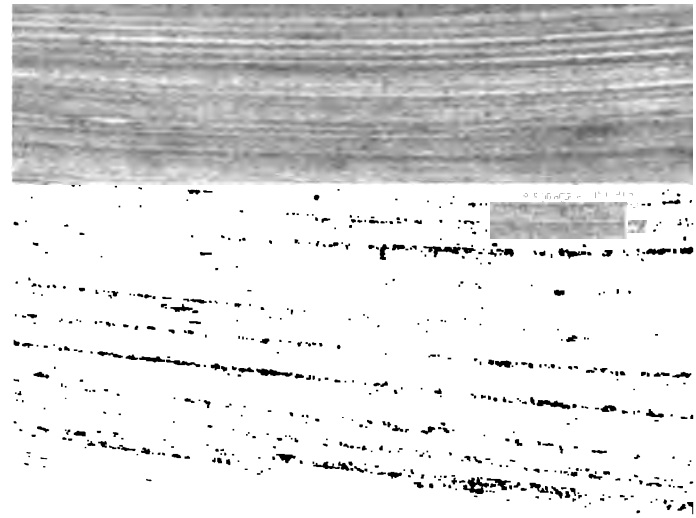
"not tell me just now that you knew no-
"thing of the affair?" "I told you the
"truth, Sir," returned his son; "I knew
"nothing of it until we met by accident at
"St. James's church, and, as I said, I gave
"away the bride, but Mr. **** performed
"the ceremony." "And so you have as-
"sisted to sacrifice the honour and interest
"of the family?" thundered out the Rec-
tor. "And does **** not know that what
"he has done is illegal? is he not aware of
"the consequences of marrying a minor
"without the consent of her guardian? but
"Brindley shall not touch one shilling of her
"fortune, I shall take care of that——"
"Brindley!" repeated George, in much amazement, for he now found that the Rector and himself had misunderstood each other all along; Julia perceived it also, and, beginning to form a confused notion of the truth, said, addressing her brother, "My
"dear George, do you not know that
"Maria has eloped? have you seen my
"aunt this morning?" "Maria eloped!"
exclaimed George, "this is the first word I



only in jest; but the absence of Miss Maitland did not leave him this consolatory hope; yet, he flattered himself, there existed one chance, that the fortune of his sister-in-law was not lost to his family for ever; and with less of acrimony than he certainly would have used, had not this soothing possibility remained, he inquired, "If she had married "Mr. Campbell?" "Mr. Campbell!" repeated George, "oh, no, Sir; she has married "Mr. Fenton." "Fenton, what Fenton?" said the Rector, with faint voice, and look aghast; "certainly not Fenton the attor-"ney," he added, with renovated severity of tone, and sternness of aspect. "The "same, Sir," returned George. "Merci-"ful Heaven! grant me patience," roared the Rector, "and you have assisted to dis-"grace, to pollute your mother's family by "conniving at such a low connexion, you "mean-spirited wretch!" Without the hesitation of a moment, George replied, in a calm and dignified tone and manner, "If "the epithets you so liberally bestow, Sir, "belong to an alliance with Mr. Honey-

's family, ours is indeed pollu
ll redemption, for my aunt was
ing married to Mr. Fenton, a
nited to his niece by that indis
ie which can never be severed,
at stroke which shall sever one
life.' Julia flew to her brot
" May the Almighty bless you
wife, my dearest George!" said
may you both be truly, perf
y."

Inglebv looked like the surlv g

the mountain of miseries with which he was overwhelmed, he sunk on a chair in a swoon, or something very nearly resembling one. Julia, terrified, was going to ring for assistance, but George prevented her, "My father has exhausted himself by his own violence," said he, "do not let us expose "him to the servants; he will soon recover; oh, how ill do these outrageous passions become a christian divine." With the assistance of such little remedies as were at hand, they soon restored his suspended faculties; with his recollection, his fury returned; and when his son inquired how he felt himself, he darted on him a look of the most deadly rage: "Away!" he cried, "begone from my sight, and never enter my "presence again; return to your new father, to your bride!" "I must do so, "Sir," replied George, "but I do not wish "to depart without your blessing; come, "my dear Sir," he added, "I hope you will "honour us with your company to dinner; "when you see my wife, I am sure you will "do justice to her merit." The Rector

r permitted him to close the sentence;
ll have none of your insolence,
ge," he cried, "can you imagine
o lost to dignity, to decency, to all
is right, as to sit down to table with
a low set—a pack of paltry scribblers?
be assured I shall never acknowledge
as relations, and as you and your
have chosen to transplant yourselves
such a family, I shall no longer consi-
ou as members of mine, but renounce
both for ever; I have done with you,
Ingleby, you shall never receive ano-

"case I should now have been very misera-
"ble."

This oblique hint of what *ought* to be his feelings and his conduct on this occasion, was by no means calculated to quell the Rector's ire; "Begone!" he cried, in a tone of increased haughtiness, "quit my house this "moment, nor ever presume to enter it "more!" "I shall obey you, Sir," replied his son, with manly firmness, "though I "confess it is reluctantly; I can safely ap-"peal to Heaven that I have always been "obedient to you in whatever was consist-"ent with reason and conscience; when the "commands of a parent violate these unerr-"ring guides, it then becomes a superior "duty to resist them, for by our own ac-"tions we stand or fall; and to have offer-"ed my vows to one woman, when consci-"ous that I loved another, would have been "perjury of the blackest kind." "Curse "your insolence!" muttered the Rector; George looked volumes at this pious exclamation. The holy divine, goaded to mad-

this silent yet just reproach, actually with rage, while he reiterated the "Begone!" George, disdaining any parley, turned to his sister, saying, e, Julia, you will go with me to lotte-street?" "Oh, yes," she re- and was running to the bell, to order and cloak, when her father prevent- "You shall go none to Charlotte- t indeed, Miss Ingleby," he exclaim- here are too many of you there al- y; I shall take care to remove you all communication with such a

from that equanimity and firmness of temper which it was at all times his study to preserve, more especially towards his father. "Well, my love," he said, "if you may "not be permitted to accompany me, I "shall say every thing to your sister that "can assure her of your esteem, and," added he, in a whisper, "I shall send Stanhope "to Dover-street directly;" he then bowed to his father, who saw him depart in stately, or rather brutal, silence.

When Julia was about to attend him down stairs, the stern mandate of the Doctor would have arrested her purpose, but she would not be detained; "I must speak "to my brother, Sir," said she, "I shall "return directly;" she then accompanied him to the hall, where she charged him with an affectionate message to his wife, "And, "dear George," she added, "when you "detail my father's behaviour to our friends, "for Heaven's sake soften it as much as "possible, for indeed I fear that Auberry "will feel hurt beyond expression by the

ner it is." "I cannot in any
that wish as a compliment to m
' replied Julia, with spirit, "for
her you nor I ever seen Mr. Stanl
should not now have been con
with each other." "In which
oss would not have been mine, Mi
y, for I derive little of either con
redit from the society and condu
children; however, if you do
se to put on a habit, I shall ring
hat, and you may go as you
hese words he once more had rec

hould reach Dover-street; but the Rector, is if he suspected their intention, quickly rustrated it, for the moment the post-chaise vas ready, he compelled his daughter to de-cend the stairs with her hat and gloves in ier hand; he then sternly commanded 'hebe to pack up every thing, and to fol-ow with the rest of the servants in the oach; he had previously given orders to iis housekeeper and butler, relative to the ayment of his bills, and directions to join iim at Stevenage, where he and Miss Ingle-y should dine, and stay all night, it never eing his custom to travel very rapidly; vhen Julia was seated in the carriage, the Rector hobbled up after her, and she had nly time to whisper to Phebe, "Exculpate ' me to Mr. Stanhope," when the postillions et off.

And thus was poor Julia, on that day which was the bridal one of her brother and aunt, compelled to quit London without bidding adieu to any of her connexions, or even seeing her betrothed husband: what

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lent, he was brooding over his fancied misfortunes, of which the heaviest and the worst was George's marriage; "The son of my "hopes," he soliloquized, "the heir of my "dignities—he who very probably may one "day be Earl of Mellinghurst—married to "whom? to the daughter of a hackney "scribbler—a bookseller's drudge—oh!—" and with an audible groan, he struck his forehead in agony. "And Maria," he proceeded, "she who, as the wife of my son, "ought to have been Lady Maria Ingleby "still, will now be allied to—plain Mr. "Brindley! his fortune is large, to be sure, "and his connexions respectable, but not "noble; and if I should now take any "step to prevent the completion of their "marriage according to law, the world "would side with them, and arraign me as "a monster of tyranny and cruelty; so I "must tamely sit down and see a fortune "of thirty thousand pounds lost to the fami-"ly for ever; oh!" and he groaned again: "and Miss Maitland," he pursued, "she, "who I hoped would have been a domestic

anion for me when my children v
ished in life; who I expected wo
r decease, have divided her fort
een her nephew and niece, has thr
l herself away on—Fenton, the at
—a fellow who I should have blus
eak to, except on business.
are *Stanhope's* connexions!—I
ched, infatuated to be sure, whe
nted to his marrying my daugh
, who might have been Coun
ellinghurst!" and he darted on J
sat by his side absorbed in her

ed; "Did you see Mr. Stanhope?" she asked, in breathless impatience, the moment they were alone, "Oh, yes, Madam," she replied, "he came to Dover-street "about half an hour after your departure, "and was almost distracted when he heard "you were gone; I told him how unwill- "ing you were to leave London without "seeing him, and how my master hurried "you, and when he understood that we "were going to Kirkford—for Thomas had "told me so—he wrote this letter, and "charged me to assure you, when I deliver- "ed it, that he would overtake you before "you reached the end of your journey." Julia eagerly broke open the seal, and read the following billet:

"I trust, my dearest Julia, that you will believe me when I assure you I hastened to Dover-street the moment your brother acquainted me with his father's intention of leaving town; and I will also venture to flatter myself that your own feelings on being compelled to quit London without see-

, will best convey to you an idea of
nine were when I found that I had
d Dover-street too late; oh, my Julia,
thought, this morning, to have been
tched on a day which, had you been
t to have shared with me in our dear
e's felicity, would have been one of
ppiest of my life; I do not conceal
think Dr. Ingleby has acted unkindly
ng you from London without making
quainted with his intentions, for as
r you nor I, my dearest Julia, were in

and then, without stopping, pursue the route to Kirkford, and as I know Dr. Ingleby always travels slowly, I have not a doubt that I shall overtake you before you reach the end of your journey. Shall I, my dearest life, tell you in the hackneyed language of lovers, that every hour will seem a day till we meet again? you would not allow me to make the assertion, but to you, who are acquainted with all my weaknesses, I shall confess that if it were in my power to annihilate time and space, I fear I should be selfish enough to sacrifice the interests of all who might suffer thereby, that I might rejoin you this moment. Adieu, my lovely, my beloved friend; when you peruse this, believe that my thoughts are fixed on you, happy that you will receive my assurance that I am, and shall ever be,

Your most faithful and affectionate,

Auberry Stanhope."

Dover-street, Wednesday, 3 o'clock.

If any thing could increase Julia's attachment and gratitude to Stanhope, it was his

too impatient, and that he would come up with them in the course of the following day; but that also wore over, and spiritless and dejected she retired to her apartment at Darlington, where they—or rather where the Rector, slept; for as to Julia and Phebe they listened all night to the sound of every carriage, and rose in the morning unrefreshed, and unable to conjecture the cause of Auberry's delay. Julia was now afraid to hope, and indeed hope was unavailing, for they passed through Durham—Newcastle—and at length reached Kirkford, without any tidings of Stanhope.

When she entered her chamber, and pointed out to Phebe the spot where Stanhope had saved her from death, the same sad and boding fears which had haunted her in the beginning of her journey returned, and she faintly ejaculated, "Oh, I shall now "never be his—never be permitted to show "my gratitude by a life of duty and affec- "tion, that would be a bliss too great for "me." Julia learned from Phebe, who had

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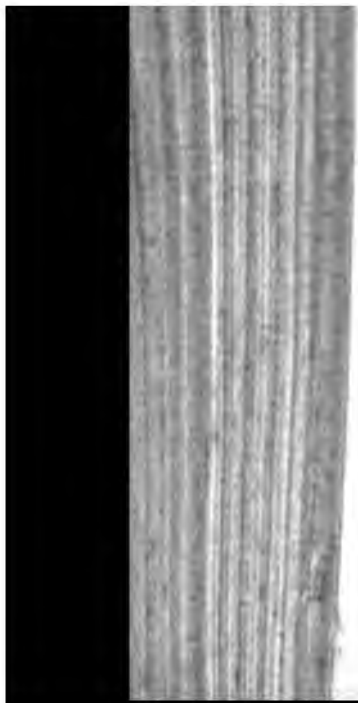
with as much nonchalance and unconcern as if nothing material had occurred, advanced to the Rector, and holding out his hand, vociferated, "Doctor, how do you do? I "am truly glad to see you again at Kirk-"ford; allow me to present Lady Maria "Brindley to you, and to wish you joy three "times over, joy of your daughter, joy of your "brother, and joy of your nephew; you see, "my dear Sir, I do not stand upon points, for "though I am a bridegroom I have not "waited to be congratulated first." The poor Rector's self-consequence could not have received a more deadly blow than this behaviour of Brindley's inflicted on it; he durst not be sullen, and he would not be gracious; he had therefore made up his mind to be extremely dignified; but, alas! he found that he must not expect no concession from Brindley or his niece, neither of whom appeared to think there was any occasion for soliciting pardon; and this, added to the torturing conviction that the news of the degrading alliances which had taken place in his family, had reached Kirkford before

uite deranged his plans; but, to
suffer all his chagrin to appear
his niece with formal gravity;
g Brindley's offered hand, rep
ır as concerns yourself, Mr. Brin
nk you for your congratulations
r changes which have taken plac
family, are certainly not source
great joy to me; neither, young
can I offer you an unqualified
ent on your union; these runa
lings I do not approve, they sel
uce that stability of happiness w

asking her if she should love him as a relation. "Take my thanks also, uncle," said Lady Maria; "but indeed," she added, with a sly smile, "we should not have run away "if you would have given your consent." "That is the truth, indeed, my dear Sir," rejoined Brindley; "you would not allow "us to enter at the front gate of matrimo- "ny, so we were obliged to go round to the "back door, which you know opens into "Scotland; however, as the job is only half "done yet, I hope, dear Doctor, you will "put the finishing stroke to it to-morrow "morning." After a short pause, the Doctor replied, "I shall certainly do that for "you, Sir, for I think the sooner it is now "concluded the better." Brindley bowed an acknowledgment; then turning to Julia, with an arch expression of countenance, he said, "How comes it, Miss Ingleby, that you "and Stanhope have escaped the matrimo- "nial influenza which has raged in the two "families, and why have you left him in "London? upon my word it is not well "done of you, Julia; he will think you



"good girl, preferred coming with her father "to staying with her lover." Brindley dared not at present to push the subject further; but determined not to let the Doctor off altogether free, he said bluntly, "You will "be very fond of your daughter, Sir; I "can tell you, George has married a very "fine woman." Had the Rector's eye possessed the power of the basilisk, there is not a doubt that the glance which now shot from it would have rendered Lady Maria a widowed bride, in a tone, and with a look indescribably haughty, he replied, "Very "likely, Sir, but *you* must be sensible that "whatever may be her merits, as she has "neither rank nor fortune, she was by no "means a suitable wife for *my* son." "My "dear Sir," returned Brindley, "you have "fortune enough; and I do assure you Mrs. "Ingleby will grace any station." The Rector scarce suffered him to finish the sentence; "Mr. Brindley," he said, in a tone which admitted of no further parley, "I "must request you to drop this subject, for "it is a very painful, and a very disagree-

re never heard from Stanhope si
London." Julia knew from his
at he spoke truth, and totally u
jecture why Stanhope had not ful
mise of following her to Kirkfor
d much internal anxiety durin
day, and returned in the evenir
ctory with a dejected heart.

following afternoon, just after
sen from table, Julia was standin
low admiring the calm twilight

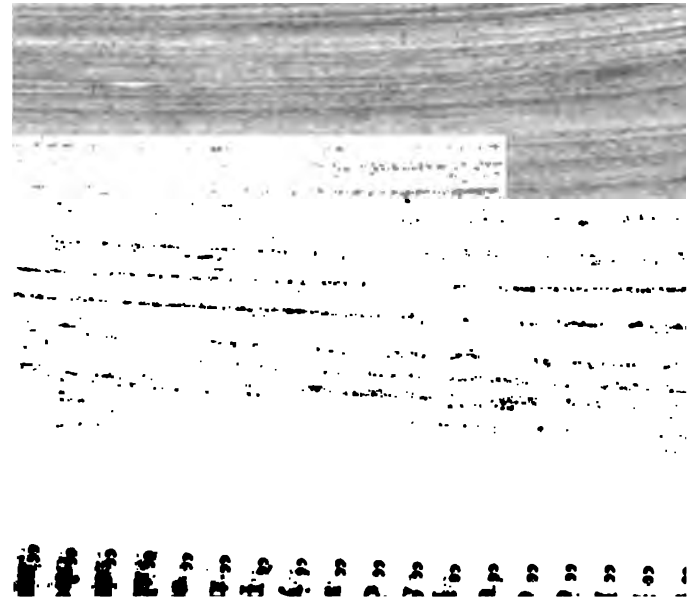
hundred affectionate questions, as she led him towards the parlour, when they were met by Dr. Ingleby with, "My dear Sir "John, this is indeed an unexpected plea- "sure, I am truly rejoiced to see you at "Kirkford;" "I hope you are, brother "Ingleby," replied the Baronet, "but I "must say, it was very unkind of you to "pass within ten miles of my house without "calling to see me." "My dear brother," returned the Doctor, with a long face, "I "was so grieved, so deeply grieved by the "misconduct of our connexions, which I "was aware would affect you equally with "myself, that I could not bear to see you; "but it was my intention to come into "L—shire in two or three weeks; I began "a letter to you this morning, but my spi- "rits were so depressed that I could not "finish it." "Aye, indeed!" said Sir John, "pray what has distressed you so "greatly?" The Rector was mute with astonishment for some moments; he then said, "Brother, is it possible that you are "still unacquainted with the imprudent—

"gleby, you are too hard upon him, poor "lad; he has married to please himself, and "what of that? many a one has done the "same." "But people of rank, Sir John," replied the Rector, somewhat nettled, "ought, when they marry, to think of "something else than pleasing themselves, "as you term it; they ought to consider "the honour, the dignity, the interest of "the family they belong to; and I believe "you will allow that neither Miss Maitland "nor Mr. Ingleby have consulted them at "all in the connexions they have chosen to "form." "Why, as to Beck, to be sure "she has played the fool, as all women do "who marry men young enough to be their "sons; though after all, if she chose to "make such a fool of herself, she had a "right to do so without asking either your "leave or mine; but as to George and "Maria, poor things! they have only act-"ed as was very natural; we cannot put "old heads upon young shoulders, brother "Ingleby." The Rector shook his head; "Their conduct has given me deep concern,

"nexions; I have brought him down with "me, and he is now at Brindley-house; I "told him I should send you for him, Julia, "so go directly, girl, take my carriage— "for I ordered them not to unharness the "horses—and bring your lover here, that "your father may make his own excuses, "for I am sure they ought to be made." "Dear uncle," exclaimed the blushing, yet delighted Julia, "the carriage can go for "Mr. Stanhope—" "Nay, nay, nay, girl, "go yourself; you ran away from him, "and it is fit you should atone for doing so; "bring the Brindleys with you, and all their "company, if they have any; I have not "seen the bride yet for I would not alight." Julia still demurred, but Sir John repeated his commands, and the Rector, (who had the preceding day began to quake lest Stanhope felt himself seriously offended, as he had not pursued them to Kirkford, which he made himself certain he would do) said, "Go, my dear, go and bring our friends;" she was therefore compelled to obey; and during her absence Sir John took some slight

"sure, dear George," said the former, "I "did not know that you and my sister were "here." A general smile now reminded her that she was committing herself, and blushing, she turned away to shun the satirical glance of Brindley, who exclaimed, "There now, Stanhope, you hear we are "indebted to you for this visit; it was to "seek you Miss Ingleby came." Stanhope's animated eyes beamed rapturous thanks; Julia soon recovered herself, and gaily replied, "No, Sir, Mr. Stanhope is only one in "the circle of friends who my uncle com-"missioned me to conduct to the Rectory; "he charged me to bring the whole party "that I should find assembled there." Mrs. Brindley considerately reflecting that Dr. Ingleby would not wish to have many witnesses to his first interview with his son and daughter, told Julia that herself and the rest of the party would follow them in about half an hour, but Brindley vociferated, "Nay, "Miss Ingleby, take Stanhope with you; "do not return to Sir John without having "accomplished your errand." Auberry,

"discarded him, and he brought his wife to "me; you took Julia away from young "Stanhope, and he came to me with them; "he was for following you directly, but I "prevailed on them all to stay a day or "two, and have *now* brought them down "to Kirkford, in hopes you would hear "reason; I am sorry to find I was mistak-"en, brother Ingleby; however, since it is "the case, I shall take George and his bride "away with me directly; the poor girl "shall be *my* daughter, as you do not choose "to acknowledge her for *yours*." No precious chemical compound, prepared to transmute baser metals into gold; no magic rod, nor fairy wand, ever wrought a more rapid and wonderful change than these words of Sir John did on the eagle-sighted Rector, who instantly perceived all the advantages which this adoption would confer on his daughter-in-law; starting up to prevent the Baronet's intention, who was turning to quit the room, he laid his hand on his arm, exclaiming, "My dear brother, how cruel-"ly you injure me; I trust I am never un-



"that her father had promoted—or at least "connived at the match between her "and my son." "No, no, no, brother "Ingleby," replied the Baronet, who had by this time resumed his chair, "all the "young people assure me that Mr. Honey-"wood knew no more of the matter than "you did, and I cannot but believe them." "I am very glad to hear it," replied the Rector, in an animated tone, "for," continued he, "I have long admired his eminent "talents, and should have been extremely "sorry, extremely sorry indeed, to find that "they were allied to any meanness of soul." Sir John was too good-natured to reply, "It "is a pity that eminent talents should ever "be allied to meanness of soul;" but if he had been inclined to make the retort, time was not allowed him, for the first party from Brindley-house now entered the room, where Dr. Ingleby stood to receive them, towering in awful majesty, like Gog or Magog in Guildhall. George led his bride immediately to his father, and said in a firm and respectful tone of voice, "Have I your

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"brother who detained you, and therefore "neither Julia nor I dare be angry." How melancholy is it when a child is compelled to blush for its parent! Julia and George blushed for theirs; but Stanhope relieved them all by following the Rector's lead, and declaring that it had been his intention to join them at York, but that the hospitable kindness of Sir John, and the pleasure of accompanying him and Mr. and Mrs. Ingleby to Kirkford, had detained him a few days in L—shire.

The Brindleys now arrived, and the whole party passed a cheerful evening; when tea was ended, Sir John said, addressing his niece in his blunt way, "Now, Julia, my "good girl, all your friends are here assem- "bled, and I am sure they are all happy "but one; what do you say, then, will you "make that one happy also, by going to "church to-morrow morning?" Stanhope's brilliant eyes beamed rapturous gratitude to Sir John, and then turned with ardent tenderness, and respectful supplication, to Julia,

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claimed Brindley, "how can you take so "much entreating? I am sure when Lady "Maria asked me to go off with her to "Scotland, she had no occasion to repeat "the proposal, had you, my dear? why do "you suffer her to behave so, uncle? when "we were young people you were not so le- "nient with us; if you had commanded us "to marry that moment, I dare say we "durst not have disobeyed you!" The Rector, compelled to take the biting sarcasms of his mischievous nephew all in good part, replied, with a smile, "Then to show you "that I am not more inclined to lenity at "present, I command Miss Ingleby to mar- "ry, not this moment, but to-morrow "morning." "I hope you will revoke that "command, Sir," said Julia, "for I should "be very unwilling to disobey you." "Why "should you disobey me?" questioned the Rector, "what objection can you have to "fulfil your engagement to-morrow?" "A "very powerful one, Sir," she replied; "I see," she added, smiling affectionately on Stanhope, whose expressive face spoke

great regret and disappointment, "
ou are all very ready to accuse me
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or uncle's car whenever he plea
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me directly, girl," he replied, "
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our being married to-morrow." Ju
, and they retired to a sofa at t
nd of the room, where they carri
whispering conversation for about f
s; Sir John then said, "I fancied t
. Stanhope. Julia has shown cau

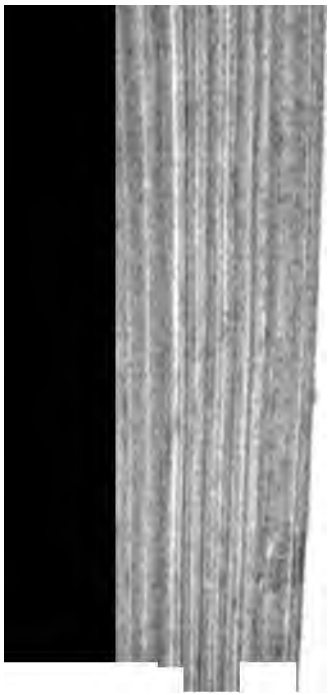
" your judgment, and that of Miss Ingleby,
" I shall appeal to the mercy of both to
" shorten, as much as possible, this cruel
" probation." Sir John replied, " It does
" not depend on either of us; so you must
" wait with patience, Stanhope, until all
" bars and impediments are done away."
" With patience, my dear Sir John, I
" cannot wait," returned Auberry, " for
" on this occasion I confess it is not in my
" power to exercise any." " Well, well,
" well then, you must wait with impatience,
" and in that case Julia will be the sufferer,
" for I suppose all your complaints will be
" made to her." Julia's gentle smile seemed to assure her lover that she would listen to them; and Stanhope, aware that she was superior to that petty tyranny which some ladies exercise on such occasions, submitted to the delay of his happiness, though unable to conjecture the cause; the Rector was not less at a loss to account for the procrastination, and not more pleased by it; George and Brindley rallied Julia, and told Stanhope

CHAPTER XV.

IN those days, when hope held out in perspective to Stanhope a life of pure and tranquil happiness, and every past affliction was remembered but as a painful dream, the feelings of his refined and elevated soul were more vivid, more tender, more exquisite than he had ever before experienced them; he was now at Kirkford, that beloved spot, which in the morning of life had been his cherished and happy home; where Dr. Nugent, his revered friend, and Mrs. Stanhope, his ever-beloved aunt, had imbued his ductile mind with the treasures of virtue, of wisdom, and of knowledge; expanded his soul to "the hope which rests above," and taught his brilliant genius to soar to the

niture, and grounds, which the taste of his adored Julia suggested.

A week wore over in this way, and Stanhope was ever importuning Sir John to tell him if the secret obstacle were yet removed; when one evening as the little circle at the Rectory were assembled in social chat, round a cheerful fire in the drawing-room, the door opened, and a servant announced Mr. Honeywood: Fanny flew with convulsive emotion to the arms of her father; and Stanhope, not less surprised, and scarcely less pleased, darted forwards to meet his friend, while Dr. Ingleby with tone, looks, and manner which conveyed the most perfect idea of proud condescension, presented his hand to his guest, and welcomed him to Kirkford. Honeywood thanked him with that calm dignity which, being the natural emanation of his superior mind, was inseparable from him on all occasions; Sir John Maitland was then introduced to him by the Rector, and Julia by her brother; the Baronet shook him cordially by the



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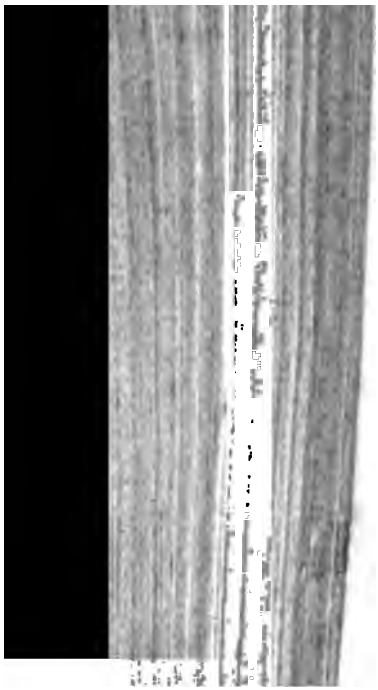
"cuse him of neglect, or you of unkind-
"ness?" Honeywood replied, "I must in
"justice, Sir, acquit Mr. Stanhope; he did
"not fail to deliver your polite message, and
"the only apology I can offer for not avail-
"ing myself of your goodness is, that my
"time and attention were then entirely oc-
"cupied by a literary work in which I was
"engaged; this, I am aware, is a very bad
"excuse, for no occupation or engagement
"ought ever to render us neglectful of the
"calls of friendship." The Rector now taking it for granted that this acknowledgment of Honeywood, that he had received his invitation, and that the blame of not having accepted it rested with himself, would entirely acquit him in the minds of all present of having ever treated that gentleman with disrespect; drew up his capacious head two inches higher, and like Lady Buccleugh, when bidding defiance to the English forces,

"Proud he look'd round, applause to claim."

"Now Stanhope," said Sir John, with a good-natured smile, "the obstacle is remov-



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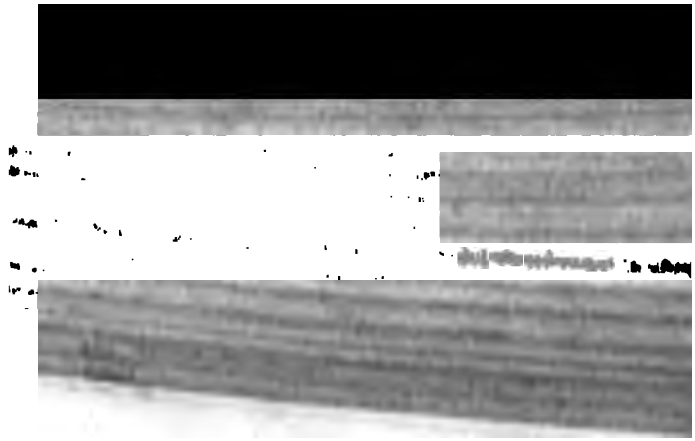
by telling Stanhope that he saw their friends, the Nortons, as he passed through Newcastle; this led to a conversation concerning the young man of that family who went abroad, of whom the last ships from India had brought the pleasing intelligence that he had lately been appointed to an honourable and advantageous situation in the Company's service.

The intervening time soon wore over, and the sun rose in splendor on Stanhope's nuptial day; nature was as gay and as lovely as she could be in winter; and though the blossoms, the odours, and the vocal melody of a more genial season were absent, yet the country wore that aspect of calm and heavenly quiet, which superior minds find most congenial to their feelings on occasions like the present; the lovely Julia, adorned with simple and modest grace, wore in her bosom a bouquet composed of laurel, intermingled with the snow-drop, the first fair flower of the spring, and the pure emblem of herself; her enraptured lover felt the



ret still they are the feelings which, degree, every amiable woman would cherish for her husband, and every man would endeavour to merit from ; far different are they from that id flippant familiarity with which adies treat their lovers, and that ominion which they affect to exercise m, which are but bad harbingers of ire comfort and unanimity of the pair.

n the ceremony was over, Dr. In- omplimented the bride and bride- with dignified grace; "Mr. Stan- " he said, "I have this day given n inestimable treasure; and persuad- at you are fully sensible of her value, ently implore health and felicity for oth." Honeywood's expressive eyes cordial sympathy in the happiness ope, who he so affectionately esteem- orge whispered his sister, "Now, eloved Julia, I am truly and com- y happy;" and when they returned

hope and George, would all have spoken, but the Baronet waved his hand to keep them silent, "Nay, nay, nay," he exclaimed, "I will hear none of you; nobody shall "thank me but these dear girls;" and, putting an arm round each, he pressed them to his bosom, and kissed them with fond affection. The Brindleys joined the party at dinner, and the bridal day wore pleasantly over; though it is not to be supposed that Dr. Ingleby did so much violence to nature as not to think, every now and then, "How "much better it would have been had Lord "Mellinghurst been the husband of Julia, "and Lady Maria the wife of George." Sir John Maitland, his nephew and niece, remained at the Rectory about a week after the marriage of Julia and Stanhope, in which time the amiable Fanny made a more considerable progress in the good graces of her father-in-law than George had dared to hope that even time would effect; they then returned to Maitland-hall, where Mrs. Ingleby now presides with a grace and propriety that reflect honour on her husband's choice,

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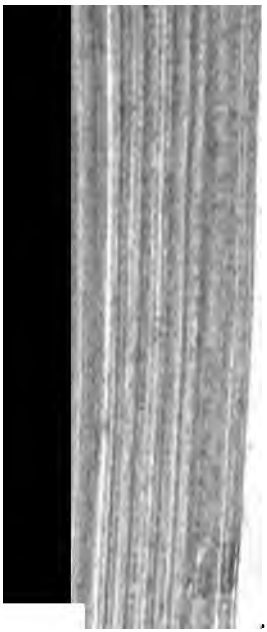
ings; for he was ever of opinion, that such an exemption would open a fresh door to vice, and do more harm than good to the cause of religion and of virtue; of course he is most strictly careful that his own moral conduct may pass the fiery ordeal. The curacy of his parish he gave to a young man who had been his fellow-collegian, and as himself and Mrs. Ingleby reside entirely at Maitland-hall, he also complimented him with the use of the parsonage-house.

Honeywood likewise bade adieu to Dr. Ingleby at the same time with his daughter, and after passing a week with Mr. and Mrs. Norton, returned to the metropolis; he has given up the house in Charlotte-street, and now resides in a pleasant lodging at Brompton, where he prosecutes his literary avocations with unremitting diligence; his transcendent abilities have now conquered the envious malignity which for so long a period strewed thorns in his path, and there does not remain a doubt that the world will receive with applause, and recompense with



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Mrs. Brindley

miles from Kirkford, enables her to pass much of her time with her children. Brindley and Lady Maria have made an excursion to London, to visit the Thorntons and Lady Bridget Townsend: when Mrs. Fenton came to congratulate them on their arrival in town, she gaily observed, "I think "we were all too cunning for the Rector, "Mr. Brindley;" and Brindley, to whom her marriage had been a standing jest, ever since he first heard of it, assented to her observation with a roar of laughter; however, she has no great reason to repent her matrimonial engagements; she has exchanged the dull uniformity of a country life, for all the pleasures of London; in which, though Fenton cannot be supposed to feel any great tenderness for her, he never attempts to restrain her, for he is prodigal to a fault in all pecuniary matters; and the authority of his brother, and dread of offending her family, who have brought him into very extensive practice, compel him to treat her with respect. Sir John Maitland, whose open and generous nature could ne-

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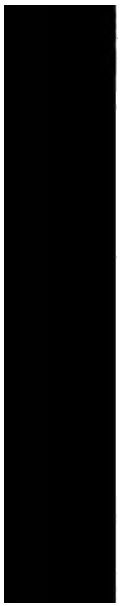
he has abandoned all his former habits and pursuits, yet, like Carazan, his "Door is "is never opened by hospitality, nor his "hand by compassion;" his unfortunate young wife has returned to her own country, and the bosom of her family, and it is to be hoped that time, which seldom fails to tranquillize the sorrows of the innocent sufferer, will shed oblivion over her woes.

The measures taken to apprehend Palliotti and his accomplices did not prove quite so alert as the culprits, who, it is clearly ascertained, escaped with their booty, first to Ireland, and from thence to America. Lady Bradshaw retired into the country until the *nine days' wonder* blew over: she flattered herself that her union with the illustrious cousin of Buonaparte remained a profound secret; but on emerging from her retreat, she found her mistake; in public places she finds herself the object of general notice, rendered insupportably galling by the sneer of ridicule which accompanies it; and in private parties she is deserted by her admirers,



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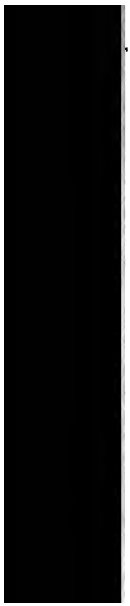
that no consideration, not even an advantageous offer of marriage, shall ever induce her to leave them; while they on their part regard her rather as a beloved relative than a servant.

Dr. Ingleby is not only reconciled to the marriage of his daughter with Stanhope, but has become one of the most ardent admirers of his poetical talents; to praise which, and to trace out an illustrious pedigree for their possessor, are themes of which the Rector is never weary. The Stanhopes, Earls of Chesterfield; the Stanhopes, Earls Stanhope; and the Stanhopes, Earls of Harrington, he has severally traced back to the year of their creation, and to each of them alternately, and all of them together he has had his son-in-law related; Auberry smiles, and George tells Julia that if the college of Heralds will but exert themselves, she will be a Countess when their father is a Bishop. Brindley, however, does not permit his uncle to escape without many a sly glance at the contempt in which he formerly affected



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"their truest joy." Whether the Doctor really thought poetry such an invaluable treasure to its professors, was best known to himself; but he took care not to lessen his own stock of that more substantial treasure, called money, by giving any of it to either Stanhope or George; shrewdly thinking, no doubt, that the munificent liberality of Sir John Maitland had done enough for both.

Neither the gifts of fortune nor of love have had power to alienate the heart of Aubrey Stanhope from the Muses; and the world will shortly be favoured with a poem from his pen, which, in the opinion of his poetical friends at least, surpasses his former brilliant predictions. Julia never feels herself more truly the partner of his bosom than when he submits these beautiful effusions of his genius to her perusal; and when she sees him enter her dressing-room with a manuscript in his hand, she says, with a smile of tender love, "Now, my dearest Aubrey, I know you are bringing my rival

l the cup of friendship mixed with bit-
s; the poetical laurel is poison to the
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the soul; Stanhope is a stranger to these
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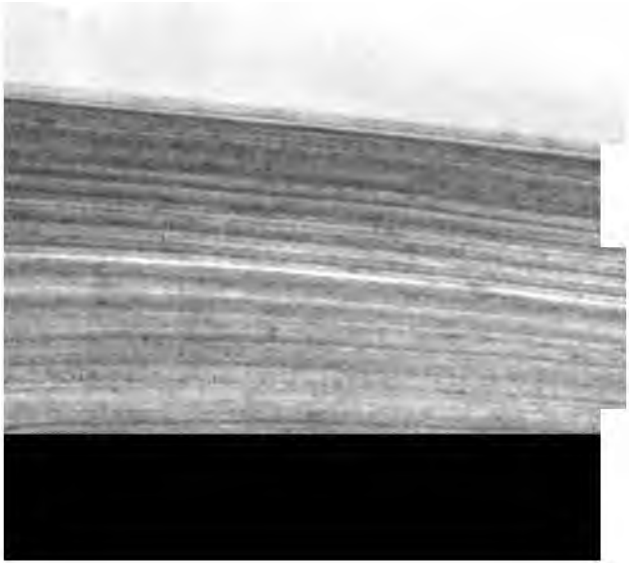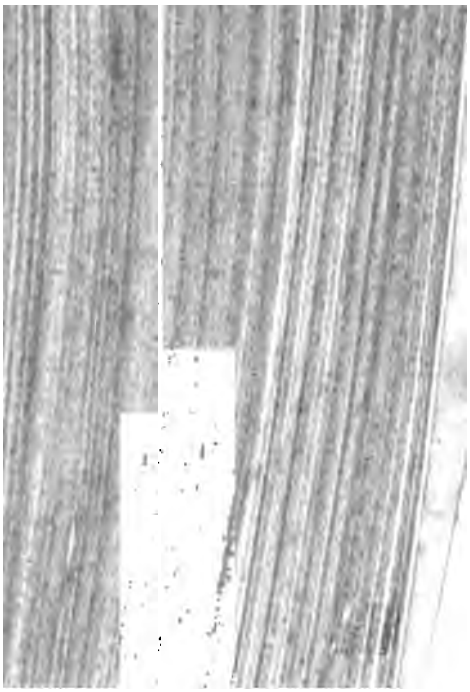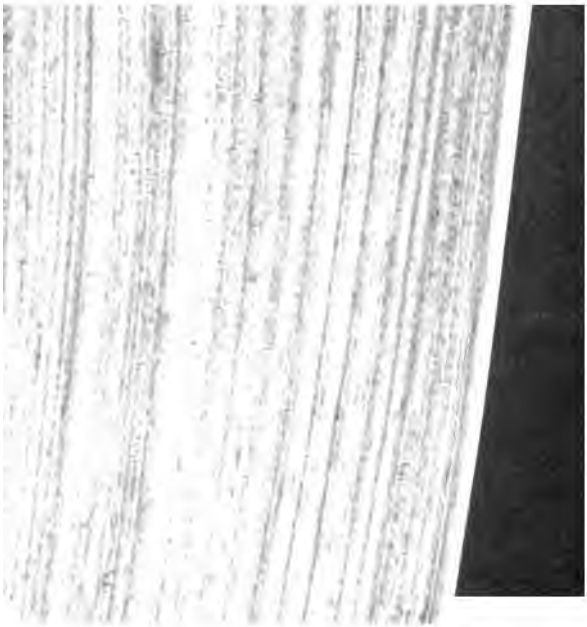
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